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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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CONTEST

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon, who will marry King Baudouin of the Belgians in December, has led a comparatively simple life until now, according to an exclusive interview with Frederick Sands in Madrid (see page 19).

HE writes: "She met me in the garden of her house wearing a simple woollen dress, and took me to see her baby car.

"I shall miss it very much. It's so practical, but I suppose I will have to leave it behind," she said sadly.

When it came to taking Dona Fabiola's photograph she was as uncertain as any girl.

"Do you think my hair is too awful?" she asked. "I have not had time to have it done."

IF you've wondered how judges of decorative floral competitions pick final winners, here are some comments from the judges of The Australian Women's Weekly contest held in conjunction with the recent Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W. Show (pages 10 and 11).

These judges were Mesdames A. Flitton, A. Murry, and G. Borrett.

They said: "In a competition of this type, general harmony of display is most important. Other points to be considered are relation of flower to container, color theme, proportion and balance, condition of flowers, distinction, and originality."

What put Concord six points ahead of Kuring-gai?

"Harmony in over all display

and arrangement. Background was good, choice of color theme excellent, workmanship patient and detailed, and condition of flowers excellent.

"Kuring-gai's display was very pleasing, but hadn't the

life of Concord's. Individual pieces didn't measure up.

"Hurlstone Park lost to Kuring-gai because of background—too much white of pill distracted attention from flowers, individual pieces missed

Our cover



● The charming "mother and sons" photograph on our cover—the tenth in our £3000 Cover Contest (see details below)—is of 18-month-old Astrid, with Rory and Folly. They are Shetland sheep dogs, which are collies in miniature, and are bred on the Shetland Isles, off the coast of Scotland. Sydney breeders Mr. and Mrs. R. Carpenter, of Gladesville, N.S.W., are delighted with Astrid's children, who were nine weeks old when this picture was taken by Douglass Baglin, of St. Leonards, N.S.W.

£3000 Cover Contest

● The lovely dog cover—it has the identifying letter "J"—is the tenth to keep in our £3000 Cover Contest.

IF you have missed one of the covers, you can obtain a copy of the issue at our offices in capital cities—the addresses are listed at the top of this page.

You save our covers for 16 weeks and list the 16 covers in the order of your preference.

Each cover has an identifying letter on a little square—from "A" to "P"—for the 16 weeks. An entry coupon, on which to list your preferences, will be published at the end of the contest.

You will not need to describe the covers—they will be identified on the coupon by their letters. The coupon will also include a space for a cover suggestion of your own.

The last cover of the contest will appear on our December

21 issue. The entry coupon will be in that issue with instructions and conditions.

The contest will be judged by a panel including, among others, an artist, a housewife, a businessgirl. Members of the panel will not be chosen until the contest closes.

The £3000 prize will go to the reader whose entry places the 16 covers in the same order as the judges or is nearest to the judges' choice.

In the case of a tie, the £3000 prize will go to the entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided. The additional awards of £10 will be made for the best ten suggestions for covers.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 9, 1960



● Sir Harold Gengoult-Smith, with a rose in the lapel of his grey worsted morning suit and a mustard waistcoat, was one of the many men at Flemington dressed to keep pace with . . .



... those Cup hats

● More pictures overleaf



BLACK LINEN hat worn by Mrs. Maurice Mead, of Melbourne, had a tall crown, wide upswept stitched brim, matched her tailored black linen dress.

LILAC for Miss Sue Furze's Derby Day dress and hat. She and her sister Alison made their dresses, trimmed their hats.



ROSES massed the crown of Sally Manifold's pink straw hat. Sally is the daughter of the V.R.C. Chairman, Sir Chester Manifold, and Lady Manifold.

Cup Carnival

... AND MORE HEADLINES



• Mrs. Graham Nathan's hat had a fluted crinoline straw brim.



• Mrs. Simon Warrender's was a wide-brimmed black straw, daisy-trimmed, from Italy.

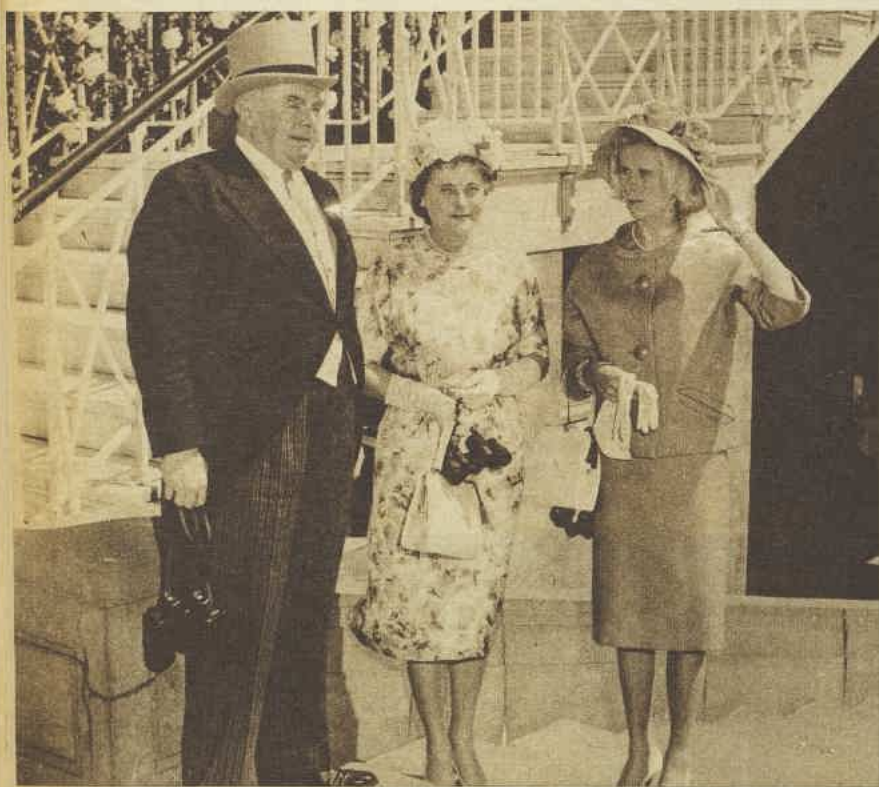


• Mrs. Graeme Laws wore a high hat covered with flowers.



• Miss Jill Chapman, of Sydney, wore one of the tallest of all the hats. It was white, her dress pale blue.

On Flemington lawns



ABOVE: Chairman of the V.R.C., Sir Chester Manifold, and Lady Manifold with their daughter Sally, who recently returned from England. Back view of Sally's hat is pictured in color on page 3.

FOUR smart young racegoers, from left: Henry Madden, of Camperdown, Victoria, Bridgit Russell, Tony Pratten, of Sydney (who is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Grimwade), and Quentin Madden.



THE SULTAN of Pahang (right) with his wife, Inche Habsah, and his son, Tengku Abdullah. The Sultan came to Australia to attend the Centenary Cup meeting and to see his son, who is studying at the Portsea Officer Training School.

Glamor in the ballroom



● At the Derby Eve dinner-dance, held at "Greenknowe," the Toorak home of Sir Robert and Lady Knox, 300 guests danced in the ballroom and strolled in the grounds.

IN THE GARDEN, Mrs. Ian Ramsay (left), Fleur Mein, of Melbourne, and Madame Gerald de Freitas, who is on a visit from London with her husband.

RED SATIN sheath worn by Mrs. Peter Kinnear, of Melbourne, made a striking picture against the striped canvas of the supper marquee.



PRETTY Margot Davey, of Toorak, Melbourne, with Hugh MacLachlan, of Paratoo station, South Australia. Red-coated stewards served the drinks.

● Color pictures on this page and on page 3 by staff photographer Robert Cleland.



LIEUTENANT Robin Nelson, R.N., and Sarah Luxton looked happy before their wedding, scheduled for November 5 at St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne. Lieut. Nelson is A.D.C. to the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks.

LEFT: Beverley Whitburn, of Melbourne, was elegant in an off-white linen tweed dress.



● Britain's airborne Queen and her escort, Prince Philip.

Safer Purple Space for the Queen

● Every precaution will be taken for the Queen's safety during her all-flying tour of India, Pakistan, Nepal, and Iran, which will begin on January 20 and last until the first week of March.

EVERYTHING possible is being done to prevent a repetition of the horrifying near-escape the Queen had when she returned recently from a private visit to Denmark.

Then the Comet in which she and Prince Philip were travelling was "buzzed" by two Sabre jets bearing the Iron Cross of the German Air Force.

Already Wing-Commander Richard Gordon Wakeford, O.B.E., A.F.C., is doing a reconnaissance of every airfield on this next Royal tour. He is Commander of the Queen's Flight—and directly responsible to Air-Commodore Sir Edward Fielden, who is responsible for the safety of the Queen when she is flying.

A spokesman for Britain's Ministry of Civil Aviation has outlined the workings of "Purple air space."

Purple air space is the "purple passage" along which the Queen flies.

It was 43,618 miles on her 1952-1953 Commonwealth tour, 8958 in 1955 on her Royal tour of Nigeria, 18,449 miles on her tour of Canada in 1959.

"It is," said the Civil Aviation spokesman, "a wide lane that no aircraft except the Royal one may enter."

"It is five miles each side of the check to contain the flight level required by the aircraft. It operates for 15 minutes before and 30 minutes after the passing of the Royal aircraft."

"Purple air space is an excellent plan. But you can never account for people who

break existing rules or who manage not to know them." In Britain, the Ministry of Civil Aviation is responsible for informing all civil airfields of the Purple Passage.

The responsibility for telling military airfields belongs to the Air Ministry.

The Purple Passage—purple space, in aviation jargon—can be set up anywhere at any time by international agreement.

An official of the Air Ministry said: "Everyone abroad has accepted the drill for Royal flights, which has worked every time."

Human element

Said a high-ranking R.A.F. officer in London, "The human element must come into everything. When the Queen drives about London the police do their best to clear the jams off the road and keep the Royal car moving. But they have been known to hit traffic problems all the same. It isn't spectacular enough to cause a public outcry."

"Airspeed nowadays is most spectacular, and a thing like this can get bigger than it is because the speeds involved are so great."

A friend of the Royal family said that the Queen's narrow escape has caused neither her nor the Duke any distress.

When Queen Elizabeth embarks on her Far East tour it will be through a sacrosanct aerial road.

The Purple Passage will reach from 4000 feet up to 25,000 feet.

She will travel vast distances in the air in India, leave for Pakistan on February 1.

On February 16 she will return to India for another ten days—again by air. Then she will fly to Nepal for a return visit to the King and Queen of Nepal.

On March 1 Her Majesty will fly back to India for a one-night stopover before visiting the Shah of Persia.

Wing-Commander "Dickie" Wakeford had to take into account, even, India's kites, the brown birds which can be a menace to pilots.

Kites fly in flocks and are familiar flying hazards in the Far East.

The Queen's flight will be plotted on maps at control stations on the ground.

The ground controller can see at a glance if there are aerial traffic jams and near misses likely to develop.

Every Royal tour presents its own special anxieties.

When the Queen flew over Canada, parachuting nurses were at the ready should the aircraft have crashed into the Rockies.

Nigeria, with its hundreds of square miles of desolate and steaming swamps, was dotted with small canoes in case a rescue in the jungle was necessary.

Flying doctors are on duty wherever the Queen flies over wild, uninhabited terrain.

Every mile of the Royal flights is charted so that in case of an accident—which could be due to weather or a dozen other factors—rescue teams and medical services are alerted.

Even a blood bank in the nearest hospital has the Royal blood groupings.

—ANNE MATHESON

MARGARET:

They hope for a boy—in May

● Princess Margaret and her husband, Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones, would like their first baby to be a boy.

THERE has been no official announcement that Margaret is to have a baby, but this is expected to appear in the Court Circular soon.

Princess Margaret will have no official engagements after that, and will retire from public life altogether to await the arrival of her baby some time in May.

A baby son to Margaret and Tony would be fifth in line to the throne, the succession being Prince Charles, Prince Andrew, Princess Anne, and Princess Margaret herself. Only four people are between the baby and the throne of England.

And his title?

That will depend on the title conferred upon Tony, for, unless he receives one, or some special Royal decree is made, this baby or any child of his marriage to Margaret would rank as a commoner.

Blissfully happy at Kensington Palace, with only their closest friends as guests, neither Tony nor Margaret is making any secret of the fact that the Princess must look after her health more.

Even the very modified official programme the Princess is carrying out is proving tiring for her.

And, last week, she gave her secret away when guests invited to dinner sat down without their hostess.

The Princess had her dinner off a tray in the draw-

By Anne Matheson, of our London staff

ing-room, reclining on a chaise-longue.

Tony did not explain to their guests why. Said one of them to me, "We had all guessed, anyway."

After dinner they joined the Princess in the drawing-room, where she laughingly said, "I've got to put my feet up."

Among the guests were their close and devoted friends Dr. Roger Gilliat and his wife, Penelope.

A few nights later, Princess Margaret, Tony, and Roger and Penelope Gilliat made a foursome at the gay and fashionable "Caprice," where Princess Margaret was in her usual high spirits.

Said a friend who is frequently entertained at Kensington Palace, "Tony is a most devoted and tender husband. He waits on Princess Margaret hand and foot."

Looking very much the radiant young matron, in a discreet black dress, hip-length astrakhan jacket, and a snowball-white hat—designed, said fashion-conscious mothers-to-be, to attract the eye up to the face and away from the figure—Margaret went to the motor show with Tony.

She arrived looking fresh and pretty—25 minutes before the door opened to the public. She had intended to

slip away before the crowd came.

But she and Tony were so entranced with the new models at the show that they stayed for one and a half hours.

Back at Kensington Palace they had no pressing engagements. Because they try to keep their life that way it is a happy one and designed to give Princess Margaret a much relaxation as any young married woman could wish for.

But the Princess is by no means idle in her home.

She has become a very good cook and loves nothing better than to prepare the dinner—even if she feels she must lie down afterwards. Tony and her friends all help to scrape and stack the dishes.

Little ones

A surprised tradesman records he once saw Princess Margaret in an apron, duster in hand—but that was some time ago when they were moving in the furniture.

Another visitor to Kensington Palace recalls the delightfully shy smiles that Margaret and Tony exchanged when a domestic-home-gadgets salesman called.

His initial call was about a dish-washer Margaret and Tony were giving the Queen Mother for a present.

"He would have been a poor salesman had he not brought the conversation around to his other lines, and soon they were all three discussing an electric drying cupboard," I was told.

In pinning the Princess and Tony down as to the size, the salesman found them a little undecided. So he asked whether they wanted it for big garments or little garments.

Tony is reputed to have said—slowly: "Well, little garments, really." Princess Margaret smiled and said, "Yes—very little garments."

Princess Margaret's happiness in her home and husband is reflected in everything she does.

Since they returned from Balmoral, she and Tony have been for very quiet weekends down to the beautiful, serene Sussex countryside where Tony lived.

Their search for a country

Fashion prize

● A wardrobe worth £200 will be the first prize awarded to the wearer of the best black-and-white outfit on Oaks Day at Flemington—November 3—during the V.R.C.'s Centenary Week Racing Carnival.

The black-and-white outfit can be in lightweight wool or any other fabric.

Four judges, headed by our Fashion Editor, Betty Keep, will circulate in different areas on the course. One judge will be on The Flat, one on The Hill, one in the Elms area, and the other in the Main Paddock and Members' Stands.

They will start judging at noon.

A judge will choose one person in a black-and-white outfit from each area. When they are chosen, the contestants will be taken to the Birdcage for the final judging, which will take place fifteen minutes after The Oaks Stakes.

"I've got to put my feet up"



And in medical circles, the question is will Princess Margaret break with Royal tradition—and have her baby in a hospital instead of a palace?

● Princess Margaret and Tony Armstrong-Jones arriving at Buckingham Palace to attend the State Banquet for the King and Queen of Nepal.

house has taken them back to Sussex and to "Nymans," at Staplefield in Sussex, the Messels' old home.

They appear to have made up their minds to restore some part of the "Nymans" estate to be their own.

They have spent much time in the gardens, and explored every part of the 600 acres of rolling South Downs that are part of "Nymans."

Here, Tony's grandfather, Lieutenant - Colonel Lionel Messel, and his wife, Maude, lived in Edwardian splendor.

The Messel home is said to have been one of the most cultured in England. Their circle of friends was drawn from men of arts, letters, and music. Their garden was so famous that horticulturists came from every part of the world.

Here, Tony's mother, now the beautiful Countess of Rosse, and his famous uncle, Oliver Messel, lived in what the Countess described as being, "Surely the most beautiful garden in which children could grow up."

"Nymans," the family seat of the Messels, was partially destroyed by fire, but one wing was restored and retained by them when it was accepted by a joint committee of the National Trust and Royal Horticultural Society under the supervision of the Countess of Rosse. It is a showplace, and the gardens are open to the public.

Nobody was more delighted to see "Master Tony" back

at "Nymans" and living in the family wing than the old village postmistress.

"I knew he would bring Princess Margaret when he came back to 'Nymans,'" she said. "Sussex is where he belongs, the part of England where his mother's family come from, and where Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones lived at Cuckfield is close by."

Charming

"I used to scold him when he was a boy for expecting me to put the stamps on his postcards he had bought, but he grew up a charming young man."

Tony took Margaret to Staplefield Church, Sussex, where the service for his grandmother, Mrs. Maude Messel, was held when she died shortly before his wedding to the Princess at Westminster Abbey.

With so many new interests since he returned from Balmoral with Princess Margaret, Tony Armstrong-Jones has lost the strained and nervous look that was so marked in Scotland, and regained the boyish charm, the easy smile, and unaffected manners that have brought him such a large circle of friends in so many different sets.

I was one of the visitors to Dee-side distressed to see how often the young husband stood aside from the Royal family and their friends, seemingly ill at ease at times, even biting his fingernails, resorting to photography as though, in desperation, he had

to give his mind and hands something to concentrate on.

Dee-side is something of a challenge to the "stranger." Even the Duke of Edinburgh doesn't "swing the kilt" to the satisfaction of all the native Scots. So it was unlikely that Tony Armstrong-Jones would shine in the very special atmosphere of Balmoral, alongside the braw Captain Sandy Ramsay and his wife in their clan tartans, and the young and elegant Duke of Fife and his Duchess, wearing the kilt "as to the manner born."

Kensington Palace and its informality, Sussex and its unspoiled and gentle beauty, seem to have ironed out Tony's initiation troubles.

To keep their home life as unregimented as possible, he and Margaret seem to have wisely cancelled the full-scale house-warming party that was to show off Kensington Palace and start the ball rolling on a brilliant London season.

Though the long film of their honeymoon is cut and ready for showing, it has not yet been projected after the intimate dinner parties.

There is much speculation as to where the Princess would have a baby.

The speculation is mostly among the medical people, who know her well because of her work in child welfare.

Doctors working on committees are usually summoned by the Princess a few days before she goes hospital visiting to tell her about the cases she will be seeing. In this



● Antony Armstrong-Jones reaches across the railing to explain an exhibit to Princess Margaret at the Motor Show at Earl's Court, where they went for a quick visit and stayed an hour-and-a-half.

way the Princess has built up a team of advisers on child birth, rearing and welfare.

None of them is as well known as the gynaecologists and pediatricians who attended the Queen.

Private ward

But all are eminent in their professions.

From one of them, I learned that Princess Margaret may well break right away from the Royal tradition of having

a baby in her own home, and go to one of the big hospitals, into a private ward.

"Queen Charlotte's maternity hospital is world famous and the London Clinic has become the fashion for famous babies," said a doctor.

Kensington Palace is inconvenient from a medical point of view.

The Queen, however, may wish her sister to have her baby at Buckingham Palace.

There is much permanent medical apparatus there. There is ample accommodation for doctors and nurses, and a medical team which became world famous at the birth of Prince Andrew.

Princess Margaret, as the doctors who surround her in her child welfare work all acknowledge, has a way with children.

"They instinctively take to her," said the pediatrician at a leading London hospital, "and she adores them."



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WR10WW

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 9, 1960

It's
FUN
to be

FORTY

By
NATALIE HASTINGS

● I used to think I might as well curl up and die when the thirties finally passed.

I SAT on 35 like a slow-playing needle in a groove, until my children wouldn't let me get away with it any longer.

"Oh, Mum's been 35 for about 10 years," I heard one say to a roomful of people.

Thus I found I was making myself older instead of younger, for it wasn't 10 years, the demons.

Now the cat is out of the bag. I let everyone know immediately I meet them that I'm a bit over 40—but not quite how big a bit. I like a little mystery in my life.

You have to be a bit-over, before you can appreciate how really young and exciting being 40 is.

It's wonderful. You don't have to compete with kittenish little types any more. You can be "the older woman," wise and tolerant, but not afraid to say what you think.

You no longer have to try to be a bit of a beauty. You can relax and be a bit of a character.

You can safely say, "Good heavens, darling, not all over my new carpet," to the man who drops his ash everywhere.

Instead of: "Oh, it doesn't matter, really it doesn't. They say ash keeps the moths out."

More friends

It matters more and more that you should always look nice, but less and less that you should go around beaming, winning friends, and influencing people.

At 40 you're established, with 10 true trusty friends, which, a psychiatrist tells me, is par for the course the world over—plus a fine range of acquaintances.

You're able to relax, knowing yourself to be lucky, and from now the circle of friends widens.

During the thirties it seems that some friends drop off, and become acquaintances only.

There is a sense of loss at first, and consternation.

"Why did they fade out? What did I do wrong?" one asks oneself in the thirties. There is much conscience-searching.

AT 40, a woman gets compliments from older — and younger — men.



At 40 you realise the rat-race is over and the best friends have stayed on, or else have come back from their skirmishing.

At 40 you are sorted out. With Tennyson you can say:

"He makes no friends who never made a foe."

Or, philosophically, with Spenser:

"Better a new friend than an old foe."

And, definitely, with Dryden:

"Calms appear when storms are past.
Love will have his hour at last."

People say "Life begins at 40." I'd like to add to it "Love begins at 40."

You can call your husband a dear old drongo, and all sorts of other things that he wouldn't take from anyone under 40.

Your children are past that slippery, wet, smell-of-bread-and-butter stage. You can love them much more.

Your grandchildren are still for the future.

Best of both

There's a beautiful, beautiful pause. You're a little bit old and a little bit young, and can look both ways across the fence and see all points of view.

You can still kick off your shoes and run in the old girls' race if you want to, but you've a perfect excuse not to if you don't want to.

You appeal to older men, and younger men will still make a pass at you.

In the thirties you take compliments for granted; are disappointed if you don't get them. In the forties you don't care a hoot whether you get them or not—and you get more.

I'm going to sit on 40 much longer than I sat on 35. Why? Because I like it.

Stop struggling

It has everything to offer. If I want a fashionable white streak in my hair or a rinse I can manage it so well. Simply no trouble at all. But if grey hairs are disdained, then I still haven't got TOO many to cover up.

This sounds as if I like myself. No, I just like my age.

It has been a long struggle for me, keeping 40 at bay. Now I'm enjoying it.

Nothing STOPS perspiration
odour so pleasantly

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Also available:
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ARRID Super Spray ... 6/11 in the unbreakable blue squeeze bottle.



Be sure of your freshness ... be sure of yourself
... with gentle ARRID protection.

CM 174

Page 9



add a touch of colour magic,
cherish your summer shoes with...

Meltonian



For all your good leather shoes there's a Meltonian cleaner to keep them bright and sparkling clean. White shoes need Meltonian's special all-purpose spirit white to keep them dazzling. For your coloured leathers there's a Meltonian cream to suit every shade including the new "Glo-calf" cleaner for pearlised leathers. (And a full range of Meltonian suede cleaners, too!)

Meltonian nourishes and protects your shoes against drying or cracking and gives them a lovely lasting lustre. Meltonian is so easy to use, too, it won't streak or cake and never ever flakes. For a flawless finish that dries in a flash choose Meltonian, the special cleaner for all your shoes.

There's a Meltonian colour
for every shade of shoe,
and every type of leather.



FLOWER SHOW - THE WINNERS

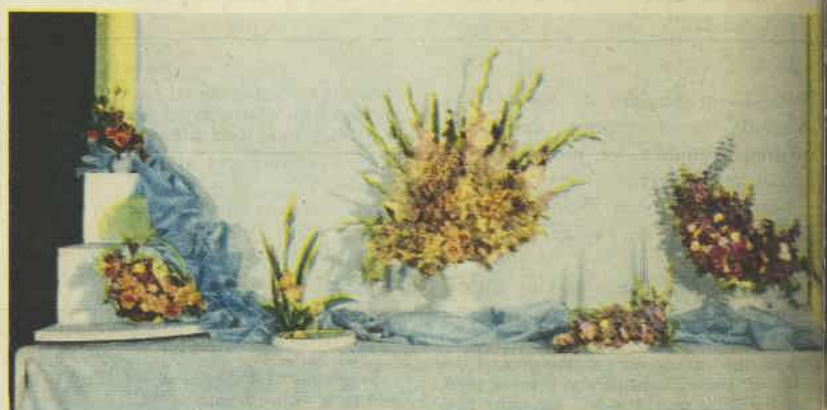
● Concord Horticulture and Home Garden Society won the two major prizes in The Australian Women's Weekly decorative floral competition held recently in conjunction with the Waratah Festival.

Competing with 10 other societies—all affiliated with the Royal Horticultural Society of N.S.W.—Concord won First Prize (gold plaque and 50 guineas) in the decorative unit section and the prize of 20 guineas for the best individual decorative piece.

Judging was so close in the unit section that only six points separated Concord from the second place-getter, Ku-ring-gai Horticultural Society (silver plaque and 25 guineas).

Hurlstone Park Floral Art Society took third prize (bronze plaque and 12 guineas) by only $\frac{3}{4}$ point from two societies which tied for fourth place (gunmetal plaque and 10 guineas)—Oatley Home Gardeners' Club and West Ryde and District Garden Club.

The societies could choose six decorative units from nine classes of arrangements.



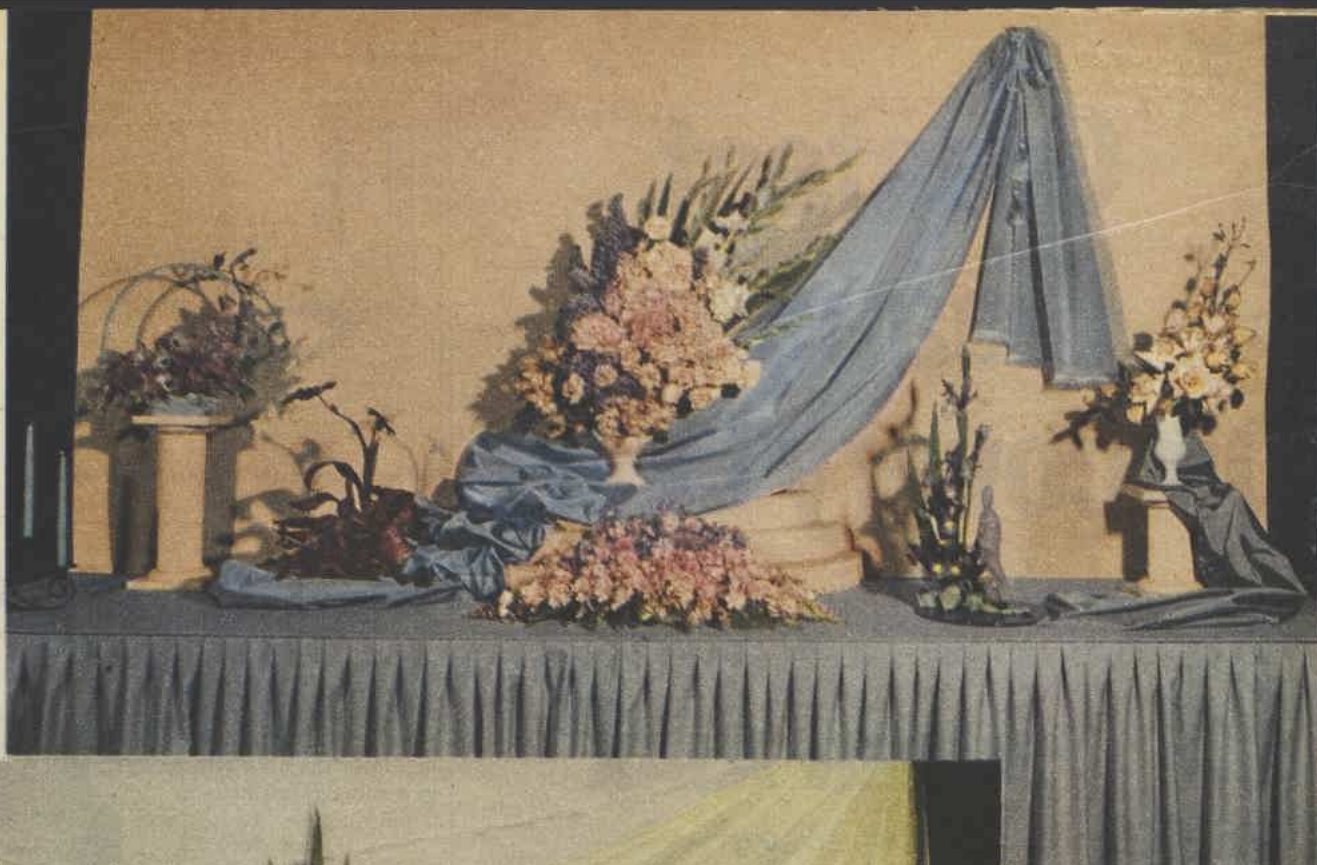
● Fourth (tie): West Ryde and District Garden Club's display was organised by Mrs. L. A. Young. The "mixed flowers" entry, made up of roses, lupins, and pink stocks, narrowly missed winning the title of reserve best individual piece, won by Bexley District Horticultural Society for a native flower piece.



● Fourth (tie): Oatley Home Gardeners' Club treasurer Mrs. N. Conley and club secretary Mr. R. Wilson created this overall scheme of pinks and mauves with touches of lime-green. For weeks before the contest, they drew sketches, practised flower arrangements, meticulously planned everything to scale.

The tops twice

● **First:** Concord Horticulture and Home Garden Society's display organised by five women, headed by Mrs. E. Burrell, had a pink-and-mauve color theme, underscored by a dash of crimson in coleus and dracena leaves in the "foliage" entry. Dutch irises and copper-ore rocks with a candle figurine made up their "informal" entry. In the centre is their winning individual decorative piece "for a dining table" of mixed pink, blue, and mauve flowers with touches of white.



● **Second:** Ku-ring-gai Horticultural Society's exhibit, arranged by four women, led by Mrs. M. Pollock, combined yellow tones with green. The rich bronze in "informal" is achieved by standing magnolia leaves (or any fleshy type leaves) in a solution of water and glycerine for up to three weeks. "Foliage" features ferns and succulents in a brass container.

● **Third:** Hurlstone Park Floral Art Society's entry, designed by Mr. and Mrs. J. Grose. Feature is the containers used: a specially imported Japanese Usubata vase sets off full bearded irises in "Eastern influence"; Swedish milk vase holds Mrs. Herbert Stevens roses for "informal"; and a 100-year-old heirloom vase displays the lovely "foyer" arrangement.



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Floats DIRT, GREASE, STAIN right down the drain!

FATHER



"See, you're the closest, YOU shut it."

MOTHER



"Mum says we mustn't look in the cupboard — let's see why we mustn't."

It seems to me

THIS day last week I was sitting on a rock baiting a hook, rain trickling down the back of my neck and through holes in an old raincoat.

"Just one more throw," I was saying, in response to a suggestion that it would be better to leave the rock than be washed off it by the waves driven by wind and rising tide.

The time, by the way, was 4.45 a.m.

When I say that I was enjoying myself fishermen will understand.

Nobody with any sense would.

★ ★ ★

JUST before going on holidays I read the sad story of Hans Langmut, who had a bad day's fishing in the Inn River, Germany.

He was so mad with people who kept asking "Any bites today?" that he bit one of them on the ear and was fined £18.

I feel sorry for Hans, but there is no need to answer such questions truthfully. You can always say, "Only nibbles," or "A good one a while ago but it took me under a rock."

In fairness, one must allow for the difference between river and rock fishing.

On a river bank a biteless day is pretty monotonous. Fishing from rocks, even when fishless, provides its small triumphs in the recovery of tackle after being snagged.

When people ask, "Any bites?" you can answer, "No, but I haven't lost any sinkers yet."

Still, if you want to know, I did catch a few bream. And you can interpret the word "few" as accurate or modest, whichever pleases you.

★ ★ ★

IHAD another bit of luck on my holidays.

The grand climax was to have been a day at the races.

What time could be spared from fishing was devoted to reading the racing columns and astonishing listeners with some of my newly acquired turf talk.

A good memory enabled me to recite chunks of information about Melbourne Cup prospects, and much of this was received with patience, even with interest.

When, as Saturday approached, I took to reading Brisbane track gallops aloud I think a teeny bit of boredom set in.

Meanwhile, advisers were busy eavesdropping on the local stables.

But that long-awaited rain which brought the first break in the Queensland drought, the rain that had trickled down my neck on the fishing rock and filled the seaside tanks, ended by washing out the races.

Luck? Well, it's the same principle as saving sinkers.

By



Dorothy Drann

JUDGES are notorious for claiming ignorance of everyday matters.

But I think that the question asked by Mr. Justice Chambers in a Sydney Court recently expressed a genuine spirit of inquiry.

A wife, describing efforts to defend herself from her husband, said, "I ran to laundry to get a pot stick."

"Whatever is a pot stick?" asked Mr. Justice Chambers.

Pot sticks, like washboards, will soon belong only in museums.

Most judges are old enough to remember when they were

in common use, but to be old enough for it is to belong to a generation in which such facts of life as washing-day were not generally understood by men.

The washing-machine not only outmoded the pot stick, it brought men into the laundry.

Which reminds me, I know a husband who, fascinated by the machine, was easily coaxed into doing the washing as a regular job. One day he said earnestly to his wife: "I've learned so much now that I think, in case you get sick, you should teach me how to hang out."

ALL of which recalls a journey I made ten years ago on the night train from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur.

It was in the days of the "emergency." The green blinds drawn to black out the carriages, they rushed through the jungle had bullet holes in them from the shots of terrorists.

Beside me sat a British army major. I felt like a character in a spy thriller, when the major introduced himself and began to talk. But what did he talk about—for three quarters of an hour flat?

The new washing-machine that he had bought for his wife, back home in London.

★ ★ ★

INTRODUCING a collection of his speeches, the Duke of Edinburgh states that he always tries to say something interesting without giving offence.

"People would rather be bored than offended," he says.

Actually the Duke is not altogether right. Listeners to a public speech would probably rather be offended than be bored.

If offended they can be indignant, which stops them from going to sleep.

It is not the offended listeners who suffer from a controversial speech. It is the speaker who has to endure the repercussions.

★ ★ ★

THOUGHTS on return from an October holiday:

*When I see a watermelon
Sitting on a fruiterer's stall,
Does its green and pink remind me
Of lost summers? Not at all.
Strange and rare the female mind is
Suddenly my blood will freeze.
Quick, or else again I'll miss them—
Surface mails for overseas.*

Helena Rubinstein introduces a revolutionary new

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Six dramatic
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It shapes as it colours your lips.

Helena Rubinstein creates an amazing new lipstick shape. 'Heart Shape' lipstick is pointed and curved like a heart and shapes and colours your lips in one fluent gesture. NEW 'Heart Shape' lipstick makes a perfect outline . . . no more blurry or feathery edges . . . no messy outlining. It's so simple to apply clean contours . . . so easy to thin down full lips . . . to build up thin lips . . . to colour corners.

Helena Rubinstein's 'Heart Shape' formula gives a smooth, seductive sheen and never dries the lips. Complete, 14/11; refills, 9/11.

Helena Rubinstein has a nail lacquer to match every shade of 'Heart Shape' lipstick.

'Heart Shape' shades are so subtle they must be seen — inquire at your nearest Helena Rubinstein Cosmetic counter.

'Heart Shape' lipstick is available at Helena Rubinstein's Salons, all leading city stores and authorized agents throughout the Commonwealth.

A treasure to own... and to give!

He'll never forget you remembered



Though he knows you've a built-in memory for dates and presents, it will surprise him to find you remembered that he has almost everything he needs now except a Parker... the one pen a man really wants to own! Make his Parker Pen gift a family affair.

New Parker "61" Capillary Pen. Fills itself by itself—cannot leak or blot. Writes satin-smooth from an almost ageless electropolished gold nib. Choice of distinctive colours and designs.

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Matching pencils for every model.

Parker "51." Famous as a world style leader. Rolled Gold Cap Pen, 177/6; Pencil, 103/9; Ballpoint, 90/- Lustraloy Cap Pen, 135/-; Pencil, 61/3; Ballpoint, 55/-.

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WORTH REPORTING

THE original pencil drawings of the sketches at the right were done on cigarette papers and hidden in the heel of his shoe by a Hungarian prisoner at a Russian concentration camp near Novosibirsk, Siberia.

The ex-prisoner, 35-year-old artist Zoltan Fenyes, brought them to our desk this week together with hundreds of other sketches he made of Red Army generals and guards at the camp.

"I had to destroy the cigarette drawings when a stool-pigeon threatened to report me, but," he shrugged expressively, "I had no need of them. The Russians are in my mind for always."

Women were among the Red Army guards. "They were more sadistic than the men... they could think up the punishment more cruel," said Zoltan.

Most of the prisoners—all nationalities—worked in carbon mines. Zoltan, captured on the Eastern Front, was assigned to a plane factory during his stay—1945 to 1947.

He was forced to paint "official" portraits of his Russian captors and play the guitar in the officers' mess, he said. "One one-eyed general insisted that I paint in his two eyes."

Repatriated back to Budapest in 1947, Zoltan escaped to South America during the Hungarian uprising of 1956.

Arriving in Sydney a month ago, he is busy freelancing with magazine illustrations and mural commissions.



SKETCHES in a Russian P.O.W. camp.



RED GENERAL

An end to nightmares

ACCORDING to our original French caption, these cute nylon sponges (below) which replace plastic rollers preserve your beauty sleep AND your setting without "cauchemar" (nightmare).

Says the caption: "Ils vous donnent un petit air sous-marin inattendu et irresistible." (They give you a little underwater look, unexpected and irresistible.)

Only the French could do this for the morale of a girl caught with her hair pinned up.

Anyway, getting practical, the sponges are kept in place with string and pin, will be on the market here soon.



SPONGE ROLLERS... they'll give you an underwater look.

The crocodile has mink

MINK is so VERSATILE.

In the latest Paris collections the Maison Dior has presented a couple of simply marvellous (and different) ideas...

- A mink-edged jacket of crocodile skin.
- A mink coatlet with hand-knitted woollen sleeves.

The horses are pure ham

WATCHING TV's "Charge of the Light Brigade"—Errol Flynn had charge, of course—a dear old lady visitor was distraught at the slaughter.

No, not of the Noble Six Hundred, but the HORSES.

She wouldn't believe that those crashing, rearing, dying broncos were the hammiest stunt-actors in Hollywood.

The American Humane Association sees to this. Last month it okayed the humane treatment of 178 trained movie and TV animals—from horses and white mice to iguanas.

Australia hasn't an A.H.A. but there is the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, ever ready to stop animal-actor ill-treatment.

A report that a dingo was to be hit on the head with a stirrup-iron during the filming of "The Sundowners" at Cooma last November at once brought vice-president Mr. F. Manchec to the location.

Warner Brothers assured Mr. Manchec that such an act had never crossed their script. They invited him to inspect conditions for the four-footed stars, conditions which delighted Mr. Manchec as much as did the generous 75 guineas Warner Brothers later donated to the R.S.P.C.A.

The basilisk in the bus

EVER had one of these unnerving encounters on a bus? A small, round face staring back over its mother's shoulder, fixing you with an implacable, unflinching gaze?

Londoner Frank Richards says he has been terrorised for years by these little creatures in the seat in front of him.

An attempt on his part to make the serious little thing laugh has only succeeded in bringing a look of mild wonder into the big eyes and making him feel foolish.

In defence, he now travels with his young son, who excels at pulling faces. His son's really virtuoso performance recently for a particularly obstinate subject brought such a howl of terror from the latter that Frank and his son had to beat a retreat.



• Part-owner Mrs. Murray Bain and daughter Morag, with Mr. C. K. Ray and Max Eveliegh and Chicola at "St. Aubin's Without," Scone.



• Mrs. Murray Bain with Chicola, potential dam of champions.

Hoping for a Chicola champion

- Two women horse-breeders, Mrs. Murray Bain, of Scone, and Mrs. Norman Smith, of Scone and Sydney, own one of the most potentially valuable brood mares in Australia.

THE mare is Chicola, winner as a three-year-old of a unique treble, the V.R.C. Oaks, the V.R.C. St. Leger, and the A.J.C. Adrian Knox Stakes.

Because she has excellent breeding lines as well, her women owners are hoping to breed at least one champion from her.

Chicola retired from racing after the Victoria Racing Club's autumn meeting at Flemington this year.

Mrs. J. Foster, of Melbourne, then sold her for £1000, turning down a handsome American offer because she wanted the mare to remain in Australia.

Mrs. Bain and Mrs. Smith formed their partnership in 1954. Their first brood mare was Blue Comet.

They took Chicola first to "St. Aubin's Without," Mr. and Mrs. Smith's property near Scone.

Now they have sent her to Baramul Stud, in the Widden Valley of N.S.W., to be mated with the brilliant Todman.

Todman is said to be the fastest horse in Australasia. He holds the Australian record for five furlongs.

He is a son of Australia's leading sire, Star Kingdom (imp.), and the English mare Oceana.

Chicola is by Emphyrean (imp.), second on the list of winning sires in Australia with winners of £57,500.

Her dam is Libyan Lass, by Caithness (imp.), son of the English Derby winner Coronach.



• Chicola, now retired to stud after wins that made her the best three-year-old filly of her year.

PLANNING YOUR NEW HOME?



Save on curtains with practical, colourful

Storey-Davies

STOREEN

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For less than £10 you can curtain every room in the average-size house

Storeen is the inexpensive way for modern young people to give their homes a look of colour and gaiety. Easy-to-sew Storeen comes in hundreds of fascinating patterns — spots, stripes, florals and contemporary designs — planned to match every colour scheme, and it costs only 3/9 per yard. There's a choice of 2 economical widths, 36" and 48"; this means least possible joins.

Just consider the advantages of Storeen:—

Storeen saves you money. It's long-lasting — wears longer than many more expensive furnishing fabrics; resists fading; never drops. Storeen is washable; an occasional sponging keeps it fresh and new looking. Storeen never creases — never needs ironing; easy to handle, it purrs through your machine; never frays.

WRITE FOR FREE IDEA BOOKLET

'Do it yourself with Storeen' shows you how to make curtains, bedspreads, tablecloths and dozens of other household items with gay, colourful Storeen. Fill in the coupon and send to Storeen, 3 Queens Road, Melbourne, and your FREE Booklet will be sent to you by return.

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How lovely you look tomorrow *depends*



depends on how well you clean your face tonight

... and cleansing means more than just soap and water



Tonight...

Hat by Fiona Hats, South Yarra

discover how **POND'S COLD CREAM** cleanses completely
—whisks out dirt and make-up

Did you realise

● Modern make-up is designed to **stay on**. You can't wash it off with water — you can't **clean** it off with soap alone.

What do you do?

● You cream it away with light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream — that's the one **sure** way to whisk out stale make-up of any kind — and everyday dirt, too.

Deep-cleanses

● Pond's Cold Cream works down between the upper skin cells, where dirt hides, and literally floats it out. Pond's leaves your skin soft, smooth — and gloriously clean.

cleanses and cools your skin—relaxes you.



Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.
Tubes 2/11; Jars — 5/3 and 8/11

THE CUP

By **MARY COLES**

ROUNDABOUT

THE Cup is over—but socially the race is only half run, with an array of glittering events wedged between the Oaks and Steeplechase Day at Flemington.

Only race visitors with invitations to the Melbourne Club Ball on Oaks Eve and the Australian Club Ball on November 4 will go home feeling they reached the winning-post ahead of "the Joneses."

An intriguing sidelight of the Melbourne Club Ball, where eight hundred guests will dance in the walled courtyard behind the club at the top of Collins Street, is the cunning laying of the dance floor between two enormous plane trees.

The trees were planted many years ago by die-hard conservative members of the club, "to put an end to dancing."

★ ★ ★
"CREME DE LA CREME" dinner party of the week is being hosted by Dame Mabel Brookes before the Melbourne Club Ball. It will be the last Cup party she and Sir Norman will have at "Kurneh." Early next year, the famous old mansion in Domain Road is to be demolished to make way for a block of flats, and the Brookes' will change their residence to "Elm Tree Cottage," across the road. Incidentally, when Dame Mabel gives a party, a red carpet comes out literally—from her front door and down the garden path across the footpath to the kerb where cars draw up. The carpet is laid not to impress but as a matter of good housekeeping, she told me. It safeguards indoor carpets from dusty (and often muddy) shoes.

★ ★ ★
THE flowers at the Australian Club Ball are always "out of this world," and this year the "grand manner" marble staircase in the entrance hall will be garlanded with gladioli, peonies, and rhododendrons entwined in the wrought-iron balustrade. I had a sneak peek at the dresses which will be worn by Mrs. D. H. Challingsworth and Mrs. A. I. Barrett, who, with her husband, will be among Leslie Parker's guests at the ball. Mrs. Challingsworth's choice is a pretty fondant pink chiffon frock, and Mrs. Barrett is going to wear a black tulle bouffant gown with a glittering sequin bodice.

★ ★ ★
ALSO glimpsed Mrs. Herbert Field's Oaks Day ensemble. It's a white foulard black patterned Balmain model frock and jacket. She has a white silk handmade roses flowerpot hat to wear with it. Mrs. Field admits she left her heart behind in Sydney, when her three-year-old, New Legend, developed boils, and wasn't fit enough in time to carry her colors in events at Flemington.

★ ★ ★
MRS. FRANK McCALL POWER scored a win with the Empress gold Thai silk blouse and checked silk skirt in vivid jockey colors, which she took to Melbourne for the Lucky Horseshoe dinner dance on Cup Eve. A fashion pointer was the way the hemline of the skirt dipped like a peacock's tail—short in front and reaching to the ankles at the back. She motored down with her husband at the weekend, just to see the Cup, en route to Tasmania, where they're going to holiday with Mrs. McCall Power's brother and sister-in-law, Commander and Mrs. Bill Salisbury, in Hobart.

★ ★ ★
ON Steeplechase Night Norman Gengoult Smith is celebrating his 21st birthday with a dance given by his parents, Sir Harold and Lady Gengoult Smith, at their home, "Raveloe." They're hoping Sue and Simon Bragg from "Landgrove," Cootamundra, will be able to come down for it. Their mother, Mrs. Alan Bragg, was one of Lady Gengoult Smith's twelve bridesmaids.

★ ★ ★
AFTER non-stop feting in Sydney last week, English visitors Lady Evelyn and Mr. Bill Mackforth-Young and the Hon. Simon and Mrs. Rodney have been caught up in the Cup whirl purely accidentally. Both men are on business visits—not to see the races. Lady Evelyn, who is the daughter of the Earl of Rothes, told me she is just so thrilled to be making her first trip to Australia since she and her husband lived in Sydney for a time nine years ago. The Hon. Simon, who is the son of Lord Rodney, and his wife are both on their first visit here.

★ ★ ★
A SENTIMENTAL pilgrimage to the Melbourne Cup Exhibition at the Public Library is on the engagement list of Mr. and Mrs. Ned de Mestre and their daughter Barbara, of "Fairview," Binalong. On view there are the all-black colors of Archer, winner of the first Melbourne Cup in 1861—and again in 1862. Archer was owned by Mr. de Mestre's father.

★ ★ ★
CUP GAETIES will end on a romantic note with the wedding of Lieutenant Robin Nelson, R.N., aide-de-camp to the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, to Sarah Luxton, at St. John's Church, Toorak, on November 5, with reception to follow at the home of the bride's grandmother, Lady Luxton. Sarah, who is the daughter of Mr. Tom Luxton, and Mrs. Hugh Fowler, of Paris, will be attended by her sister, Mrs. John Hardie, and Fleur Mein. It's also hoped three-year-old Amanda Hardie will at least be "a starter" in the bridal procession.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 9, 1960

PEOPLE AND PARTIES

IN MELBOURNE. Tony Pratten, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Pratten, of "Walgrove," Yass, and his bride, formerly Jill Markby. They were pictured with their attendants, Mrs. Barry Patten (left), Mary Jane Pratten, and flowergirl Debra Pratten, arriving at the reception at Giro's after their wedding at St. John's, Toorak. Jill is the daughter of Mr. John Markby, Sydney.



CAY TRIO, from left, Maureen Ryan, Norman Godbold, and Margaret Macdonald at a wine-tasting given by the Sydney Hospital Younger Set at Ye Olde Crusty Cellars. Norman has been living in Honolulu.



STAGE STAR Cornelia Otis Skinner (right) with Mary Harrison, of Kirribilli, at the Contemporary Art Society's exhibition, which was opened by Miss Otis Skinner at the Blaxland Gallery.



ART ENTHUSIASTS Margaret Coote (left) and Virginia Hyne discuss Margaret's portrait, which was shown at the exhibition of Carlien Parker's portraits and paintings at Terry Clune's art gallery. Both girls wore pretty shirt-waister frocks, Margaret's green and brown on white, and Virginia's blue and green.



LEAVING St. John's, Toorak, Melbourne, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremy Chilcott King with their attendants, from left, John Douglas, Mrs. Peter Matthews, Peter Davidson, Heather Makepeace, Charles Arnold, Margaret Robinson, Geoff Norman, and Colleen Ireson. The bride was formerly Lois Norman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Norman, of "Narrawong," Hay.

BOND'S

Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton

Dri-Glo

TOWELS

Mexicana

NUMBER **FIVE** FROM OUR DAZZLING NEWLY DESIGNED SERIES

See sizzling Mexicana stripes in shop windows all over Australia this week!

Caramba! Hot, zesty colours as tangy as tamales, bright as chillies enliven our 'Mexicana Stripes'!

Backgrounds are deep and dusky, stripes dazzle in desert yellow, cactus green, orange pepper or brilliant Aztec Blue!

Dri-Glo's are stronger—last longer.

Their luxurious pile is twofold yarn for longer wear, greater absorbency. At every stage of their making, Dri-Glo towels are double checked for perfect finish. Dri-Glo towels are far and away the best value towels in Australia!

**Next week—
turn to page 18
of this magazine for
another terrifico Dri-Glo towel!**

PHOTOGRAPHED HERE; BOND'S
DRI-GLO BEAUTY FOR 1960
—KAIA STANFORD.

B342

Towel talk

**WRITE A CATCHY
BOND'S 'DRI-GLO'
JINGLE AND WIN
YOURSELF £100!**

Put on your thinking-caps and dream up a bright 4-line jingle—all about 'Dri-Glo' towels! Listed below are 10 selling points to help you, and all you have to do is weave as many as you can into the span of 4 lines. Here are a few examples to guide you:—

*Dri-Glo towels
Are bright and gay,
Thick and thirsty,
And their colours stay!*

*Dri-Glo towels
Are woven double,
Wear for years;
Never give trouble!*

Best 4-line jingle in Australia wins 100 beautiful pounds in cash. Next 25 runners-up get a pair of glorious 'Dri-Glo' glamour towels for free! Post your entries to 'DRI-GLO' JINGLE CONTEST, 100 Mallett Street, Camperdown, and have them in by November 9, 1960. That's the closing date. Good luck to all! Entries remain property of Bond's.

Dri-Glo Selling Points.

- Dri-Glo towels vibrate with colour!
- Dri-Glo towels are famous for perfect finish.
- Dri-Glo towels are thick and thirsty.
- Dri-Glo towels are Australia's best value.
- Dri-Glo towels come in 71 dazzling new designs.
- Dri-Glo towels make a welcome gift for everyone.
- Dri-Glo towels are stronger—last longer.
- The luxurious Dri-Glo pile is twofold yarn for longer wear.
- Dri-Glo towels give greater absorbency.
- Dri-Glo towels are super-soft.

Entries will be judged on originality, aptitude and neatness, and winners announced in the 'Australian Women's Weekly'. Look for the results in the issue dated December 14th.

Note: Judge's decision is final, no correspondence will be entered into.



NO KIDDING!

There's NO doubt about it! Bond's crazy new 'Gimmick' towels will certainly stop traffic on the beach! They're MAD, MAD, MAD, but delightful—especially this wacky NO NUTHIN' model hot from Dri-Glo's inspired designing-board! Lots of other cool designs to choose from—all gay and novel and destined to make YOU the centre of attraction wherever you go! Go get one!

Pussycat talk over the teacups

... "Oh, I liked her new bathroom tiles, but my dear, did you SEE her awful, tatty old towels..." Could they be talking about YOUR towel collection? It's amazing how easy it is to overlook the need for replacements for tired old towels... And nothing gives a bathroom such a sad, hang-dog air as faded, limp, raggedy old towels! They spoil the whole effect of the smartest colour scheme! What a difference if Mrs. Brown had vivid new Dri-Glo 'Jumbo Stripes' to offset her plain blue tiles! Before your next tea-party treat yourself to a gorgeous pair of Dri-Glo towels. The new designs and colours are really breathtaking! They'll light up your bathroom and your life!



BOND'S
Australia's Greatest Name in Cotton

DRI-GLO TOWELS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 9, 1960

For Fabiola it was

LOVE AT ONCE

• Dona Fabiola de Mora y Aragon, future Queen

of the Belgians, told me at her mother's palatial home

in Madrid that she met King Baudouin

this summer, and had known him only a matter of weeks when they decided to get married.



• Baudouin, King of the Belgians, whose engagement to Fabiola was one of the world's best-kept secrets.

An exclusive interview
with **FREDERICK SANDS**,
in Madrid.



• Fabiola's lovely engagement ring — a huge emerald set in diamonds.

"It was love at once... We decided to get married as quickly as we could. But for the outbreak of the Congo crisis we would have announced our engagement earlier," she said.

The Royal wedding will take place on December 15 in the Cathedral of Saint Michael and Saint Gudule in Brussels. Queen Elizabeth may be among the guests.

Fabiola's wedding dress is being made by Balenciaga, a close family friend, who made her first party dress when she was a little girl.

Fabiola told me, too, that she loves children — and that she hoped "in the best Spanish tradition," to have many children of her own.

"We met only this summer," she said. "It was at the house of mutual friends, and as they do not want their name made known, we have

promised to keep the whereabouts of it a secret."

She talked with the unconcerned frankness of a happy bride-to-be.

Fabiola spoke with me in perfect English. Apart from her native Spanish, she is equally fluent in French, German, and Italian. Now she spends three hours daily learning Flemish, and hopes to master it in two months.

"Frightened"

Fabiola confided that sometimes she is still "quite frightened" when she thinks about all that has happened to her in recent weeks.

"It was all so sudden, and every once in a while I have the impression that I am just dreaming one of my own fairy-tales," she said—alluding to a children's book which she wrote five years ago called "Twelve Marvellous Fairy-Tales."

One of her stories in it concludes: "... and so ends the story of the Prince and of

the sweet little Princess, who lived very happily ever after."

I told Fabiola that I had tried all over Madrid to buy a copy of her book. With a smile she told me: "You will be unlucky, as I recently bought all copies back to have it off the market."

With pride and obvious delight, she told me that the name Fabiola has topped the list of newborn girls both in Belgium and Spain since her engagement was announced.

"Rather strangely," she said, "It's only a name out of an Italian fable my mother read."

Fabiola needed the King's personal consent to receive me, now that Court protocol governs her every step, even in faraway Madrid.

It was in a flower-filled, first-floor drawing room — seated below a life-size oil painting of her late grandfather, who owned the largest

private collection of Old Masters in the world—that Fabiola spoke for the first time of her romance with the shy bespectacled Belgian King.

Earlier, as I waited for her arrival from Brussels, her mother told me: "She has travelled more than usual this summer, and sometimes I did not even know where she was."

"At one time I had the definite impression that she had fallen in love, but I had no idea with whom... She always had boyfriends, but never before did she really fall in love. If ever I talked to her about it, she used to say, 'I'm in no hurry to get married.'"

Gay and happy

"I had much reason to worry about her since my husband died. Fabiola was particularly attached to him, and when he died she wanted to become a nun. I did all in my power to persuade her against taking this step."

"Although very serious-minded, she is by nature a gay and happy girl."

An elderly retainer, Damian Aparicio, said, "Fabiola is a living saint. She just cannot see anyone being unhappy or in need without trying immediately to do something about it."

Sudden wild cheering in the street outside signalled Fabiola's arrival.

The high iron gates swung open to let in the convoy of cars, and from the first stepped Fabiola.

Maids broke down sobbing at her feet. White-haired doormen kissed her hands. Children tugged at her coat. Deeply touched, she threw her arms around each one and kissed both cheeks.

The Belgian people have drawn a winner in Fabiola, and their King is rewarded for his lonely, long wait.



• Fabiola, with her baby car. "I shall miss it very much. It's so practical," she said, "but I suppose I shall have to leave it behind." Picture by Klaus Collignon.

Abbe was sure Henry wanted to marry her, so why act like . . .

The Reluctant Bridegroom

ABBE put her key quietly in the door and let herself into the apartment. It was 3 a.m. on Sunday morning, when most young ladies still out of bed were feeling weary and wound down. But Abbe was feeling happy and hopped up.

She went into the bedroom, turned on the small bedside lamp, and shook the shoulder of her sleeping room-mate.

"Carmen."

"Oooooook." Carmen turned and buried herself more deeply into the bedclothes.

"Carmen. Wake up. It's Abbe."

"Who . . . wha . . . ?" Carmen opened her eyes, blinked, and looked at Abbe. "What's the time?"

"Three o'clock, Carmen. Carmen, it's happened."

"Three o'clock!" Carmen rubbed her eyes and sat up. "Three o'clock! What's wrong?" She was twenty-eight, blond, and was wearing wire hardware in her hair.

"Carmen, just listen to me!"

"Give me a cigarette," Carmen said miserably. "I was having a wonderful dream about being on the French Riviera and—thanks—all these Frenchmen!"

"Carmen, Henry proposed to me!"

"Marriage?"

"Yes." Abbe's full red lips widened in excitement, and her eyes, as blue as pool water, sparkled in the dim light.

"Well, what do you know? What did you say?"

"I said 'Yes,' of course."

Carmen's face softened.

"I'm glad for you, Abbe. Give me a kiss." She hugged the younger girl to her. Then abruptly her face straightened again, and she became as business-like as it is possible to become with cold cream on your face. "We've got to keep him up to it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we're not going to let him back out."

"Back out?" Abbe's brow creased. "Why should he back out? He's twenty-seven, he's old enough to know what he wants. He asked me of his own free will . . ."

"My child," Carmen squeezed Abbe's hand. "I am four years your senior, my experience with bachelors is enormous, if not terrifying, while you, remember, until six months ago, lived in a small country town. Listen to me, Henry may

love you, he may want to be near you always, he may not be able to bear being away from you—"

"That was what he said to me—"

" . . . but he is a bachelor, a confirmed bachelor, my dear, and finally a man. All men have to be, well, assisted a little to the altar."

"Carmen, Henry's different. He's had plenty of time to think about whether he wants to marry me. He won't change his mind now that he's decided. Henry's not like that."

"Abbe, I'm not trying to frighten you. But I'm a little more experienced in these things. Believe me, the candlelight, and kisses, and chilled champagne glasses, and the sweet talk are all very well, but to get him into that church requires a good old-fashioned push!"

"Oh, Carmen!"

"But, never fear, Abbe. We'll get him there if we have to use a bulldozer!"

It was ten-thirty on Sunday morning, and bright sunlight poured into the lounge of the modern bachelor apartment. There had been a party there the night before. You could tell.

There were the loaded ashtrays, the thirty-seven abandoned drinking glasses, the stuffed olives scattered about where someone had challenged someone else to a stuffed-olive fight. And there was the record featuring eleven trombones, which had been playing over and over again since four a.m.

In the bedroom there lay crumpled shirts, crumpled coats, crumpled bedclothes, and two very crumpled bachelors. One lay flat on his back, without covers, his arms and legs outstretched as though he had fallen there from the top of a very high building. He wore dark glasses. The one in the other bed was huddled in a hidden heap as though the hire-purchase people had surrounded the house and were coming up the stairs for him.

One stirred. The huddled one. His fair hair appeared, then he looked out sleepily, and withdrew. Exactly twenty seconds later he flung off the bedclothes, leapt from the bed, and shook his friend's shoulder.

"Al, wake up!"

"Oomp," said Al.

"Wake up, Al, and listen!" He shook harder.

Al sat up. He stretched his long limbs and squinted

into the sunlight through his dark glasses.

"Always wear them to bed after a party, Henry. You should get yourself a pair."

"Al," Henry said. "Last night . . . when I was with Abbe, I . . . I . . ."

Al yawned.

"Great party, man. Whose turn is it to get the tomato juice? Wow, what a party! Did you see Merla do that dance with the bath towels?"

"No, Al," Henry said. His face was white and shrunken like something that had been put on a back shelf in the refrigerator and forgotten. "Don't you remember? Abbe and I left around one o'clock."

"Oh, yeah." Al smiled dreamily. "What a night. You know, I can still hear those trombones."

"Al, last night I asked Abbe to marry me."

Al turned his head and looked at Henry. Then he took off his glasses and took a longer look.

"Again, Henry. Say it again."

"I asked Abbe to marry me."

"Henry!" There was shock in Al's voice. "You shouldn't have done that."

"Well . . ." Henry fidgeted. "I don't know, gee, I don't know . . ." He nervously lit a cigarette.

"What do you mean you don't know?" Al demanded.

"It was wrong, and you know it! Abbe's a nice girl, a girl I respect! She takes those things seriously. She's the sort of a girl who values marriage and kids and all that stuff. She's a country girl. In the country they get married all the time. No, Henry, this isn't funny. You were darned lucky she didn't accept you."

"She did."

Al rubbed his face and blinked his eyes.

"Don't say any more, Henry. Don't say another word until I've had my tomato juice . . ."

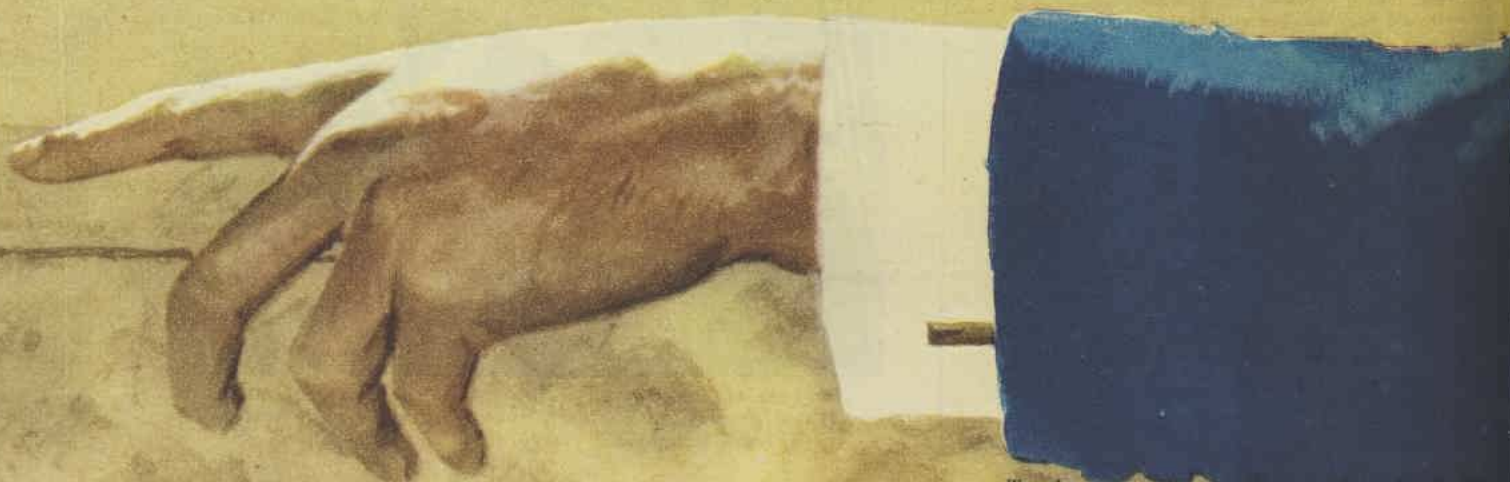
"Shame, Henry, shame!" Al put down his empty glass. "Still, it's done, and it must be undone. With Abbe, you'll just have to be a man about it. Shine your shoes, put on your best suit and your old school tie, and go and apologise."

"But, Al, listen. I know this sounds silly, but — well, maybe, I'm in love with her."

"Give me a cigarette." Al watched his

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"Hello," Henry said to Abbe, looking into her wide blue eyes and stroking her chin with his finger.



By
Rudolph
Taylor



Illustrated by

Harrison

Page 21

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ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

NOW she is thirty, LOUISA DATCHETT realises she is fed-up. Up to now she has earned a rather precarious living photographing dogs. She has many friends, such as the lodger in Number Ten, an indigent and vegetarian flautist who lives next door; HUGO PYM, a producer of unsuccessful off-beat plays, and ROSSY, a photographer who shares a darkroom with her.

These, as well as other impecunious and helpless males who constantly appeal to her for help, have brought her to a state of despondency, and she is thinking of getting married so that someone can look after her for a change, when she receives a letter from FREDDY PENNON, a wealthy bachelor she had met on a job in Cannes.

Calling on him as requested, she sadly realises he is yet another male seeking help, and not, as she had hoped, a prospective suitor. He wants her to act as a chaperon when ENID ANSTRUTHER, newly widowed and the woman he has loved for twenty years, would be his guest.

Louisa agrees, as it will mean a week's free board for her. Enid is, at first, unable to understand Louisa's presence in the household and is wary of her, but gradually they come to accept each other. Enid seems to slip easily into the role of "future" authority with the servants, but on the other hand Louisa learns much from her about the niceties of catching a husband, including how to gain a settlement before marriage. NOW READ ON:

NATURALLY Louisa's conversations with Mrs. Anstruther didn't deal solely with her, Louisa's, matrimonial prospects; Enid Anstruther had her own matrimonial prospects—which indeed formed a far more cheerful topic.

"Poor Archy would be so happy, too!" mused Mrs. Anstruther, emerging from a pleasant day-dream. "He and Freddy thought the world of each other. I feel that makes it so nice!"

"I can see it must," said Louisa. "Has he any idea when it's to-be?"

Mrs. Anstruther looked candid.

"One should, I know, wait a year; or if one's superstitious, a year and a day; and I'm sure I'm the last woman in the world to flout convention! But in such rather special circumstances—"

Louisa took this to indicate that Freddy's hours as a bachelor were numbered. She wondered whether Freddy knew. But whether he did or he didn't, she now hadn't the slightest doubt of Enid's ability to get him to the church on time.

"And it's not as though I needed to collect a trousseau—all that," said Mrs. Anstruther simply, "can wait till later. Poor Archy left us in April . . . do you think July?"

"As he and Freddy thought so much of each other," agreed Louisa.

"And, of course, very, very quietly."

"In church?"

"My dear, naturally," said Mrs. Anstruther. "Always get married in church—if you can," she added delicately. (Louisa took this to indicate that men at the top were sometimes also divorcees.) "I believe some of the registrars in London do it really very nicely! But, of course, I shan't wear white; probably a very pale hyacinth-blue."

Trousseauless though she would be (until later), Enid was already giving her wedding garments serious thought. The very pale hyacinth-blue (possibly wild silk?) was to be topped by a very small toque of hyacinths. With some surprise Louisa found herself taking quite a keen interest in these details, and of her own accord suggested a very small eye-veil.

"With perhaps a sequin or two?" reflected Mrs. Anstruther. "Just to give a tiny sparkle?"

More than surprised, absolutely dismayed, Louisa discovered that she was envisaging herself as a bridesmaid in pale green. So attuned were they at this moment, Mrs. Anstruther almost apologised.

"If I were having any bridesmaids at all,

Freddy's hand lay there on the chess-board, spilling bounty. Louisa sat still, thinking it would be so easy to accept.

naturally I should think of you at once," said Mrs. Anstruther. "Though your coloring would set quite a problem! You couldn't wear green; green, even a very pale green, would be out of the question with my blue."

"What about coffee?" suggested Louisa—surrendering herself to fantasy. "I've a coffee-colored linen—"

"No; I'm sorry," said Mrs. Anstruther firmly. "Not coffee. It would be a flat note. Perhaps a very pale amber—My dear, we're as bad as a couple of girls," cried Mrs. Anstruther, laughing, "sitting up in bed after a dance planning our weddings! How Freddy would laugh to hear us!"

Maybe Archie'd laugh, too, thought Louisa, but was chiefly appalled, as she came to her senses, by her vulnerability to the appeal of bridal millinery. It was something quite new; hitherto, as has been said, Louisa's reaction to a church wedding was purely professional, she just wondered who'd got the job of photographing it. In any bridal party, only a Pekingese in a white bow really caught her eye. Now, she felt that if Mrs. Anstruther came across with an amber shantung, she, Louisa, would jump straight into it. (Possibly a very small toque of tea-roses . . . ?)

Promoting herself to lead, she envisaged the full glory of white from top to toe. Or if (as Mrs. Anstruther tactfully

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SANDRA DEE who co-stars with Lana Turner

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Continuing . . .

THE RELUCTANT BRIDEGROOM

from page 21

friend's face. He and Henry had been together quite a while now. He was going to see Henry through this thing, ugly though it might be. "Now tell it to me, Henry. In your own words."

"Well . . . I don't know, Al, I've never felt like this before, and . . . you know . . ."

"No, I don't know."

"It's difficult to explain."

"Try. Try hard, Henry."

"Well, this girl means so much to me that I don't want to be away from her. And . . . and last night when I was telling her I loved her I heard myself say—it just came out that I wanted to marry her."

"Mmm," Al pondered. "With anyone else, Henry—"

"Believe me, it was a shock

—with anyone else, Henry, I'd say forget it. I'd say take your annual vacation up north and let the party cool. But with Abbe, no. I like Abbe. She makes me feel, sort of, brotherly."

"I know what you mean, Al," Henry said miserably. "But with me, it's not brotherly I feel."

"Then get around there quickly and explain. Don't put it off. Put it off and the next thing you'll know they're tying tin cans to the tail of your car and you're trying to get the rice out from the small of your back."

"Yes, but . . . but say I do want to marry her?"

"Henry!" Al stood up. "It's me you're talking to! You mean you could even think of spending the rest of your life with just one woman?"

"Yes and no."

"Henry, pull yourself together! We're not children, we're grown men of twenty-seven. Now get dressed and go and kill this horrible thing."

"But, Al, I worship this girl! She makes me feel so good."

"Nobody feels that—"

"Then I think—gee, marriage! Forty years, maybe. That's a lot of time, Al. And there are other things, too. I'd have to buy a house and do gardening and go without things. I'd have to save money!"

"You get no sympathy from me, man. Think of Abbe. She's probably already planning what sort of curtain material she'll have in the second bedroom. Why, you ought to wash your mouth out with soap and water!"

"All my life, Al! All my life with just one woman! Gee! When I think of all the women I haven't even met!"

"What staggers me," Al said, getting up to take his shower, "is that she accepted you."

AT two o'clock Henry swallowed and rang the doorbell of the apartment Abbe and Carmen shared. He was wearing his best suit and old school tie. Abbe opened the door.

"Henry?" she exclaimed. "I thought you were coming later?"

"I know I said six," Henry said. "But I couldn't wait. Do you mind—?" These last words lost themselves somewhere in the region of Abbe's neck.

"Hello, Henry," Carmen interrupted them. "Congratulations!"

"Oh?" Henry asked. "On your engagement!"

"Oh, yes . . ."

"Well, let me kiss the groom-to-be before I go back to the dishes." As she had told Abbe over lunch, never let him forget that he asked you.

"Can we talk somewhere, Abbe?" Henry asked.

"I'll help finish the dishes. You sit there."

Henry sat down. He watched Abbe as she walked out to the kitchen. Abbe was a wonderful person. If a man wanted

to marry, then he could not pick a better girl. She was lovable, she would be a wonderful mother, and her country-style cooking was really a thing. But who wanted marriage?

Being single was so good. Boy, the five years Al and he had shared the flat had been wonderful—the friends, the parties, the spending, the girls, the nights out with the boys, the parties, the spending, the parties. Now he saw himself married, living in a little ivy-covered mortgage with kids all around him wanting money for jellybeans and licorice straps and having lawns to cut and not enough pocket-money to buy the fellows a round of small beers—

"Hello," Abbe said, coming over and sitting down beside him.

"Hello," Henry said, looking straight into her wide blue eyes and stroking her cheek with his finger . . .

"I tried," Henry said.

"I'm ashamed of you," Al sipped his beer and stared at his friend. "The longer you leave it the more difficult it becomes. What are you frightened of? She's only a woman."

"Only a woman!" Henry groaned miserably. "Why, I even tried to frighten her by telling her how much money I had. Even that didn't rock her."

"She must love you!"

"You think so?"

"Man, spare me the moonlight and roses, we have a job to do. Otherwise you're going to find yourself at the end of a long queue waiting on a housing loan."

"Help me, Al."

"There is another way."

"What other way?"

"You must have a fight."

"A fight?"

"An argument. You and Abbe. Start a fight, get her mad, then go. And you're free."

"Fight with Abbe? What could we fight about? We never fight. Sometimes we've had small arguments, but as soon as we're separated I can't wait to make it up."

"Well, this time it's a big fight and you don't make it up."

"But, Al, that would be wrong. I'd hurt Abbe. Gee, I don't want to hurt her."

"Face it, Henry! You should never have asked her to marry you! Now she must be hurt. But look, if she leaves you believing you to be every kind of a two-timing so-and-so it won't be so hard on her, will it?"

"You mean . . . another girl?"

"Another woman."

"She'll catch me with another woman?"

"No, no. More subtle. She will find positive proof that in your life there is another woman. No ordinary woman, mind you, but an exotic woman, a glamorous, mysterious woman, a woman of paralytic charm, the sort of woman every woman dreams about and wakes screaming in the night."

"You know a woman like that?"

"Of course not. But see this?"

"That cigarette holder?"

"It's not just a cigarette holder. What you see here is a very long, very slim, very French, very sophisticated cigarette holder. What sort of a woman does it suggest?"

"I'm getting your angle."

"If Abbe has reason to believe that you have been spending your time with another woman, then comes across this, and you can't explain it, she'll call you every name in her limited vocabulary, shut the door in your face, and breathe

a sigh of relief that she found out about you before it was too late."

"It's pretty rough on Abbe."

"It's better in the long run, Henry. Do you want to wait until they're helping her into her wedding dress?"

"No. This is kinder by far."

"Good. When do you plan to see her again?"

"Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Then Friday."

"Okay," Al said. "Cancel Tuesday's and Wednesday's dates. Be apologetic, plead forgiveness, but be mysterious."

"Yes?"

"Then on Friday . . ."

"Yes?"

"That was Henry," Abbe said, putting down the phone.

"I gathered," Carmen said.

"What's the trouble?"

"He can't see me tonight or tomorrow night."

"Why?"

"Well . . . he didn't say exactly. But it must be something important." She smiled. "He'll probably tell me all about it on Friday."

"I bet!"

READING the expression on her friend's face, Abbe said. "Carmen, you're unfair to Henry! He does want to marry me. But things come up."

"What things?"

"Whatever things are preventing him from seeing me."

Carmen came across the room to her.

"You love him, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"And he loves you?"

"I think so. He says he does."

"I hope you're not going to be hurt, Abbe."

"Carmen, I understand what you meant about men the other night but I believe that everything straightens itself out if two people love one another."

"I hope you're right."

It was Friday night around two a.m. Henry held Abbe in his arms and was murmuring into her ear.

"It's been so long, Abbe—since Sunday, I never want to be away from you that long again."

"Neither do I, Henry," She smiled sleepily. "Still, soon we shall be together all the time."

"Would you like one last cigarette before you go in?"

"Thank you."

Henry reached into his breast pocket for his cigarette case. With it came something which fell into Abbe's lap.

"What's this, Henry?"

"That cigarette holder? Oh, thanks." He took it from her and returned it to his pocket.

"Light?"

"They lit their cigarettes."

"Henry?" Abbe's face had paled a shade. Her lips quivered when she spoke.

"Whose holder was that?"

"Oh, nobody's."

"Henry, you don't have to tell me your personal business but I'd like to know; if you'd like to tell me."

"Abbe, darling, it's nothing. Don't go thinking it belongs to another woman or anything like that. I don't know whose it is."

"But it was in your pocket."

"Yes, but it doesn't belong to any woman I know."

"It's not a man's holder!"

"I'll tell you then—it's Al's!"

"Al's? But I thought you didn't know whose it was?"

"Oh, Abbe," Henry groaned.

"It's a long story." He put

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While the idle hours
slipped by, the old
man modelled the birds
with loving precision

A short short story

BY
JOHN CHRISP

THE old whaler sat in the sun on the deck of the factory ship carving the ten-inch tooth of a sperm whale into the model of a penguin. The boy Eric watched him. How slowly he works, he thought. A whole week he has been carving, yet the model is still not finished.

"Can I sharpen your knife, Johan?" he asked.

"Thank you," the old man said, "but it is sharp already."

"Can I hold the bottom of the tooth?"

The old man looked at the boy and smiled. "My knife might slip," he said, "and cut you."

The boy took the tooth in his hands; they were strong and steady, and held the tooth firmly.

"It will be easier this way," he said.

For an hour the old man worked in silence while the factory ship moved quietly through sunlit waters and little shavings of whale tooth fell on to the boy's hands. Then he laid the knife aside.

"Tell me, Eric," he said, "how many toes has a penguin?"

"Three."

"And which is the longest?"

"I think the one that is in the middle."

The old man smiled. "You learn quickly," he said. "Soon you will have more knowledge than me."

The boy shook his head. "No," he said. "For I only know the things you teach me."

"Do you know how a penguin's toes are joined on to its leg?"

"No. That is a thing I have never thought about. Is it important?"

The old man looked at his model. "It is important," he said, "that we get this right. If you go below you'll find a wooden chest under my bunk. In the chest is a book. It is called 'Antarctic Penguins,' and is written by a man called Levick. If you bring the book, it will tell us. Only," he added as the boy ran off, "be careful of the book, for it was only lent me."

Soon the boy came back with the book under his arm. It was a thick quarto book, bound in vellum, and had a number of colored plates. The old man turned the pages carefully, studying the drawings.

"See," he said at last, "it says here the three metatarsals are imperfectly united and attached to the tibia by separate joints. That is what we wanted to know. Now if you will hold the top of the tooth I will carve the toes."

The boy was hungry — for it was past the time of their midday meal — but he stayed beside the old man, holding the tooth, watching the thin calloused hands that held the knife as steady as a surgeon's scalpel, and made incisions in the tooth that were anatomically accurate to the hundredth of an inch. It was a couple of hours before the metatarsals were fashioned to the old man's satisfaction.

As he was putting the last touches to the skin creases above one of the toes, they heard footsteps on the deck; a shadow fell across them, and looking up they saw Anders Sandberg, the mate.

Sandberg looked at the old man's model and laughed.

"Not finished yet!" he said.

Whistling and swinging a bucket, he walked across the deck and sat down on a packing-case. Then he pulled a handful of sperm teeth out of his pocket and began to hack them roughly into shape.

It took him less than an hour to carve three of them into the crude likeness of penguins; then he filled his bucket with water, added a few drops of cochineal, and tossed the penguins in. When he pulled them out they were a brilliant scarlet.

The boy spat. "Whoever," he said, "saw a scarlet penguin!"



THE SCARLET PENGUINS

The old man reproved him gently.

"Each man," he said, "to his own taste."

A fortnight later the factory ship put in to the Cape Verde Islands to refuel. She tied up alongside the sun-drenched jetties of Porto Grande and shore leave was granted to one watch — the other watch would be unlucky, for by next morning the factory ship would have refuelled and sailed.

Both the mate and the old man belonged to the unlucky watch and had to stay aboard to help with the refuelling. But the boy ran gaily ashore, a sack over his shoulder and a packet clutched tightly in his hand. He went straight to the market.

There, following the old whaler's advice, he found a young negro of about his own age who was selling coffee — the different grades had been poured into cartons of straw and the cartons placed on a wooden trestle. The boys quickly reached an agreement; and soon in between the cartons of coffee there appeared a sprinkling of scarlet penguins. They were a novelty. And at 50 escudos — about eight shillings — a sale, trade was pleasantly brisk.

After a while the boy unwrapped his packet. In the hard sunlight the old man's penguin shone like polished ivory. The boy held it carefully, almost reverently, running his fingers over the delicate tracery of the carving. The negro watched him; his eyes grew wide.

"Bueno. Bueno," he murmured.

He emptied the coffee beans out of three of his cartons and moulded them into a platform, rather like a throne. This he put in the middle of the trestle; then taking the penguin he set it on the throne. The two boys looked at each other and laughed.

The next time a wealthy-looking man approached their stall Eric held out the beautifully carved penguin.

"Bueno. Bueno," he said. "One thousand escudos."

The man laughed and spat.

The boy covered the penguin up. He is only an ignorant Portuguese, he thought. I would not wish to sell the penguin to such a man. But his eyes were hurt. The young negro clicked his teeth in sympathy.

On several more occasions the boy held out the white penguin without mentioning

a price. But always the buyers preferred the crude red penguins carved by the mate — "so nice and colorful," one of the lady customers remarked. The hours passed. A terrible fear began to take hold of the boy.

By evening he had sold over 30 of the scarlet penguins, but the white penguin still sat in splendid but unappreciated glory on its throne of straw. Eric was close to tears.

A little before sunset, and about an hour before the boy had to return aboard, an old Jewish merchant walked slowly into the market. With many grunts and sighs he bought coffee from the negro and Eric could see his eyes keep flickering over the white penguin.

"How much?" he asked.

"One thousand escudos." The boy spoke boldly and handed the penguin over. The old man spent a long time examining it; then he passed it back and without a word started to walk away. The boy was heartbroken.

"Wait!" he cried. "Five hundred escudos." The old man turned and looked at him; then he continued to walk away.

"Four hundred escudos."

The old man came slowly back. "I will give you 75 escudos," he said.

Johan will be heartbroken, the boy thought. He shook his head.

"I see you need the money," said the Jew unexpectedly. "Have you anything else to sell?" His eyes were on the boy's watch.

It was a good quality watch, given to the boy when he first went to sea by his father — who was far from rich. Slowly he took it off.

"One thousand escudos," he said.

The Jew looked carefully at the watch; then with many grunts and sighs counted out the money.

Quickly the boy swept the last of the red penguins into his sack. The white penguin, still on its throne of straw, he pushed at the startled negro.

"Adios," he said. "Take good care of it."

Back on the factory ship he gave 1500 escudos to the mate and 1000 to Johan.

"I hope you are satisfied, old man," he said.

He threw himself on to his bunk and all night the tears kept squeezing out between his eyes.

Next day as the factory ship moved slowly

past the African shore the old whaler again sat in the sun carving the tooth of a sperm whale. A shadow fell across him. Looking up he saw the boy walking across the deck.

"Eric," he said, "will you help me a moment?"

Reluctantly the boy came across.

"What is it?" he said. "I am busy."

"Would you get me my book? The one called 'Antarctic Penguins.'"

The boy's foot tapped the deck.

"Johan," he said, "I think you are wasting your time. It is foolish to model the penguins so exactly."

"Yet it seems they bring me much money."

"This time. You will not be so lucky again."

The old man nodded. "Sit down," he said, "and hold the top of the penguin while I carve its feet."

For a while the old man worked in silence while the sun streamed down and the little shavings of whale tooth fell on to the boy's hands. Then he said, "Why do you think I carve these penguins? Do you think I carve them for money?"

"Perhaps."

"You know it isn't so. If I carved them for money I would carve them as the mate does, quickly and roughly. And I would paint them red and silver and gold."

The boy was silent.

"Do you think I mind what happens to the penguins once they are carved?"

"Perhaps."

"But why should I? Once a penguin is carved it is finished. I can make it neither better nor worse. Painters do not paint pictures so they can hang them on walls. They paint for the joy of painting. Is that not so?"

For a long time the boy was silent, then he said, "It is as you say."

The old man smiled. "Now that last penguin . . . I think we made the wing a little too far forward. Will you get my book, then we shall see just how the shoulder ought to be placed?"

Soon the boy came back with the book. He watched the old man turn the pages. The sunlight streamed around them.

"And when we get to Oslo," the old man said, "we must go shopping. To replace the watch that you seem to have lost."

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It was a shock when he realised he
was no longer the baby of the family
... a short story complete on this page

By Garold Hartsock

BIG brother

I SAW the look in Helen's blue eyes and knew what was coming. I pretended to be very absorbed in the morning paper.

"Have you told Robert?" she said. Her slim fingers tapped the table.

"Well . . . I've been meaning to," I said. "I'll tell him before long. Don't worry."

"Before long," said Helen, "it will be too late. Three months till D-Day. What are you going to tell Robert when he walks in one day and is greeted by a wail from a bassinet—the stork got tired?"

I heard stirrings upstairs that indicated our son was considering facing another day. I rose purposefully and then sank back. I felt clammy.

Helen was watching me. "If I didn't see it, I wouldn't believe it. You are scared to death to inform your son of a simple biological fact."

I drank some hot coffee. My nerves quieted, but not much. "What's wrong with that boy?" I demanded. "At thirteen I'd have been asking questions. You've been wearing smocks—"

"Robert wouldn't notice if I wore stripes with a number on the back. I am merely part of the household furnishings. He—he hasn't kissed me in almost a year—"

She turned away and made a furtive swipe at her eyes. "Now, now," I said. I got up and went around and kissed her. "Of course you're part of the furnishings—the prettiest in the house. Now, I'll just go up to his room and tell that young man."

Robert was dressed in jeans, plaid shirt, and—wonder of wonders—shined shoes. I felt a surge of affection and put my arm on his shoulders. "Hi, pardner!"

He looked at me. "What's with you?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd—fine room

here." I shuddered. The floor was piled with the loot of years—airplanes, cars, trucks. Still in its carton, contributed by a distant uncle who did not realise that time marches on, was a large earth-mover, pride of any construction job.

I took the plunge. "How would you like to have a little brother or sister?"

Robert's face turned pale, then red. "You mean a baby? Are you kidding?"

"No, I'm not kidding."

"Mom is going to have a baby, isn't she?"

"Huh? How did you know?"

"Think I'm blind?"

So Robert had known. Just the same, faced with corroboration, he was angry; he was shocked. He stared at me as if I were a traitor. "I won't have him in my room!" he said grimly. "He can't have my stuff. I won't give him anything."

"It might be fun," I suggested, "shell-ing out for a little brother—or sister."

Robert sighed heavily. "Old people like you and Mom, having a baby!"

I backed out of the room and slunk downstairs.

"How did you make out?" Helen asked.

"Just call me Rip van Winkle," I said.

I got home from the office at six, kissed my wife, and said, "How'd it go?"

Before she could recount the day's travail I heard rumblings upstairs. I listened. "What is it?" I said.

"He dusted off his electric train and oiled it. He has all his cars lined up on the bed."

"Taking inventory in case the baby gets ideas?"

"John, this is serious. He's playing with the cars the way he did when he was ten, when he was five. He has a tight, closed look on his face. Defensive."

"He'll get over it," I said.

"Suppose he decides to leave home? He has been showered with attention; now when a little competition comes along—"

Robert turned with a startled look when his father spoke to him.



"Best thing that ever happened. Teach Robert to share."

Helen's chin quivered. "I won't have him feel unwanted—my baby all these years. He mustn't feel like a displaced person."

She made her point, all right. I felt pretty sober. "We'll be nice to him. But only he can keep himself from feeling displaced—by getting into the act. My fault. Should've told him sooner."

I stayed with the casual touch for a week. Helen smothered him with affection. Robert just looked at us warily.

I caught him up in his room counting his money; when he saw me, he bent over the cash, picked up a truck and went, "Zoommm!"

I was beginning to worry, too. I worked Saturday morning and drove home faster than I should; something kept urging me on. As I turned up the driveway Helen came running out. I flinched for fear she'd fall.

"Robert's gone!" she cried.

"Gone?"

"After breakfast he just disappeared. It didn't register for a while, and then I got to wondering. I went up and his money is gone from its hiding place. Oh, John—"

"Stop this," I said in alarm. "We don't know Robert has run away."

I went up and looked around his room. I saw that the earth-mover carton was gone. So was his electric train. He could sell these for cash, I realised.

I didn't say a word to Helen. At the corner I saw little Billy Blair playing with a tractor. It looked familiar. I got out of the car.

"Hello, Billy. That's a pretty nice tractor."

"Robert gave it to me," Billy said.

"Well, not exactly," said a voice, and I looked up and saw Billy's father.

"Robert sold us a couple of good-as-new-toys for half price," Charlie said. "Real businessman. I wanted that earth-mover, but he had sold it to Dave Lafferty."

Dave Lafferty and Dave Junior were out back digging up the garden, and they had a shiny new earth-mover.

"Hi, John," Dave said. "Want to help build this Lafferty super-highway?"

"Where's Robert?"

"He was here about ten o'clock. He said he had to deliver a train to the Simpson kid. What's he going to do with all that money? Hey—anything wrong?"

The Simpsons weren't home. I sat in the car a minute practically chewing my nails. I thought about calling the police, but I was worried about the effect on Helen. I started for home.

A delivery truck from Percival's Furniture Store was backed into our driveway. Robert was on the front steps directing the men. "Don't knock any paint off. Take it easy—that's a pretty expensive cot." They put it in the hall and left.

Helen was gazing wide-eyed at me across the cot.

"I'm too big for a lot of old toys," Robert told us. "You know, Dad"—this was man-to-man talk—"a little kid can't sleep in a big bed. He'd fall off."

Robert had really got into the act. He rubbed the cot. "Pretty neat, huh?"

I circled my thumb and forefinger. "Neat," I said. "Twenty-four carat. All wool and a yard wide."

He thought I meant the cot.

(Copyright)

A woman with dark hair, wearing a light pink, short-sleeved, knee-length dress with a large, self-material rose trim at the waist, stands on a spiral staircase. She is looking upwards and to the right. The staircase has a dark metal railing. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

New-again Paris love—pink and black

Odds-on favorite—claret and white

Heady hat news, pink chiffon turbans

Pink—number one beautifier

The Swing to Pink

THE color of the moment is pink, from a soft gleaming pearl through sultry rose to claret.

Pink is for girls — old and young, and it's a flatterer for all types. Almost any shade is effective on blondes; a faint pastel is luscious on redheads; and a brunette looks wonderful in deep clarets and rose shades.

If you have never been a pink girl, get on speaking terms with it for summer. If you are timid, start with a hat, and see what it does for you.

If a touch of pink is a beauty-maker, total pink can be a memorable thing. This is the season pink can stand alone — dress, shoes, gloves, hat, all in the same shade. Or, you can play it sweet and summery with white.

Pink with red gives off sparks.

Dark pink roses on white is a perfect blooming for late day. Pink with all-beige accessories is another new pink plan.

And here's one for the little black book. In the recent autumn Paris collections the most recurring twosome was pink and black.

Pink is, at this moment, hot summer news. Wear it now and look cool and beautiful.

— Betty Keep

● Continued overleaf

● Rouge-pink late-day dress designed by Pierre Cardin. A self-material rose is the only trim.



Outdoor Girls especially need NIVEA MOISTURISING protection

Girls who love summer's heat must realise the sun dries out their skin — removes natural oils and moisture so essential to a healthy and beautiful skin. You can feel this happening while you sunbake — but the process goes on all the time. To replace lost oils and moisture, your skin needs Nivea daily. Nivea contains Eucerite which penetrates deep into the tissues, carrying the beauty-giving moisture and oils where they can do the most good. For a lovely skin always use Nivea regularly.

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the moisturising cream



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many different remedies, ray treatments, mas-
sage, even weekly injections, with little success.
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feel a different person, with the wonderful relief I
obtained.
Stiffness and pain has gone, the swelling down and as I work
for myself, I thank Menthoids for a bit of heaven!
I'm still taking Menthoids and getting great relief."
(original letter on file).

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East meets West

• Oriental fashions have reached the West, and that's important fashion news for summer, 1960. The exotic beach tunic, left, is reminiscent of a rajah's coat. It is made in cotton print, featuring all the wonderful pinks of Oriental countries—the pink of sandstone, of rubies, and Eastern sunsets. The wide-brimmed bamboo-colored coolie-type hat is more Eastern fashion beach and resort news.



Cool strategy

• The coolest bit of understated sophistication going—the bare-armed, one-piece dress. The current no-sleeve dress bears no relationship to last year's sleeveless sundress. The newest version is worn with a hat. See example above made in white cotton striped in poster-pink, the casual hat in rough straw, marvellous for town, terrace-idling, or resort wear.

Beach pyjamas

• Back from the 'thirties comes the new-again fashion for beach pyjamas. The ones at left are made in white cotton printed in deep and light rose-pink. The full bias cut pants, and that's more news, are draped softly from a nipped-in waist. The sleeveless bodice top has a bare triangle cut-out centre back. The "cut-out" look is cool, chic, and new for on or off the beach and at-home fashions.

● Broderie anglaise — young, but not ingenue.

● Summer parasol for bonus flattery.

● Tulle — fashion ticket to glamor.

● New chic — bare dress, covered head.



Dance in tulle

● New now is the day-length dance dress, and even newer when it's made in blush-pink tulle. The one above was designed and made in Paris by Maggy Rouff. More good fashion news is the tiered, narrowly pleated free-swinging skirt and back exposure, daring but not daring. Pink roses are fastened low at back. Roses in all colors are a popular Paris trim.

Pretty pretty

● Fresh-as-a-daisy summertime dresses made in embroidered cotton are among the coolest, prettiest fashions of the season. The material, too, is flattering to sun-kissed skin. Example, right, is all shapeliness and simplicity. The dress is worn over a coral-pink slip and threaded with coral-pink satin baby ribbon. Note, too, the feminine frivolity of a summer sunshade matched to the dress fabric.



Modern hairdos and Gossamer were made for each other. From the time fashion started giving hair a build-up Gossamer has been indispensable. It's the hairspray that high, smooth styles must have. "Hold it!" fashion says . . . and that is precisely what Gossamer does — without stickiness, or lacquer. Now two Gossamer sprays incorporate the newest refinements. Now you can choose the one 'tailored' to the special needs of **your** hairstyle and **your** hair.

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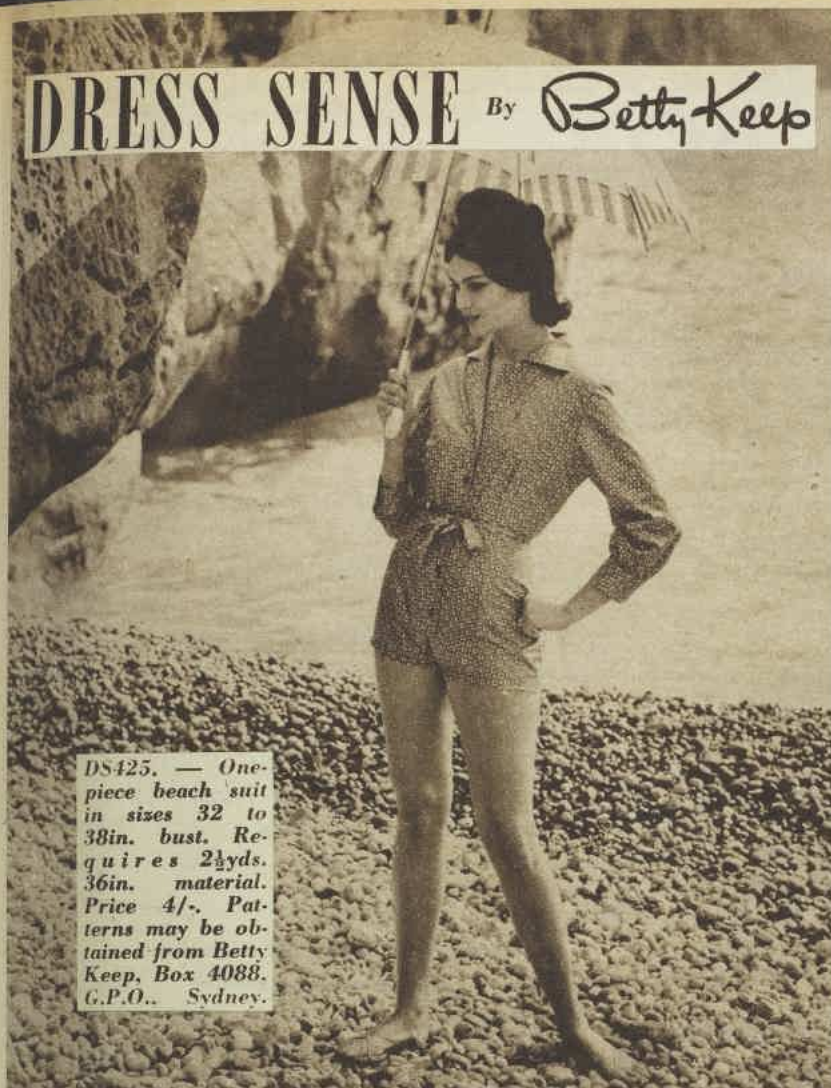
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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep



DS425. — One-piece beach suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● Italian sportswear designers have re-established the one-piece playsuit finished with short-cut trouser legs.

THIS fashion item answers a reader's query. Here is the letter and my reply:

"Could you suggest a style suitable to wear on the beach for the occasions when I am not in a swimming costume? Though I have very dark hair, my skin is white and very fine, and I only want to get tanned on my legs. I want the suit, or dress, to look very smart and new. Could I buy a pattern in size 34in. bust for the style you suggest?"

A one-piece beach-suit — it is illustrated above — will solve your problem for "beach sitting." The design is Italian-inspired, has a shirtmaker top and short shorts. The shirtmaker top will be an excellent protection against too much sun.

The material is printed cotton, but the suit would look equally attractive in a plain color.

A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are details and how to order.

"I AM a very small build and would like your advice about the correct jacket length to suit my figure. The jacket is to be made in a floral silk to match a frock in the same material."

My suggestion is a short, above-waist length jacket. It

is new for spring and excellent for a petite figure. By the way, be sure the printed material you choose is patterned in a small design. Large prints are fatal to a petite figure.

"MY problem is the fabric choice for several summer dresses for a semi-tropical climate. I find lots of the cottons are too heavy for comfort."

Cotton voile, dimity, muslin, and any other sheer cotton is suitable hot-weather material.

"I AM going to buy two new summer outfits and would like your advice about colors. My own coloring is an ordinary mid-brown, and I usually dress in browns, fawns, and navy-blue. I am in my early twenties."

Discard your browns, beiges, and navy-blues for clear shades of pink, blue, and yellow. It will surprise you how very becoming a good clear color can be, particularly in summer.

"LAST year at the end of January sales I purchased a piece of lovely pink lace. My dressmaker now informs me that I only have sufficient to make a plain style. Would you suggest a new design suitable for dancing? I take S.S.W. fitting."

A strapless design made with a long-torso bodice stopping at hip length would be

new and attractive. From this point, have a short-cut skirt with slight all-round fullness.

The amount of fullness will actually be governed by the amount of material left after drafting the bodice.

"IS it correct for the bridegroom to wear a morning suit at a formal afternoon wedding, and does he wear gloves?"

Strictly speaking, yes. However, these days a lounge suit has also been accepted as correct. Grey suede gloves are worn with a morning suit, but gloves are not correct with a lounge suit.

"AS a widow aged 26, I would like some of your excellent advice about an outfit for my wedding. We are being married at 6 p.m., with a few close friends as the wedding party. I want to look bride-like, though I know it is not permissible to wear a bridal gown. Could I wear white lace, and, if so, could you suggest a style?"

White lace made over blush-pink would be a correct and pretty choice for your dress.

I like the idea of a street-length sheath finished with an oval, uncollared neckline and short, set-in sleeves.

Wear a pink rose as a head-dress and carry a small Victorian posy or rosbuds in the same shade of pink. Other accessories will be best kept all white.

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• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Bogy policemen

WHAT a pity it is that there are still some mothers who instil fear of a policeman into a child's mind. Recently I saw a mother drag her little boy of two or three years towards an intersection where a traffic policeman was on duty. The child was crying and trying to pull away from her. The woman yelled at him—"Will you stop that howling and walk properly. There's the policeman and you know what he does to little boys, he takes them away and shuts them in a dark room with no light and no windows!" If only mothers would teach their children that the policeman is a child's friend.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. A. Jones, Nairne, S.A.

Candle-blowing unhygienic

I THINK it's time the highly unhygienic practice of blowing out the candles on birthday cakes was discontinued. Couldn't some manufacturer contrive some gadget after the style of the old-fashioned candle-snuffer, or even miniature bellows?

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Clutterbuck, South Perth.

Bed-time battle

YES, "Mother of Three" (S.A.), there are others who have your problem of sending their children off to bed at a proper hour, when the "girls at school" stay up later. Tell your children the TV programmes showing after their bedtime are not intended for them. Then if they persist in wanting to stay up, threaten to return the set to the shop. It worked wonders with a friend's children.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. A. Bearé, Unley, S.A.

I QUITE agree with "Mother of Three." If you don't control children's viewing, TV becomes a danger to their health and ceases to be the enjoyment it was designed for.

£1/1/- to "TV Ogre" (name supplied), Toronto, N.S.W.

MY two children aged five and seven never go to bed before 8.30 to 9.30 p.m. I would rather this than have them go to bed at 6.30 or 7.30 and get up around 6 every morning! My children sleep in until 8 or 8.30, so allowing me to have a peaceful breakfast.

£1/1/- to "Mother of Two" (name supplied), Cabramatta, N.S.W.

Christmas confidence trick

WHILE shopping in a city store last Christmas, I chose an article from an island counter. When a woman wearing a floral dress came up and asked if she could help me, I handed her the article and a £5 note. She went off into the crowd, and did not come back. Eventually I made inquiries and was told no one answering her description was employed by the firm. I had been the victim of a smart little seasonal trick. With so many extra workers employed at Christmastime, couldn't shopkeepers issue them with some kind of identifying badge to protect the public?

£1/1/- to "Christmas Goose" (name supplied), Mittagong, N.S.W.

Adopt a teenage grandchild

I SUGGEST that the elderly and lonely—those in need of company—adopt a teenager as a visiting grandchild. Such a number of young people have told me they've never known grandparents and feel envious of the pleasure their friends derive from the old folk, who are still young at heart and willing to give affection for a friendly visit.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. MacRae, Prahran, Vic.

Those ugly nicknames

WHY don't we call people by their proper Christian names? Elizabeth, Dorothy, and Margaret—to quote only a few—become Lizzie, Dot, and Maggie. Could anything be uglier?

£1/1/- to Miss E. Courtman, Kalinga, Qld.

The problem of experience

HAVING been deserted by my husband, I now find the need to get a job to keep my two school-age children and myself. But everywhere I apply I'm told "no," as I've had no experience—even for the simplest work. How is anyone to get experience if they won't let you learn? I was a nurse before marriage, but the hours don't suit my children.

£1/1/- to "Down and Out" (name supplied), Redcliffe, Qld.

She learned a sweet lesson

HAVING some time to spare while waiting for a friend in a big department store, I sat on a seat near the confectionery counter and was amazed at what I saw. Without exception, every customer was a big, ungainly woman, buying all kinds of chocolates and sweets. The trim woman with a nice figure passed straight by. Needless to say, the sweets I had been going to buy stayed where they were.

£1/1/- to "Sweet Tooth" (name supplied), Waratah, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

MY wife is very enthusiastic over her new apron.

It is a utility model, without unusual design features.

"What I like is this great big pocket," she says. "I'm so sick of being without pockets."

She goes about with her new pocket full of pencils, handkerchiefs, lipsticks, tin-openers, etc.

Like many women she envies men their plentiful pockets.

It is a strange tradition that females should not have them.

Little girls are made to go without pockets from an early age.

"Where's your hanky, Linda?" comes the query. Poor Linda hasn't got one, or has to fish it from an obscure corner of her underwear.

When little girls are allowed a pocket it is a very small one, not big enough to hold much more than a doll's hot-water bottle.

The curious case of Lucy Locket naturally comes to mind.

I have never understood how Lucy Locket lost her pocket.

Usually pockets are built-in features, rather like those on kangaroos. They can't fall off or

OUT OF POCKET

be mislaid. It may be that Lucy had some kind of detachable pocket as an optional extra.

Little boys have more pockets than girls from the word go. They fill them with marbles, bits of string, cards from petrol stations, and other items, often dirty, known as "a boy's treasures."



When they grow up they learn to look casual by putting their hands in their pockets. They acquire special pockets—hip pockets for money and small form-fitting bottles of rum, fob pockets for train tickets, breast pockets for handkerchiefs (for display purposes only), inside pockets for secret papers and broken pencils.

Women have to get along without these privileges. Why?

Some say it is due to a conspiracy of the handbag manufacturers, who profit from pocketlessness.

Men don't often see inside the amazing bags that contain a woman's treasures, but when they do it is an eye-opener.

Somebody tried once to popularise transparent handbags. No wonder the idea was a flop. What woman wants everyone in a tram to know her bag contains some love-letters, a half-eaten apple, and a small pearl-handled revolver?

Handbags are useful, but a fortune is waiting for the dress designer who gives women their rightful pockets. And I mean real ones, not those phony flaps with no pocket underneath.

I've a good mind to get in on it myself.

Imagine the headlines: "Unknown couturier's triumph. Ex-journalist picks pockets as new trend. Says: 'I'm giving women more pockets than plumbers.'"

But I could be found in a lane, sandbagged by handbag men.

If you could get an under-water view of washing-up...

YOU'D SEE HOW LAZY SOAP-SUDS REALLY ARE !



If you could get an under-water view of washing-up you'd see how lazy suds from soaps and foaming detergents really are. . . . They just don't get down to work where the dirty dishes lie. They float idly on the top of the water.

You'd see just the opposite, with Trix; it wastes no time with surface bubbles but gets to work with concentrated cleansing energy *down in the water* . . . absorbing grease like magic (proof is your bright sink, free from scummy ring, when you let the washing-up water go). Instead of skin-diving into the sink for the under-water evidence . . .

Make this simple test...

Get a bottle of Trix. Use just one teaspoonful in the washing-up. Merely tickle those dishes with the mop. Then see if you can find a trace of greasy film. You won't! (Even on a dinner plate you didn't rinse.) Now stack them to drain. They're so gleaming clean the water leaves them instantly. No slow-going sudsy patches to dry dull and tacky on your china, to streak and cloud your glass-ware. . . . So—no tea-towel required! Your Trix-washed dishes dry brilliantly clean, as if you'd polished them. . . . and they are hygienically clean, too!

How different from the germ-trap film and streaks that have to be rubbed off after a sudsy washing-up.

Trix is thick . . . it goes twice as far as ordinary detergents

Throw in the towel on wiping dishes... Just TRIX'em, that'll fix'em!

INSIST ON **Trix**
NON-FOAMING
DETERGENT



Just one tablespoon of Trix to two gallons of clothes-washing water gives the cleanest, sweetest wash, because Trix absorbs grease and dirt—and leaves no sudsy residue. Trix is best of all for washing woollens, silks and nylons.



Use Trix for window-cleaning. See how it banishes smears and smudges in a twinkling!



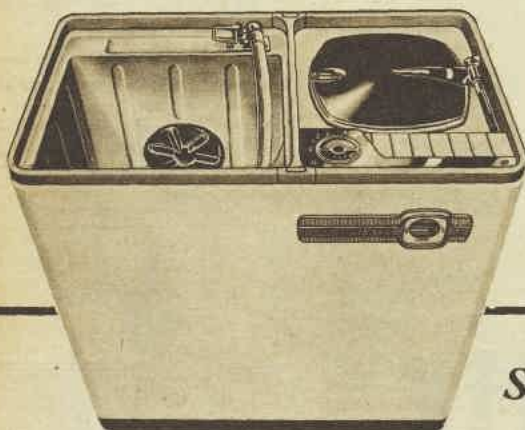
No "special" car shampoo does a better job than Trix. Wash car with Trix-in-water, hose. Traffic film disappears like magic!

Swirls
CLOTHES CLEANEST

Whirls
CLOTHES DRIEST



ONLY HOOVERMATIC WASHER does both jobs at once, and fastest too!



Swirls!

Hoovermatic's unique pulsator *swirls* swift currents of sudsy water through and through the clothes with its gentle "boiling action". Even the most stubborn dirt is eased out in only 4 minutes. Test laundries have proved Hoovermatic *swirls* clothes cleaner, faster than any other washing method.

Whirls!

In the Hoovermatic's spin tub every load is rinsed twice with fresh water leaving clothes absolutely clean and free of suds. Then every drop of water is *whirled* out faster and more thoroughly than any other spin-dry unit or wringer you could own. Some fabrics are whirled almost dry enough to iron!

See all the wonderful twin-tub Hoovermatic features



TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE SPEED

While one load is rinsed and spin-dried, the next is being washed. Sudsy water from the spinner is automatically returned to the washing compartment.



12-LB. WASH IN MACHINE AT ONCE

While 6 lb. of clothes are being washed, another 6 lb. are being rinsed and spin-dried. Whites are washed sparkling clean in just 4 minutes. Woollens need only 1 minute!



HOOVERMATIC WITH HEATER

Heater model has a concealed high-efficiency safety element. Quickly heats water to the temperature you want, even to boiling! Heater model only 7 guineas extra.



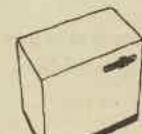
AUTOMATIC TIMER

Set Hoovermatic's automatic timer and, whatever the load, the washing period is perfectly controlled. Timer switches off at just the right moment.



SAFETY LID FOR SPIN TUB

Close the safety lid and the spinner starts. Open the lid—it stops in less than 3 seconds. So convenient—so safe for curious little fingers, too!



NO INSTALLATION: SUPERB FINISH

Hoovermatic is superbly finished, from the stainless steel tub to the non-chafe flex. There's no bolting down, no plumbing—it glides on castors into the smallest bathroom or laundry.

PRICE 126 guineas • Heater model 7 guineas extra • Easy terms, of course

WHY are children disobedient?

By Sister MARY JACOB,
our Mothercraft Nurse

● In any gathering of mothers, the most-asked question is likely to be: "How shall I get my child to obey?"

THIS insistent question is probably the legacy from an earlier generation of parents, when exacting blind obedience was one of the most important aspects of child training.

The child's complete conformity to instructions was the acid test of the effectiveness of parental discipline.

Some parents may still feel that if they can make their children obey in this strict way, they are doing the right thing for them, while others may take pleasure in the power they derive through being able to control a child's actions.

But in modern child management, the over-emphasis on obedience for the sake of obedience only shows lack of understanding of the child's mind and mental health.

There are various causes of disobedience in children which are worth studying:

1. **CURIOSITY.** This is one of the dominant forces of the young child's life. It is stimulated by everything that is strange and new, or things in motion, or objects controlled by the child.

The child obeying this dominant impulse to investigate his power and satisfy his curiosity may easily disobey a command.

Unaware of disobeying

Indeed, his curiosity may be so strong that he is not even conscious of his disobedience.

Where such fundamental impulses as curiosity are concerned, adults should be aware of the danger of trying to inhibit the child merely for

the purpose of gaining instant obedience to some perhaps unimportant demand.

If the child finds that obedience to these inner impulses is associated with pleasure and satisfaction, he is sure to continue to obey them.

2. **FEAR.** This is often a motive for disobedience as well as for obedience.

Through fear of punishment or loss of approval the child may disobey the impulse to tell the truth.

Fear as an influence on social behaviour, as society is organised today, is an essential force.

However, it is often very much abused in parents' efforts to train children to be obedient.

Self-control, independence

Fear of consequences for a particular misdeed is often a deterring factor, but it is not a constructive force through which the child will learn to obey the worthwhile impulses.

Nor will it teach him self-control, independence, or other characteristics which will help him in later life.

3. **FATIGUE.** This is a very common cause of disobedience.

Perhaps the most common cause of temporary periods of disobedience in children is poor physical health, and fatigue is by far the most frequent cause of bouts of temper and disobedience.

If the average normal well-behaved child gets unduly fatigued by loss of sleep or too much work or play, or is subjected to an overstimulating environment, such as a shopping expedition or a party, he is very likely to be irritable and inclined to disobey rules he would otherwise observe.

Breadcrumb modelling

Comes a wet day in the holidays and you are at a loss to know what to give the children to keep them busy, try this idea. Make some breadcrumb clay for modelling. Cut crusts from stale slices of bread. Dry the slices without toasting them, then crush into a fine powder. To each cupful of powdered crumbs add one cup of white flour and one teaspoonful of powdered alum. Mix well, slowly adding a little water until the dough is pliable.

My children modelled the three bears from this type of clay. When the object is modelled it should be left to dry out and then painted with watercolors the next day.—Mrs. Joy Turner, Ryde, N.S.W.



How often in shops or travelling home, in ferries, buses, or trams, an overtired, irritable little child is seen and heard in a tantrum.

Mother gets harassed

Probably a mother, also overtired, nags at the child and makes it more fractious and disobedient, until the mother becomes harassed and the child in a state of screaming hysteria — which is all most distressing to everyone.

In an effort to understand any change in a child's mental attitude towards life, a careful physical examination should always be carried out.

Fatigue should always be treated by giving more short periods of daytime rests, an early bedtime at night, and by perhaps cutting down some daily duties or activities.

Bullying at school

4. **EMOTIONAL FACTORS** which may lead to disobedience should always be considered.

A child's mental attitude towards life may be affected by a rather trivial and apparently unimportant situation, often unnoticed by adults.

Jealousy, shyness, fear, or a

feeling of inferiority is often ignored as of no importance.

A child who is too sternly disciplined at home and constantly repressed may sometimes seek self-expression at school by disobedience or aggressiveness—perhaps bullying smaller and weaker children.

The child who has not got happy contacts at school with his teacher or classmates may use the home as the place where self-assertion can be practised without fear.

The child who is worried, anxious, or afraid about some of the common problems (such as jealousy, shyness, bad habits, etc.) or who is not getting on with a group or is failing to make a place for himself in school will invariably be disobedient and difficult at home.

"Unfair and unjust"

If parents are to be a constructive influence in the lives of their children, they must try to share the child's joys and help him in his difficulties and try to see his viewpoint.

If parents are irritable or constantly finding fault a child is almost sure to be disobedient.

They should see that they themselves set a good example,

as a little child learns more quickly from example than in any other way.

They should never strive to demonstrate their power and authority over their children's lives by unfair and unjust exaction of blind obedience in things which are not important.

If a child is granted the normal right of asking a reason for a certain command or prohibition, and is given a good reason for it, he can understand and will not be disobedient.

Wisdom is necessary

Wise discipline is necessary, for without it a child is insecure and bewildered.

But punishment, which may be out of all proportion to what the situation demands, should never be meted out in such a way that fear, often followed by resentment and hostility, can result.

Obedience, like respect, must be won and not demanded.

Parents should not selfishly cling to the pleasure and satisfaction they get from a child's dependence on them.

Instead, they must let the child express his own individuality under their guidance if he is later to become a useful member of society.

THIS SUMMER'S FASHION SENSATION!



Jewellery by Peggy Hart of Sydney.

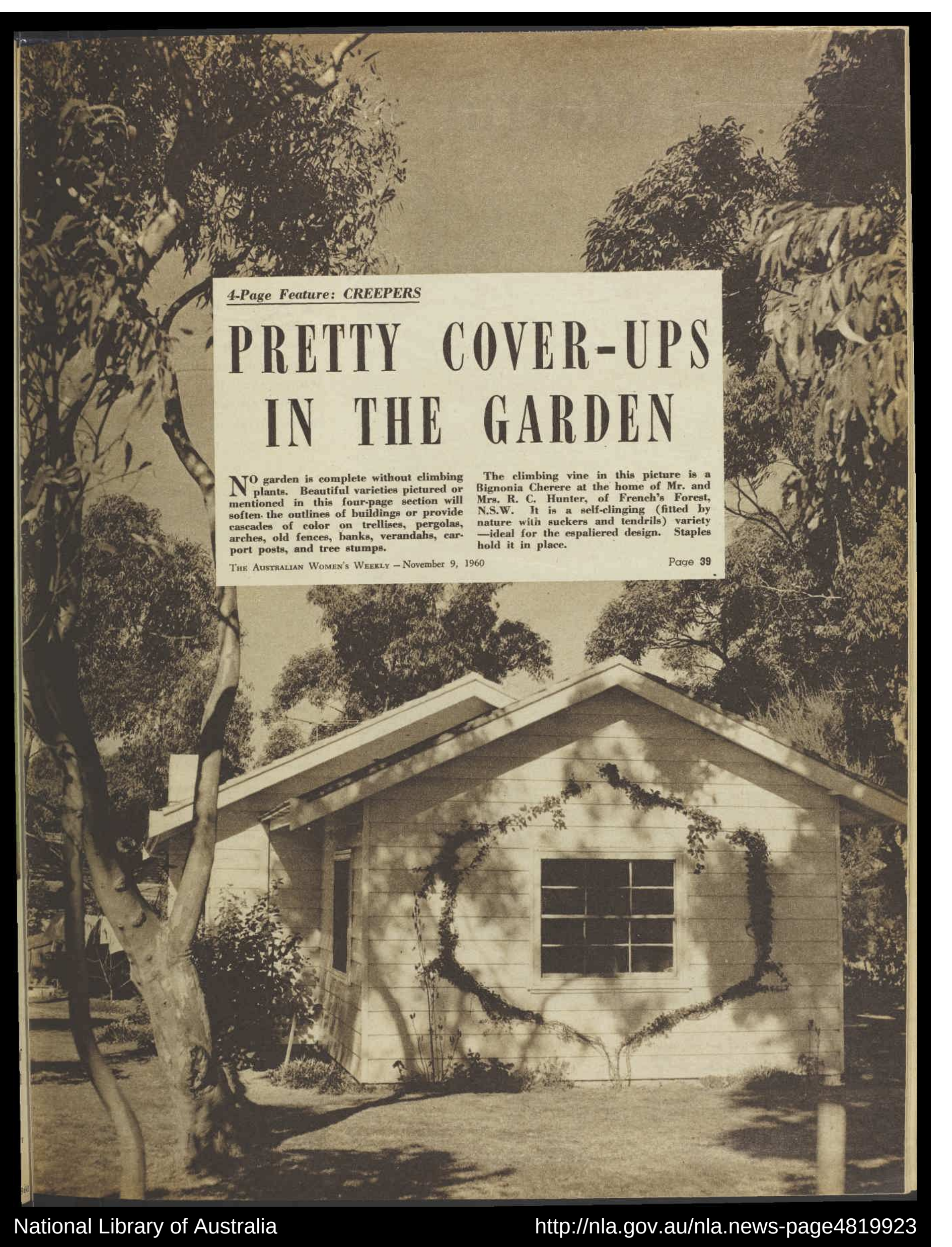
... cool, cool coffee colors by MAX FACTOR

They're delicious . . . unashamedly devastating with a suntan . . . and they're only from Max Factor. CAFÉ GLACÉ, six new cool, cool coffee colors and three of them



frostily iridescent. See just one of these fabulous colors and you'll want them all!

REFILLS: IRIDESCENT, 10/9, STANDARD 9/6.
HI-SOCIETY OVAL MIRROR CASE WITH IRIDESCENT
REFILL 16/9 — WITH STANDARD REFILL 14/11.



4-Page Feature: CREEPERS

PRETTY COVER-UPS IN THE GARDEN

NO garden is complete without climbing plants. Beautiful varieties pictured or mentioned in this four-page section will soften the outlines of buildings or provide cascades of color on trellises, pergolas, arches, old fences, banks, verandahs, carport posts, and tree stumps.

The climbing vine in this picture is a *Bignonia Cherere* at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hunter, of French's Forest, N.S.W. It is a self-clinging (fitted by nature with suckers and tendrils) variety—ideal for the espaliered design. Staples hold it in place.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 9, 1960

Page 39

Colorful varieties for

*Soften hard walls and
with their*



BOUGAINVILLEA THOMASHII forms a natural archway at corner of house in this flower-filled garden at Bayview, N.S.W. Bougainvillea needs a warm climate and sunny position to bloom well in spring and summer; also strong support. There are several varieties, all in brilliant colors.

PARTHENOCISSUS TRICUSPIDATE (*Ampelopsis tricolor*), a member of the vitis or grape family, grown only for its foliage, which resembles virginia creeper. It spreads to 80 feet, is a deciduous self-clinger. Suitable for all climates, but provides its most brilliant autumn coloring in cool districts.

● Pictured here are climbers suitable for small or large gardens. They include several varieties. Some grow well all over Australia. Others are best suited to the warmer districts, others to cooler areas. Overleaf are the details of their proper planting and care.



BIGNONIA TWEEDIANA, spring-flowering vine which grows to 100 feet. Yellow single blooms have reddish spring foliage. Self-clinging, it needs a wall or strong fence for support. Suitable for all districts south of Brisbane. Flowers best in northerly aspect.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 9, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**INTERNATIONAL
WARDROBE**
— pages 6, 7

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

TEEN-AIDERS

sail with sunny
complexions!



Whether you're hoisting the jib or dancing at the club after the race you'll be happier if your skin is fresh and clear, free from blemishes and pimples. Healthy skin is no problem at all when you're a Teen-Aider, because Teen-Aid starts doing your skin good from the moment you apply it.

Teen-Aid's a tender cream for tender skins—it starves pimples and blackheads, clears up blemishes and spots—and here's the best news of all—Teen-Aid conceals as it heals.

Teen-Aid comes in 2 convenient shades—if your complexion is olive, you buy Teen-Aid Olive—if your complexion is fair, then Teen-Aid Fair is for you.

Teen-Aid is especially formulated for teenage boys and girls from the finest ingredients—recognised and prescribed by skin specialists.

Be a Teen-Aider and life will swing!



For double action treatment of skin problems buy and try new Teen-Aid Medicated Soap. A rich lathering soap, free of mineral perfumes, recommended for all delicate skins. Price 4/6 per cake.

Teen-Aid

12/6 tube—ONLY AT CHEMISTS

LETTERS

Teenagers and politics

AS I am State organiser in Tasmania of the youth group of a political party I was very interested in the letters in T.W., 12/9/60, dealing with teenagers voting. Most teenagers are not in the least interested in politics. Why? Because they believe it's boring. But this isn't really so—politics can be interesting. I agree with the letters that say it would be wrong to allow teenagers to vote because they know nothing about it. At school most children are taught something of the parliamentary system and how it functions, but to many of them the subject is dull. But have you ever thought about it in a responsible way, about the various political parties and what they stand for? We, the people, are the Government. A refusal to be interested in politics means that you are, or will be, ignoring a major responsibility that is a privilege, too. Politics can be discussed anywhere—not only on a platform with a lot of argumentative people, but also at dances or parties or youth clubs. Teenagers are the responsible adults of tomorrow, and should fight to have the world how they want it. When people get old the fighting spirit of youth seems to be not so strong, and they don't have the tremendous power and force that youth has. So start thinking now. — Mary T. Lane, Devonport, Tas.

Driving school

LAST September holidays I was fortunate enough to attend a driving school sponsored by the South Australian Police Advanced Driving Wing. The course, which lasted for two and a half days, covered every aspect of driving from theory to practical work. The members of the class were given typed sheets to read on the rules of the road, speed limits, and car care, etc., from which questions were taken to form a questionnaire. After one and a half days of practical driving in police cars under police instructors, we were given a short written test. To conclude the course, each boy was presented with a certificate. This course is open for both boys and girls, and I thoroughly recommend it for your next holidays. — John B. Kelly, Adelaide.

Two solutions

I HAVE the solution for Judith Twiddle, who asked how to wash a water-resistant scarf (T.W., 14/9/60). I suggest that she wash it in a spirit, turps, or petrol. — Cinne Pizzy, Melbourne.

I SUGGEST that Judith Twiddle should wash her water-resistant scarf in dehydrated water. — Carol Read, New Town, Tas.

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, C.P.O., Sydney.



Rita Petrow

A word of thanks

MANY a time have I read how New Australians "run down" Australians. Ten years ago our family migrated to Australia from Russia, and I would say Australians are the friendliest race of people. When I arrived in Brisbane not one word of English could I speak, but in a matter of weeks I began to speak and understand the language. This fact was due to the friendly children at school, who accepted me as one of their own and helped me with lessons. Today I am a high-school student and am progressing in school as any other Australian boy or girl. My speaking the Russian language brings much amusement to my school friends, and now I am teaching them the tongue, just as my friends taught me English. I am very grateful to all my friends who have helped me to go forward in life, and some day I wish to repay them. — Rita Petrow, Brisbane.

Family first?

I LEFT school two years ago when I obtained my Leaving Certificate, and have been working in a bank ever since. Now that I am 18 I want to begin training as a nurse, but my parents think I should not resign from the bank and give up my excellent salary, prospects, superannuation benefits, and also feel that I may not like the hospital conditions. I think that I could do well at nursing, but if I leave home to live at the hospital it will make my parents unhappy and lonely, as I am an only child, and they are fairly elderly, and this might cause a rift between us. What do teenagers think I should do? — "Wondering," Shepparton, Vic.

Picture prices

I AGREE with Wendy Whittington (T.W., 5/9/60), who says that picture prices are too high. Perhaps there could be a special price for teenagers in between children's prices and adult price? — "Film Fan," Westdale, N.S.W.

Claws are cute?

JUST why don't boys like long fingernails? I have long nails, and boys never fail to ask why I grow such claws! Most girls take great pains to grow their nails, so perhaps one of the nail-bitten male species could tell me why they disapprove. — Hazel Robinson, Morwell, Vic.

Transport passes

WHY can't we day students at Technical Colleges have passes issued to us for travelling on public transport during off-school hours for half-fare? We study at the same time as school students—from 9 till 4 — so we can't work and earn money. We're not old enough to have our own cars, and if we can't afford to pay full fares we have to walk, which is not much fun. It was a wonderful idea on the part of the Government to give these passes to high-school students, so why not also to tech. students, who study all day and every day? — Cheryl Waddell, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Teen marriages

I HAVE often wondered what the average teenager thinks of young marriages. I have only heard older people's views on the subject, and thought it would be interesting to hear what the younger generation thinks. — "Female," McLaren Flat, S.A.

School prizes

AT many schools the person who comes first in each class is presented with a book, usually chosen by a teacher. At the school I attend the winner is allowed to choose two guineas' worth of books of his own taste. A much better idea, don't you think? — Peter Hannaford, Cowra, N.S.W.

PIN-UP

• Booka Hyland (on page 12) is the Sydney butcher boy who abandoned a meat cleaver for a microphone.

HE abandoned his first name, John, in favor of his more catchy nickname, made the Top 40 with his first record, "Sweet Thing," and his recent release, "Right Time," backed by "We've Got Something Going," is doing very well.

Booka—no relation to "Itsy-Bitsy" Brian Hyland — is a regular on TV teen shows and at rock-n-roll dances.

He is 19 and got his first break at a Police Boys' Club when The Crescents caught his song. They introduced him to Johnny O'Keefe, and, before you could say Booka, there he was on "Six O'Clock Rock."

Love is BLIND

A short story by JO DANBY

"WHAT is it, Jancine Brown, that makes Rod act like you're a glass window?" I glared at my face in the mirror, then savagely attacked it with cold cream and tissues.

What was to be my next line of strategy?

Three weeks ago I joined a newly formed tennis club in the district, and there I met the object of my exasperation.

Rodney James is one of those really rugged, handsome types one reads about in books but never gets to discover in real life. His tanned skin, prowess at sport, and good looks were a sure target for an innocent new female member of the club like myself.

Apparently it happens to all innocent new female members, but after three weeks all tactics are exhausted and the girls aim elsewhere.

Not me, though . . . oh, no! . . . not Jancine Brown! I stuck at it, confident that the tennis dance would bring ultimate success. How could he possibly resist my new hairstyle, my pink £15/15/- ballerina, and my new nylon stole?

Famous last words!

When I was dancing with him (I got him in the barn dance) he said in a horrified voice, "What on earth have you done to your hair?"

At supper he asked me to pass the tomato sauce and remarked, "My kid sister wore a ballerina like that to her end-of-year school dance."

And, as for my devastating new stole, I counted at least six others exactly the same.

I hunched over my diary and attacked Rodney James in black and white:

Thursday night

Well, I had no success at the tennis dance after all. I must use some new line of strategy and I believe I have thought of one.

Up to date I have used nothing but a positive approach. Why not now try a negative one? Why not try to make him jealous? The trouble is, how could he be jealous if he hardly even knows I exist? But perhaps that could be one way of letting him know.

If I could find someone to take me to all the dives Rodney haunts, all the turns Rodney goes to, and . . . well, why not cap it off with a party of my own and invite Rodney along? If it is my party I will be the Belle of the Evening, and what better chance could I have to make Rodney see I exist, and yet ignore him at the same time? That would be a perfect set-up.

But who can I choose to be the other boy Rodney always sees me with? The one who is going to make him jealous? I can't just go up to any boy and say,

"I'll go to Embers with you on Friday night if you'll take me."

I will have to be more tactful. Win him over so that he falls head over heels in love with me and begs on bended knees to take me to Embers on Friday night.

Uh, oh? No! That would be too drastic. When the time came to step into Rodney's arms I would never be able to get rid of the original.

Wait a bit! What about Barry Engell? I could even let him in on the secret. He is just like a brother to me . . . he would understand. After all, we grew up together.

But Barry Engell is Barry Engell. I mean, he is no big, gorgeous hunk. Rodney might not be too impressed with the looks of Barry Engell. Poor Barry! He can't help it if he is only 5ft. 8in., and it's not his fault that he broke his nose playing football. Anyway, I think it looks quite cute. But it's a pity he's so thin. After all, Rodney is such a muscleman.

Ah, well, never mind! Barry would certainly be the safest, as he would never get ideas. He would understand. After all . . .

* * *

A few days later I rang Barry at work. I asked him to meet me in the Museum at lunchtime, as I had something important to tell him.

I suggested the Museum because I would feel a little embarrassed if I was seen with Barry in the gardens by someone I knew . . . Barry would be in his working clothes, and, as it was Friday, his overalls would be rather dirty.

At one o'clock I furtively made my way to the Museum, only to find Barry sitting on the steps outside, eating fish and chips. I took a deep breath and walked over to him.

As we made our way up the steps I explained the whole story.

"You see, Barry, there is a boy called Rodney James and . . ."

"Rodney James who?"

"Just Rodney James. James is his second name."

"I see. Go on."

"Well . . . well, I like this Rodney James and . . . and I'd like to win him . . . so I thought I'd try and make him jealous."

"What for?"

"Because . . . because it might make him jealous."

"I know, but what for?"

"Well . . . he might . . . I want to win him, Barry! What do you mean what for?"

"What are you trying to win him for?"

"I told you! Because I want to. I like him. I want him to take me out! Don't you see?"

"Yes. Go on. You want to win this bloke because you want to make him jealous."

"No, Barry! I want to make him

TEEN TALENT



JO DANBY, the author of the first short story chosen from "Teen Talent" contributions. You may remember Jo. She is the 19-year-old student teacher, of Glen Iris, Melbourne, who wrote "The High Cost of Being Courted" in our September 9 issue last year. "Teen Talent" contributions, which must be original and of interest to teenagers, are paid for at professional rates. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

jealous because I want to win him. Can't you understand that?"

"Oh, yes, I get it. Why didn't you say that in the first place?"

* * *

Friday

Dear Diary,

It took me an hour to explain my campaign "Operation Rodney" to Barry today, but I think he understands everything now. He thinks it should be good fun and I am going to go halves in expenses. We are going to Embers tonight.

LATER

Barry and I went to Embers tonight and, sure enough, Rodney was there. It's a pity Barry looks a bit like a rocking-horse when he dances, but, never mind, at least he can dance.

Rodney arrived about half an hour after us and, believe it or not, he sat at the next table to us. I had a good view of him all evening. He didn't recognise me at first, but when Barry spilt the jug of lemon squash all over the tablecloth he looked over at us and laughed. I laughed back, so am making progress already.

Just the way he laughed and looked at me and the way I laughed and looked at him shows that there must be some link there. Barry thinks so, too, and said it was a good sign that Rodney laughed and looked at me before I laughed and looked at him.

I think I have made a pretty good start, anyhow. Our next date is for Wednesday night, and tomorrow at tennis I shall ask everyone along to the party which I'll organise for next Saturday night.

I wonder if Barry will wear a different suit at Farina on Wednesday night. I hope so.

Monday night

Dear Diary,

I spread the word around at tennis on Saturday about the party, and all the gang are coming. Whoopee!

After the match on Saturday we were all sitting round having a bit of a rest and Rodney shouted me a drink. Shouted ME a drink! Unfortunately he shouted the whole team drinks and I don't suppose he really gave me a thought . . . unless, of course, he secretly wanted to buy me a drink but was too embarrassed to in front of the others, so bought everyone a drink to cover up. Yes, that might be it.

I wish he didn't keep talking with Julia all the time. I saw him holding her hand for a while. Of course, they may be just good friends or cousins or something.

Saturday afternoon left me walking on air for the rest of the weekend and I refused two dates for Saturday night so that I could remain faithful to Rod. Barry took me for a drive yesterday afternoon and we planned out our campaign for Wednesday night.

Poor Barry, he seems so sort of helpless. I always have to explain things and repeat them all the time. Oh, well, I don't suppose he can help it if he is a bit dumb. After all, even I am a bit absent-minded sometimes.

I spent nearly all my pay on a new five-to-nine dress today. It is a really smart outfit. I do hope Rod will be there on Wednesday night and that Barry will wear a different suit from the one he wore on Friday night. Not that there was anything wrong with his suit, except perhaps navy-blue is out of fashion now.

I had tea in town with Barry tonight because he forgot the arrangements we made on Sunday. I am so excited about Wednesday night that I can't eat a thing. Anyway, I had a big tea less than half an hour ago, so I guess it doesn't really matter.

● Continued overleaf

LOVE IS BLIND—continued

Wednesday night

Dear Diary,

I had a simply wonderful night. Of course, there were a few hitches, but as the saying goes, "A cloud with a silver lining is worth two in the bush."

The first tragic thing that happened was that Barry didn't realise he had to wear a suit, and he turned up in a sports coat and an expensive pink tie which he bought specially for the occasion.

I nearly died when I saw him, but I couldn't say anything because he presented me with a beautiful white gardenia. Unfortunately you couldn't notice the white gardenia against my brand-new white dress, white shoes, and white gloves, but you could see the leaves.

Rodney arrived about twenty minutes after us. He had Julia with him. Rodney danced rather close to Julia, but it was probably because the floor was crowded... except that for the first couple of numbers they were the only couple on the floor.

We worked things very well, actually. When Rodney danced, Barry and I sat at our table and Rod had to dance past us. And when Rodney sat the dances out, we got up and danced, and then we had to dance past him. So I passed him 47 times.

The best part of the whole evening was when he spoke to me. He actually spoke to me! I was standing right beside his table in between two of the dance numbers, and all of a sudden he said: "Excuse me, your price ticket is showing."

Now that is really something. First of all, the fact that he even noticed the price ticket is significant. And, as Barry says, he knows now how much I paid for the dress, which means he knows I am not mean with my money.

When he was leaving, I waved to him and he raised his eyebrows. I suppose he was surprised that I even noticed him. I am quite sure that it won't be long now before I hook him. Things are progressing rapidly. I shall be busy for the rest of the week making preparations for the party. Barry is coming round on Thursday and Friday nights to help me. I can hardly wait for Saturday night.

Saturday night

Dear Diary,

It is about an hour before everyone is due to arrive. Barry and I had a wonderful time the last couple of nights getting everything ready. I could never have done it all by myself and I am quite

sure the party is going to be a success. Here's hoping, anyway...

MUCH LATER

What a night! It is now three o'clock in the morning and I am perfectly sure that I won't sleep a wink. I have never ever had such a wonderful time in all my life. The party was a success right from the very start.

Everyone arrived round about the same time, and just as things were beginning to get under way the kitchen caught fire. It was wonderful... Rodney risked his life and faced the flames just to save my sausage-rolls. He was absolutely marvellous. Luckily, it was only the oven that caught fire.

You know, I really think it was the hand of fate. I'm sure it was "meant" that Rodney save my sausage-rolls. If he hadn't saved them I would never have had the chance of thanking him and telling him about the trouble I had getting the right size cocktail frankfurts.

And then we would never have found out that the man-who-owns-the-delicatessen-shop's cousin teaches Rodney's sister the violin, and I could never have said how heavenly I thought the violin was, and then Rodney would never have asked me would I like to go and hear the world-famous violinist who is in town at the moment. (I must remember to find out which family of woodwind instruments the violin belongs to.) We are going on Monday night.

Anyway, back to the party... I danced most of the time with Rod, and he is a divine dancer. Barry stayed down in the kitchen and cleared up all the mess, which was frightfully good of him, but I can't understand why he left so early. After all, it was a very special occasion. I suppose he thought his "job" was finished once I had won Rod, and I must say he didn't really look as if he was enjoying himself.

Anyway, I was in a dream world all night. Rodney is simply wonderful.

Monday night

Dear Diary,

Once again I spent the whole evening in Heavenly Bliss. Rodney was absolutely divine, and his car was absolutely divine, and the chocolates were absolutely divine, but the world-famous violinist wasn't much.

A funny thing happened, though. Of all people to turn up, Barry Engell did! And the silliest part of all was that he had Julia with him.

I can't understand Barry at all. I would have thought he had better taste than that. Yes, as a matter of fact I am a bit upset at that. Poor Barry will be completely overruled by Julia. She is not at all a nice type of person, yet he seemed quite entranced by her. He has never looked at me the way he kept looking at her tonight.

Rodney took me to a darling little restaurant in Collins Street, where I drank coffee and ate a simply delicious, funny-looking thing with a queer long name. It was heavenly while it lasted, but I didn't feel so good afterwards.

Rodney called me all sorts of tender little things, and I positively melted all night. He said my hair was like "Golden Spun Gossamer." The only thing Barry ever said about my hair was that night when he called in and I had just washed it. He said it looked like lots of little curly piggy-wig tails.

I am so tired that I think I shall crawl into

TEEN TALENT VERSE

CAT

Here is grace that walks in silence,
Cruelty with lithe round limbs;
Independence which owes allegiance to none;
Speed with green eyes.
Here is aloofness with soft paws and a pink nose,
Patience that kills.
Playfulness that toys with death,
Courage that fights, and fear that runs away.
Here is a beauty born of all these things —
And death — with a fur coat and four white feet.

— By LYN COUCH, 18, of Klemzig, S.A.

ODE TO DESPAIR

The world is full of fear and strife,
The people are uprising
To try and find a peaceful life,
Which really's not surprising.

There's darkness in the Congo—
It's not safe to be on top—
Nobody knows whose head will go,
Where trouble next will pop.

There's threats of atom warfare,
Who first will reach the moon;
Each nation's trying madly
To get a man there soon.

The world's gone topsy turvy,
With UNOs, reds, and whites,
To Martians and the moon men
We must look funny sights.

But capping ALL our trouble,
According to the Press,
Is one terrific menace
Which causes all our stress.

Of course it's not the Russians
Who think up ghastly schemes;
It's we poor kids who cop the lot—
The villains called "the teens."

— By BILL THOMAS, 16, Bondi, N.S.W.

bed and dream all night about Rodney and our Wednesday night date for Embers.

Wednesday night

Dear Diary,

Well, really! I don't know what to think! Of course, Rodney was absolutely divine all night, but what irritated me was that Barry turned up again... and once more with Julia. I simply cannot understand it.

What in all the world can Barry see in Julia? She's nothing but an overdressed china doll. And Barry hardly said one word to me all evening. I feel so cross that I am going straight to bed.

Am going to Farina on Friday night with Rod. He still hasn't worn the same suit twice. It's a bit ridiculous, really. It seems so unfair that someone like Rodney can afford to buy a suit for every night of the week while someone like poor Barry can't even afford to run his own car.

Friday night

Dear Diary,

Tonight was the absolute limit! Once again Barry turned up and there's no doubt about it. He is goofy over Julia. He waits on her hand and foot. He worships the very ground she treads on. And she laps it all up and leads him right up the garden path.

And, to cap everything, Rodney even laughed at Barry behind his back! I was so furious that I stood up, yelled something terribly rude to Rodney, and walked out.

I caught a taxi home and here I am, back where I started. No Rodney—not that I'd ever go out with him again... no pride whatsoever... everyone must have seen and heard me yell.

And now I haven't even got Barry. Barry is hopelessly in love with Julia. I could jump on her! And despite Barry and I being like brother and...

Three weeks later

Dear Diary,

I haven't had time to make any entries for a while, so I shall now write down what has happened.

Why I left off in the middle of a sentence that night I came home from

Farina in such a rage was because the front doorbell suddenly rang.

I crept downstairs, thinking it would probably be Rodney overflowing with apologies and things, but to my utter amazement it was Barry! Yes, Barry Engell. I was so dumbfounded that I just stood there. He ushered me into the lounge-room, built up the fire, and said, "Listen, what happened tonight? What was all the commotion about?"

"What commotion?" I said innocently, trying to ignore the explosion that had just occurred in the space where my heart was before it sank into my stomach.

"You know quite well what commotion. Tell me what happened. What did Rodney say?"

"What do you care what Rodney said?"

"I care a lot! What did he say? Was he rude to you?"

"Really, Barry, it had nothing to do with you," I lied.

"It has plenty to do with me. Tell me, Jancine, why were you so upset?"

"I wasn't. Anyway, why should you care?"

"Why should I care? Well, because I... I..."

"Yes, why should you care? You're in love with Julia!"

"Who said I was in love with Julia?"

"You take her out all the time and you look as if you're in love with her."

"Yes, well that was your idea, wasn't it?"

"What do you mean, 'my idea'?"

"Well, you went out with me to make Rod jealous, so why shouldn't I do the same?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Jancine! Who's the dumb one now?"

Well, that was all three weeks ago. I wonder what happened to Julia? Perhaps she and Rodney got together again.

Ah, well, it's no use pondering over things that don't concern me. If everyone went around minding everyone else's business, where would we all be? And I must say minding my own business is one of the best things about me.

Barry said that the night we were engaged, so it must be true!

(Copyright)

BEATNIK—by Lovell Jones



"A bath! You fool! If this gets out you'll be drummed out of the generation."

Christmas Present Contest Winners

VANITY BAG-SUNHAT



£20 FIRST PRIZE to Helene Wiegard (12), of Bendigo, Vic. for her combination vanity bag-sunhat (shown above on a Sydney model).

Helene's mother, Mrs. Faye Wiegard, is very proud of her daughter's skill. "Helene designed and made the vanity bag-sunhat unaided," she said. "She is an only child and has always been encouraged in her many hobbies. She is very interested in sewing and learns fashion drawing at the Bendigo Technical College."

Here are Helene's instructions:

Materials: 1yd. check gingham; 1/2yd. vilene; 2 1/2yds. white cord. Total cost 5/8.

When cutting out pieces, make sure that checks match evenly; 1/2in. seam turnings are allowed. Cut 2 pieces 13in. by 14in. for crown, 1 piece 12in. by 24in. for lining, 1 piece 7in. by 36in. and vilene same size for brim.

Lining: Place 12in. sides together and machine up 5 1/2in., leave gap of 1/2in. Then machine remaining 6in. Fold over to form a doubled ring with raw edges inside and 1/2in. gap inside ring. Machine around ring 1/2in. below fold to form a casing. Thread piece of knitting cotton through and pull up tightly to tie knot.

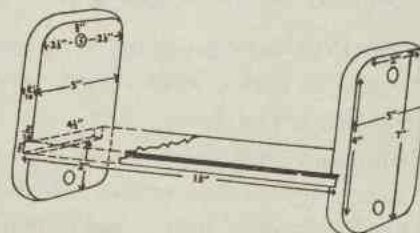
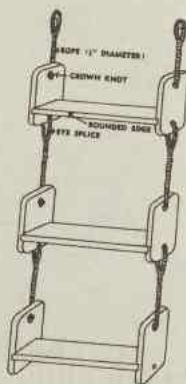
Crown: Place 14in. sides of crown pieces together, machine one end up 6 1/2in., leave 1/2in. gap. Machine remaining 7in. Repeat at other end so that drawstring for bag can be pulled at both sides. Fold along centre, with right side facing out, machine 1/2in. down from fold to form casing. Leave two 1/2in. gaps to thread cord through.

Brim: Tack vilene to gingham and machine 7in. ends together. Fold over in middle with right sides out to form circle 3 1/2in. wide. Machine 2 rows of gathering stitches around raw edges of brim and gather to fit lower edge of crown.

Place brim between lining and crown edges, tack and machine. Overcast or bind seam on inside of bag. Thread cord through drawstring casing.

● She's only 12 years old, but Helene Wiegard is as bright as the needle with which she has won first prize in our Christmas Present Contest. Helene beat her teenage elders with her vanity bag-sunhat entry at left.

Other prizewinners are below and on page 8.



THREE-SHELF BOOKCASE

£10 PRIZE to Jops Geerligs (16), of West Tamworth, N.S.W., for these bookshelves to hang on a wall:

Materials: 8ft. of 1/3in. rope; 1 piece Pacific Maple timber 4ft. by 5in. by 6/10in.; 1 piece of Pacific Maple or Oregon 3ft. 6in. by 4 1/2in. by 1/2in.; 2 strong hooks or bolts and some 1/2in. nails; 1 small tin varnish; small amount wood putty and glue. Total cost 16/6.

Shelves: Lightly plane wood, round one edge of top surface, and sandpaper. Saw carefully into 3 pieces each 13in. by 4 1/2in. by 1/2in.

Sides: Plane wood and cut into 6 pieces each 7in. by 5in. by 6/10in. Cut round corners of each piece with fretsaw as shown in sketch. Sandpaper each piece.

Drill 2 holes 1/2in. diameter in each piece as shown. Separate pieces into pairs and make trench on inside of each to hold shelves. Each trench is

4 1/2in. by 1/2in. by 1/2in. (note that it does not extend the full width of the piece). It is best made with a handsaw and a chisel, and smoothed with a rasp.

Assembling: Fit each pair of sides with shelf. Coat each trench with some wood glue and fit sides on to shelves, taking care that the sides are at right angles to shelves. While glue is drying, drive some 1/2in. or 3/4in. nails into sides to keep shelves firmly in place. Fill in nail holes and other holes with putty. Apply varnish—2 thin coats are sufficient.

Cut rope into 15in. lengths and splice the 3 shelves together as shown, an eye splice at one end and a crown knot at the other. Fasten assembly on to wall with strong hooks.



JAPANESE WALL VASE

£10 PRIZE to Rhonda Hamlyn (16), of Parramatta North, N.S.W., for this fascinating ornament.

Materials: Two 6in. bamboo rings; 2in. wooden pepper-pot or egg-cup; tube plastic wood; raffia. Total cost 11/6. Any type of small flower is suitable for the vase. Miniature flowering peach blossom or tamarisk gives an oriental effect.

Use bamboo handbag handles if they are available, otherwise holes will have to be drilled into ends of rings. Place two rings together, cover a match with plastic wood and put through holes in both rings.

Bind together with raffia to keep in place. Roughen base of pepper-pot and base of bamboo ring. Coat with plastic wood and stick pot to ring, making sure it sits securely and evenly.

Bind the pot to ring until plastic wood is dry. Cut or file small grooves into sides of bamboo rings to make sure the hanging cord will stay in position.

Tie plaited raffia cord around rings with a slip-knot and pull the loops through the space between the rings at the top. Fill pot with small flowers.

An international wardrobe

● *An international wardrobe is every girl's dream, and for 20-year-old Wendy Burbank, of Toorak, Victoria, this dream has just come true.*

Soon after her recent return from a six months' trip to Europe and America with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Burbank, we went out to her home to see her collection of the latest young fashions.

A TRAINEE kindergarten teacher, Wendy has a flair for clothes, which all look wonderful on her slim, elegant figure.

"American clothes were the most interesting," she said. "They are more unusual — both sports wear and more formal wear — and there is more variety.

"But Parisian clothes are really wonderful. I don't think anything surpasses them for supreme elegance. And, of course, you can't go past Italy for shoes or England for suits."

On her return Wendy was most impressed by Australian fashions and how well they keep abreast of overseas trends.

"Some of the clothes I bought overseas, thinking they were very new, I found I could have bought here," she said.

(Photographs by Jim Ellard.)



CAPRI. Wendy (at left), relaxes in her Toorak home with her boxer, Jedda. She is wearing a pure silk printed Capri shirt, split at the side, over white broderie anglaise shorts — following the boudoir look in sports wear.

ment to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 9, 1960

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

BY BILL SAWYER

● Suspicion rests on Sandra for the theft of the sketches of top designer Major Scott's new collection. The empty portfolio has been found in her locker, planted by Jenkins, Major Scott's assistant, whose accomplice snatched the sketches from Sandra as she was delivering them to the Major's flat. Sandra convinces handsome detective Michael Rogers that she is innocent, but it has to be proved. NOW READ ON...

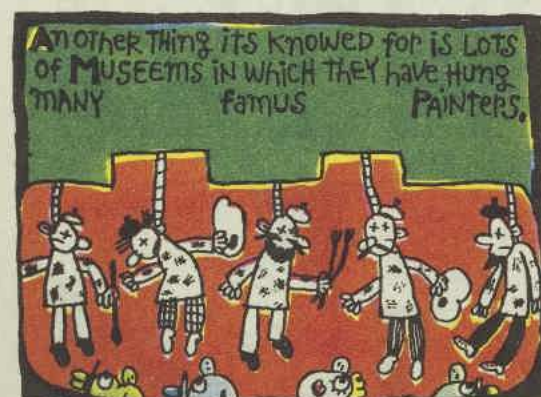


RIVETS



JACKY'S DIARY.

by Jacky Mendelsohn
Age 33½



• Schoolteacher Bessie McGonigle, who knows Koot the monster from Rigel is a friendly, harmless creature, finds him with her boyfriend, Adam Peevy. Koot has carried him off, and now Adam is upset because he thinks Koot wants to kidnap Bessie. Nothing is further from Koot's mind, and to allay further suspicion he conjures up power from the air to send his spaceship away. Chris Welkin and the sheriff arrive with an army tank in time to see the spaceship departing, and order the tank to follow it. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

BY RUSS WINTERBOTHAM

AN ARMY TANK OPENS FIRE ON THE SPACESHIP...



SHELLS DON'T HAVE ANY EFFECT ON THAT THING, WELKIN!

TRY TO FOLLOW IT!



WE CAN AT LEAST TRY TO FIND WHERE IT LANDS!

THE SPACE VEHICLE COMES DOWN GENTLY TO THE GROUND

Art SARGENT



IT OPERATES BY WHAT YOU CALL REMOTE CONTROL-- BY TELEPATHY, OF COURSE!

HE'S GOING TO CARRY YOU OFF, BESSIE!



I MEAN YOU NO HARM, BUT YOU INSIST THAT I'M SOME SORT OF VILLAIN! PERHAPS I CAN CHANGE YOUR ATTITUDE!



FAR OUTDISTANCED, WELKIN FOLLOWS THE SPACESHIP ABOARD AN ARMY TANK.

IT LANDED OVER THERE, WELKIN!



HERE COME YOUR FRIENDS, MISS BESSIE!

I WON'T LET THEM HURT YOU, KOOT!



WHAT'S THAT THING HE HAS? A WEAPON OF SOME SORT?

KOOT'S AS HARMLESS AS SUMMER SUNSHINE. LEAVE HIM ALONE!



ALAS, EARTHLING! I AM GUILTY OF A LITTLE PETTY LARCENY! YOU SEE, I WAS ATTRACTED TO THE EARTH BY ITS VITAMINS-- STRONTIUM 90!



STRONTIUM 90! RADIOACTIVE FALLOUT?

THIS CONTAINER'S FULL OF IT. I WAS COLLECTING IT. IT'S NOURISHING FOOD TO ME!

CONTINUED

TEENA by Linda Terry



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, on an expedition with Narda and Lothar near Mt. Arat, finds himself in the apartment of the "demon photographer" at the bottom of a well, and his picture about to be taken. The photographer has an assistant with a gun. But Mandrake hypnotises the "demon," so that he seems to be seeing himself in the camera lens, hesitates, at which moment Mandrake knocks him down, just as Lothar, out of his trance, arrives to overpower the armed assistant. NOW READ ON.





ROME. The slacks and sweater above were bought in Rome, the home of casual wear. Slacks are cut on loose-fitting lines in deep Parma-violet Siamese silk. The lilac hand-knitted Italian sweater has an unusual fringe finish on sleeves and waist. The stone-studded gold sandals came from Paris and the toning necklace from Rome.

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SAN FRANCISCO. Jerkins are all the rage in America, and this one in brown kid has knitted sleeves and collar. Wendy is standing beside a 17th-century globe of the world which her mother bought in Rome.

PARIS. Elegance is the keynote of this red-embroidered white lace Chanel dress (right) from Paris for cocktail parties, formal dinners, or the theatre. With it she wears a lovely necklace which she bought in Portofino.



LONDON. The jacket of this tweed suit is belted, with an unusually placed pocket at the back, over the hip. Tweed shoes, with leather heels and toes, are from Italy and the kid handbag is Swiss.



Tenagers Weekly — Page 7



A new
touch
of magic

At the first
hint of a spot...

There's no need to let distressing spots and blemishes spoil your looks... and your enjoyment! Yardley have the answer in Clearskin. Simply wash the affected area at night, dry, then smooth on this wonderful new greaseless cream. Whilst you sleep, its purifying ingredients go gently to work to clear your skin. Sponge off in the morning and behold the magical improvement.

In an economical
pink and gold
stand-up tube, 12/6

Clearskin
by **YARDLEY**

For further information on Yardley beauty preparations, write
Susan Foster, G.P.O. Box 3326, Sydney, Australia



TEENAGERS!
SEEN
'MEXICANA'?
TURN TO
PAGE 18 FOR
THE ZIPPIEST
NEW BEACH
TOWELS EVER!



Become a

MODEL

Complete
HOME DIPLOMA COURSE

Includes Modelling, Beauty, Charm, etc., etc.
Train at HOME - at LEISURE for this
Exciting, Glamorous Career

Children, Girls, Women - City, Country

For full details of this inexpensive Course and
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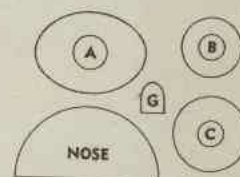
send stamped addressed envelope to
INTERNATIONAL MODEL ACADEMY
BOX 21005, G.P.O., MELBOURNE

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CONTEST WINNERS

continued
from page 5

PIERRE THE POODLE



£10 PRIZE to Robyn Temple (14), of Rosetta, Tas. for a fine thoroughbred:

Materials: 1 ball black wool; 1 piece black felt 8in. by 3in.; 24in. thin wire; black cotton; yellow silk; cardboard; small piece of tinfoil. Total price 4/.

Cut felt into these pieces: Tail, 1in. by 1/2in.; body, 18in. by 1 1/2in.; neck, 3in. by 1in.; feet, 4 pieces each 1/2in. by 1/2in.; 3in. narrow strip for collar, nose as in sketch.

Make cardboard rings 2 1/2 times the size in illustration, and make pompons as follows: Wind wool over cardboard ring until the centre is filled. Cut outside edge and tie piece of wool tightly round centre to form pompon. Make 2 pompons A size for body, 3 B size for tail and ears, 9 C size for legs and head.

Cut a 12in. piece of wire, thread a B size pompon on to form tail, bend under wire to secure, then roll up the piece of felt for tail, stitch tightly to make an inch-long roll, then thread on to wire.

Thread an A size pompon, then the felt for body, 1 1/2in. long. Add another A size

pompon, then the 1in.-long roll for the neck. Make head with a C size pompon, then push all pompons and felt closely together on wire and stitch firmly.

Roll up the nose piece into a cone shape, stitch, thread on to wire and stitch it to head pompon. Cut off any surplus wire and tuck it in. Sew a B size pompon each side of head and trim into shape.

For back legs, cut one piece of wire 6in. long, thread on two C size pompons, push through body, thread on two more C size pompons and make feet with the 1/2in. roll of felt. Stitch securely and bend under surplus wire. Make front legs in same way.

Embroider eyes with yellow silk, add nostrils with pink. Make studs and buckle on collar with yellow silk, fold tinfoil to make a solid disc (G) and stitch to the collar.

Place disc around neck and secure with small stitches. Make pompons full and fluffy. Any wool may be used.

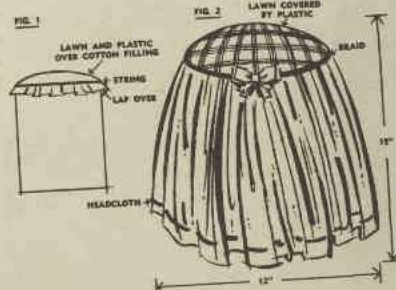
£10 PRIZE to Claudia Edwards (15), of Gympie, Qld., for a really useful present for anyone:

Materials: 12in. by 15in. paint tin; 1 1/2yds. headcloth (pastel color); 1/2yd. lawn (contrasting color); 1/2yd. plain plastic (same color as lawn); cushion filling (foam plastic); 1 1/2yds. braid. Total cost 15/.

Fill indent of lid with cushion filling. Cut circle of lawn and plastic, each with diameter of 18in., and sew together. Place lawn and plastic over cushion filling and tie lap-over with string as shown in fig. 1.

Cut headcloth in half to make two 18in. wide pieces. Join together, gather and hem. Sew on to lawn and plastic, or fix with elastic for easy removal. Cover join of gathered headcloth to plastic and lawn with 1/2in.-wide braid as shown in fig. 2.

BEDROOM STOOL



CUSHION-COVER FOR CAR



£5 PRIZE to Miss H. Oehlert, of Maitland, N.S.W.:

Materials: 1/2yd.-1yd. straw cloth or linen (depending on size of cushion); 1 zipp-fastener; embroidery cotton; cotton fringe or cord. Approximate cost 12/.

Choose design and draw on to paper. Cut 2 pieces of fabric to size of cushion-cover required. Allow for 1/2in. seam turnings. Copy design on to 1 piece of fabric with carbon paper. Embroider with colored cottons.

Sew zipp-fastener into back before making up cover. Cut 1 piece of fabric 2 1/2in. wide and same length as cover. This is to allow for easy removal for laundering.

Stitch on to right side as shown. Cut open between stitched lines and cut corners out. Pull fabric through opening and hem turned edges. Sew zipp-fastener in left side with zipp showing right side up.

Sew up all side seams, inserting cotton fringe and cord.

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Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Dancing age

"I AM 13½ years old and I would like to know if I am too young to go to a young teenage dance on Saturday nights. I go with two of my girl-friends and meet the rest of my girl-friends at the dance. We are the same age and we go home together. It is about half a mile from home, so we walk there. My parents are not very sure if I am old enough to go, and it worries me to think I might not be old enough, even if the others at the dance are my age. Am I too young?"

Johanna, W.A.

I think you are far too young to go to the dances.

Secret steady

"I AM 14 and I am going steady with a boy 15. We have been going together for nearly three months, and Mum and Dad don't know about it. Would you please advise me if I should tell them?"

"Problem," N.S.W.

You certainly should. You are far too young to be going out with boys, and deceiving your parents only makes it worse. You are asking for trouble if you don't tell them immediately.

Cruel teasing

"MY problem is disturbing. I have been going steady with a very nice boy, but the only trouble is that I'm about five inches taller than him. This doesn't worry me, but my girl-friends think that I should give him up. When he kisses me good-night he has to stand on his toes and I have to bend down. One night my sister saw us and she told her friends, and as some of them are my girl-friend's sisters my girl-friends all found out and they now all tease me. It is very upsetting. Please help me."

H.P., S.A.

It makes me angry when I hear of girls carrying on in the childish way your sister and your girl-friends are. It is not only childish, either, it is very cruel and nasty.

Ready to fight for a girl

"I AM 16 and I like this girl a lot. Having taken her out for about five months, I was astonished to hear that she had gone out with another boy and since then he has been with her whenever she goes out. I think she likes me, but he is asking her out all the time. I do not know what to do. I thought of asking him to get off and find another girl, and if he refuses to fight him. Don't say that time will tell, please, as I cannot wait. Should I ask her out to the pictures?"

Peter, N.S.W.

Ask her out is your first step. You can't blame her for going out with another boy if you haven't kept on asking her out with you. If she wants to go out with you, that's fine, and if necessary you and her other swain can fight it out later.

All girls love being fought over and love the men that will fight over them, but it's no use getting your nose blooded or a black eye if the girl doesn't like you or want to go out with you.

But is a fight really necessary? A bit uncivilised, don't you think?

A man's height is decided for him like the color of his hair and his eyes; it makes no difference to his personality or nature. If you like him, stick to him, and take no notice of your sister and your friends.

Keen to be nun

"I WANT to be a nun, but I have not been perfect and friends have told me that because I have made mistakes in my life I cannot be a nun. I regret my mistakes very much, but I cannot change the fact that I have made mistakes. Will this stop me being a nun? Please let me know quickly."

C.K., N.S.W.

The mistakes that you have made would make no difference at all. Despite them, I am sure if you consult your parish priest he will tell you that you may become a nun. You should consult him.

Tall but shy

"I AM a 16-year-old schoolgirl and my problem is a cause of a lot of worry to me. I have been going steady with a boy three years my senior for about a month. He is a terrific boy and I get on well with him. He is a very friendly type and mixes well with people. I am very shy and not a good mixer. Whenever I go out with this boy I feel awkward and shy with his friends and can never think of a thing to say; consequently, I just hang around him and rely on him all the time to make the first move. Although I hate being like this, I just can't force myself to brighten up and be like other girls. He is very keen on me, but I am sure he would like me to be a bit brighter when we are out. I get on very well with him alone, as he chats away and I enjoy being the listener. I am sure his friends don't think much of me and treat me as though I am his shadow. Please advise me on how to gain confidence in myself. I am also conscious of my height, which is 5ft. 7in., and this adds to my feeling awkward and out of place."

"Depressed," W.A.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

You don't paint a very flattering picture of yourself. I'd like to get one from your new boy-friend and compare the two of them. I bet your boy-friend's would bolster up your ego.

It sounds to me as if you are doing very well with him. The talking part doesn't sound the best, although there is nothing that men like more than a good listener; but a listener to be really good has to be able to make intelligent remarks. You don't have to be bright and sparkly about everything; interest is all that is required.

It is easy enough to learn to make remarks that show you know something of what you are talking about and are interested.

You've been out with this boy enough now to know some of his interests apart from you. You would know by now what sport he's interested in, whether he likes reading, movies, TV, or music, and what sort he likes. When you find out, study what he likes, even if it means trips to the public library. Sport is a good start. Ask him to explain the sport in which he is most interested, even if you do understand about it. If it is an unfamiliar sport to you, so much the better. Study it and watch it with him, and you'll soon become interested and expert and a good talker about it.

I have a feeling that behind everything your real worry is your height. I don't know why. You are only just above average height. Really tall girls are much sought after for mannequin work. If you read about the world-famous mannequins you'll find that most of them are very much taller than you, wear heels of any height, and walk as if they're proud of their height. You'll notice, too, that they look much better in their clothes than shorter girls.

Don't worry about your height, and remember to stand, sit, and walk tall. There's nothing worse than a tall girl who pulls her head down into her shoulders and stoops her shoulders because she imagines it makes her look shorter. It doesn't. It just makes her look pathetic.

Right to write?

"I AM a 17½-year-old girl. Recently my family and I moved our home from Victoria to Queensland. I was going steady with a 21-year-old boy before we moved. We were very fond of one another, but we kept our emotions in check as we did not wish to become too serious, as we both are half-way through our careers. And, anyway, I consider 17½ too young for marriage contemplations. We were not, as I have said, too serious and so we didn't discuss the future very much after my departure. There was very little, if any at all, discussion about our writing to one another. But now he has started writing to me. I have not been here more than a month, and I have received two letters from him. After the first, I found myself eagerly awaiting the second. However, I am not sure whether to answer his letters or not, because I am afraid we may become too serious and this may endanger our careers. For this reason, I am acting cautiously. Do you think I should write to him?"

W.P., Qld.

It is rare to find a 17½-year-old girl with a head that rules her heart as strongly as yours does. Your uncertainty about writing to this boy doesn't seem to match it.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



EVER pamper your nails?

Or is it just a flourish of pink polish here and a swirl with an emery-board there?

Well, it's time you started. Set aside one night each week just for your nails. Finger-nails and toenails.

First remove any polish and give them a good scrub with a bristly nailbrush.

Now, this is the most relaxing part: Soak your nails in odorless castor oil for 15 minutes (better make sure it's odorless, or you'll be sorry).

It gives you time to catch up on some reading, too.

If you have fingernails that chip and split, paint them with white iodine. Just dab it on with cotton-wool.

(White iodine and odorless castor oil can be bought at any chemist's shop.)

File your fingernails in an oval shape with your emery-boards.

For toenails, rub lanolin around the cuticles and leave it on while you sleep. And please keep toenails neatly clipped. Use nail scissors, but do not curve the corners, or your nails will tend to become ingrown.

Now that summer is here feet and toes can no longer hide in flaties.

Paint your nails and toenails carefully (no smudges, please) and as often as they need it.

A wad of cotton-wool placed between the toes while they are drying is a help.

After a few weeks of pampering you can let your head go with summer splashes and sparkles on fingers and toes. Paint your nails happy colors. Drab winter is gone.

Sick of pinks and reds? Live it up with mauves and oranges.

For an evening stunner, match silver nails to silver-frosted eyelids.

A clever cutie paints hair clips and combs with new-shade polishes, and has glamor from the top of her head to the tips of her toes.

I think you should write to him. A letter from an old and dear friend should surely be acknowledged. It doesn't require an impassioned epistle written in your heart's blood.

If you want to end the association, though, don't answer it. I think perhaps that is what you really want to do. I get the impression that you are not only wanting time but also a more eligible man than the one you've left behind you. I think this accounts for your uncertainty about answering his letters. You're wondering whether someone more eligible will come along. When you make up your mind about this, you'll do what you want to do.

▼ For the broad-browed or heart-shaped face... To set: Part hair at far side from front to crown. Scotch tape bangs into place. Using large rollers curl sideward from part, turning curls under. On other side of part, curl rollers upward. In the back, use large rollers up and down as shown. To comb: Brush out hair thoroughly and turn one side under into page-boy, the other side outward and up for wing line.



■ For the square-lined face... To set: Cover the head with large rollers turned under, parting hair as indicated by dots. Set bangs forward, rest of top hair is set backward. To comb: Separate top hair and roll into large bun. Place ribbon at centre of crown and tie at nape. Leave side hair in front of ribbon. Brush back hair over the ribbon, hiding the ears.



How to set HAIRDOS THAT SHAPE YOUR FACE

● For the too-round face... To set: Part the hair off-centre from crown. Curl rollers out and under from part in a swirl (using top hair only). From an off-centre part in back, roll curls up and down (see dotted line). To comb: Brush upper hair away from angle-part and brush upward, fluffing it high. Roll the back into French twist.



▼ For the broad-jawed face... To set: Part hair on both sides in line with outer edges of eyebrows. Roll top hair backward on large rollers. Set each side on three rollers, turning downward. The back hair is set in large rollers turned upward. To comb: Brush hair backward, letting top hair fall into back hair smoothly. Comb sides upward and let fall into place. Keep top hair wide.



Brow too wide?



Lines too square?

The idea here is to draw attention from the narrowness of the chin. This is done by sweeping the hair sideways on top for a broadening effect. Then add a charming side-swept bang as casual and easy-going as you can comb it.

The flat top also serves to emphasise that in-and-out fluff which widens the chin area, and gives the whole hairdo a lovely windswept quality.

Curved lines flow in every direction in this hairdo, softening the squarely shaped face. The high bun, which caused such a stir when Princess Margaret chose it to balance her tiara for her wedding day last May, is used here for height required to create that ideal oval. A ribbon tied around the crown of your head will not only be very decorative and feminine, but will keep your hair falling into soft wings and curves over your cheek-bones. One couldn't ask for a more beautiful bit of camouflage than this charming hairdo!

To make an oval out of a round face, our hairstylist has pulled the hair back from the sides tightly over the ears and up into a high beehive effect. Next step: a soft bang that's brushed from an angle part which became a focal point that further cut the circular look. Final step: a pretty French knot at back for a perfectly delightful profile. Voila! The desired form is accomplished with a smart style.

This hairdo, created by a hair expert who really knows the fine art of handling hair, is based on the principal object of every good hairstylist: to create the illusion of the perfect oval for your face. In this smooth-flowing style, the hair is brushed back from the forehead and the ends are swirled into the cheek to minimise the width of the jawline. The result? Merely great!

Face too round?

Jaw too broad?



LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● The Australian record industry and the future for home-grown singers moved into a new high gear with the recent release in one week of no fewer than four local LPs.

THE singers featured are Col Joye, Johnny O'Keefe, Dig Richards, and Johnny Devlin.

"The Golden Boy" (Festival) is the third LP for Col, now happily over his recent throat operation.

It is interesting to hear on this record what our Mr. Joye does with overseas successes like "Boys And Girls," "Pony Tail," "He'll Have To Go."

And, of course, it is no real hardship to listen again to his own hits, "Moonlit Night" and "Yes, Sir." With him are The Joy Boys and The Graduates.

It is a third LP, too, for Johnny O'Keefe with "The Big Show" (Leedon). It is always a big show when Johnny's performing, and he makes this disc one you'll want to be in on.

"Come On And Take My Hand," "That's My Desire," "Steady Game" are an indication of the goods on offer.

"Bad Boy" (Rex) is 20-year-old Dig Richards' second LP, making it more than one-a-year for the time he's been in the business.

Along with his big-selling numbers there's "A Different Kind Of Love," "My Blue Heaven," "Love Struck." The R'Jays, The Crescents, and The Graduates are there to help things along.

New Zealander Johnny Devlin, who has also got the hottest single of the moment with his all-Aussie comedy number "Got A Zack In The Back Of Me Pocket" is the fourth in this power-charged LP team.

"Real Nervous" (Teen) is Johnny's first LP, but it is a certainty not to be his last.

He and his old team-mates, The Devils, rip through some material you already know ("Gigolo," "Koala Bear") and some you'll be glad to get to know better.

Local talent: Two 19-year-old Sydney girls, Carol Murray, tiny and brunette, and Patty Markham, a blue-eyed blonde, each has cut a first single disc that suggests a bright recording future. Both go for an adult rather than a teen sound, and both have already done a good deal of professional singing.

Patty, under five-year contract to Rex, who bill her as Miss Emotion, does throbbing versions of "Sentimental Me" and that most beautiful of standards, "September Song."

Carol (for Coronet) puts an intimate, deep-throated appeal into the Paul Anka composition, "Lonely Life," and an attractive tango-rhythmed number, "I Think Of You," written by Sydney Conservatorium student Richard Gill.

Pops: In the recording world they can never tell where or when the mad, send-up humor of Homer and Jethro is going to strike next. Certainly few had picked Brian Hyland's "Itsy Bitsy Bikini" as a likely target.

But you're likely to enjoy the H. and J. version (R.C.A. 45) as much or more than the original. On the flip the team tear into "Please Help Me, I'm Falling" with spectacular results.

APPEARANCES on TV, made some months ago, won a host of Australian friends for The Windjammers, three young folk-singing Nor-

wegians who were paying this country a brief visit. An R.C.A. EP, "The Windjammers," offers these likeable and friendly young men in "March Of The Vikings," "Cindy, Oh, Cindy," "Windjammer," and "The Roving Kind."

IF you liked the freshness and enthusiasm that the Joiner, Arkansas, Junior High School Band brought to "National City," you should get the same sort of lift out of their "Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight," "Arkansas Traveller" (London 45). Grey-beard artistry's O.K., but it is nice to sometimes just let things rip.

A SWINGY instrumental 45 with a fair amount of pace comes from Paul Revere and The Raiders on an H.M.V. Sides are "Beatnik Sticks" and "Orbit."

Jazz: A comparative newcomer to the local recording field, Conoret, now a subsidiary of American Columbia, has paid tribute to Australian jazz and jazzmen by making its first local LP release, "Bryce Rohde Quartet In Concert." The group, with its Perth-born pianist-leader, played at the recent Australian Jazz Festival.

Interesting without being scary, the Quartet offers a nine-item programme that includes "John Boy," "My Funny Valentine," "9.20 Special." Several numbers were among those played at their first Jazz Goes To College concert at the University of N.S.W.

Classical: Haydn's eighteenth-century musical elegance emerges in all its aristocratic lightness and grace in his "Surprise" and "Clock" Symphonies. The two are given a sparkling performance by the Vienna Philharmonic under veteran French conductor Pierre Monteux. (R.C.A. LP.)

AUSTRALIAN Charles Mackerras, who now lives in England, has won a considerable reputation for his conducting of ballet music. You can hear him in a varied and attractive programme, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, on a Columbia LP, "Music From The Ballet."

"Sylphide" selections occupy side one, with the second side shared by Ponchielli's melodious "Dance Of The Hours" and British composer Constant Lambert's gay period piece "Les Patineurs."

—Martin Long



HOMER and JETHRO, who get many laughs for their send-up of "Itsy Bitsy Bikini."

A GUY "calls"

THE MAIDEN HANDICAP

● Recently I questioned the necessity of having organised Olympic Games because, girls (with discuss-throwing, social-butterfly races, and catty "scratch" events) play the Games every day.

WELL, now I'm on to another facet of sport that we could well leave to the girls, and I can't understand why people make such a fuss about horse races such as the Melbourne Cup.

Why do I suggest that racecourses aren't on the right track, that a punter isn't in the hunt and that book-makers are odds-bods? As in the case of my girlish games, it's simply because females could make a better fist (or should it be hoof?) of racing than the horses do.

Here are the results of my Gallop poll . . . First off, let's look at some of the traditional racing events that girls automatically organise. They make a welter of most things they do, many a lass is a handicap, girls trying to get blokes into church are steeple chasers and a new bride's cooking certainly qualifies her for the hopeful (or hopeless) steaks!

Another cutie classic event is run almost every time a boy arranges to meet a date. I call this a weight-for-ages race! In it the boy waits fur-long periods!

Girls also always run in the colors of the club—red lips, pink cheeks, blue eyelids.

Then, while most horses have no desire or ability to race, all girls seem to learn their A.J.C. and V.R.C. before their A.B.C.! From the time they're tiny until they're old grey mares who ain't what they used to be (there's no fool like an old foal!) females are interested in showing good form. And what girl can resist a (wedding) photo finish?

The present trotting business, too, would be in for a bad trot if girls' pacing potential was recognised. If lasses' elaborate foundations don't qualify them for "harness" racing I'll (dead h) eat my hat!

Well, that's my "call" on the girls who could quite easily spell the Doom(den) of organised racing. You might say it's the story of the Sport of Kinks!

You wouldn't bet that my ideas are correct? Girls convict themselves of having equine characteristics out of their own mouths. Pretty well every time a girl speaks what does a bloke hear?

That's right—nag, nag, nag!

—Robin Adair

WORTH HEARING

SHOSTAKOVICH: Fifth Symphony

DIMITRY SHOSTAKOVICH is the most famous living Soviet Russian composer. He was a boy of 11 at the time of the Revolution, and so belongs to the first crop of musicians educated under the Soviet regime.

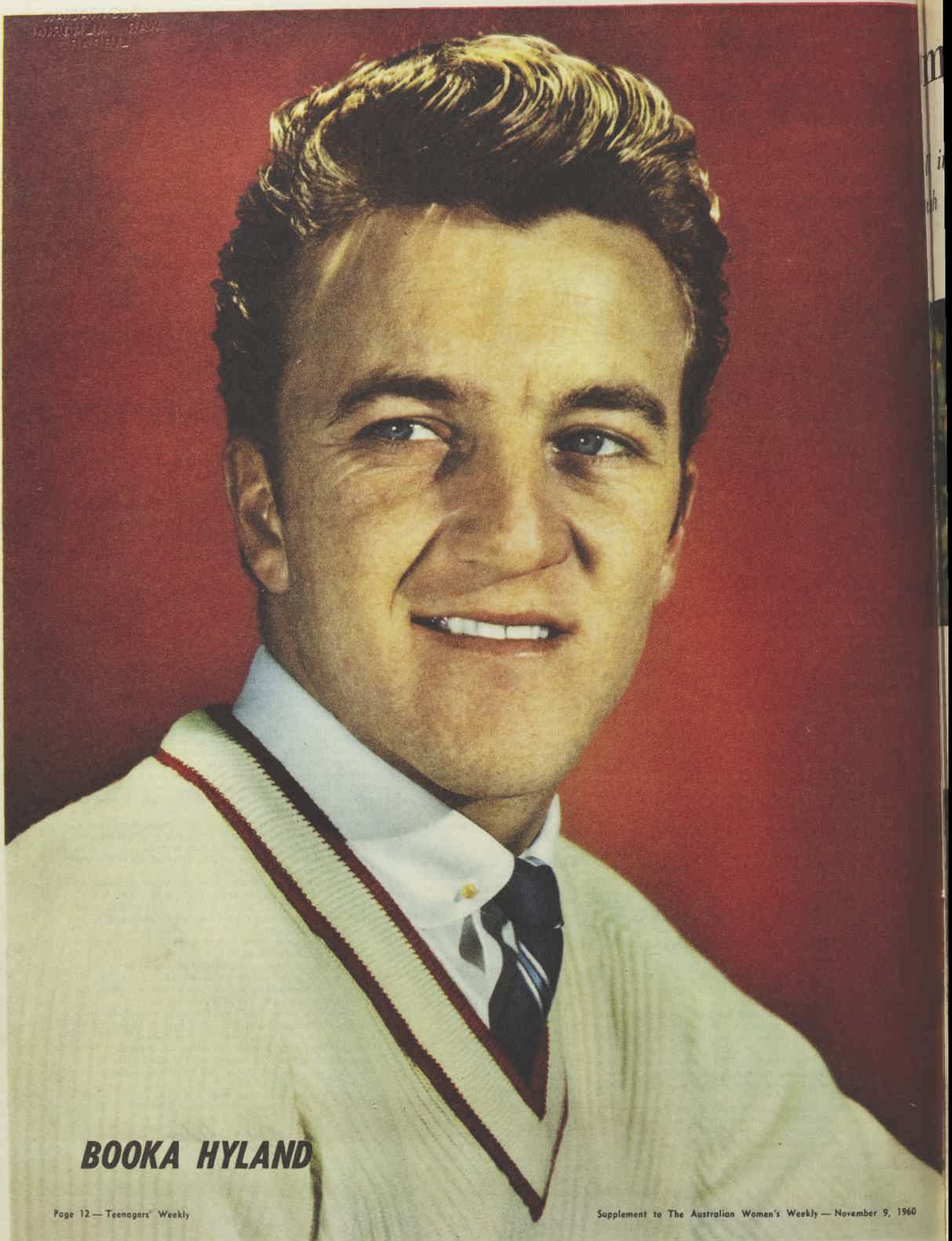
He scored an early success with his first symphony, written at 19, but has twice been blasted by the authorities for being too freakish and "modern" in his music—once in 1936 and again in 1947.

He wrote his fifth symphony in 1937, in commemoration of the 20th anniversary of the Russian Revolution. Its appearance marked the composer's return to favor after his first brush with the authorities.

It is a spacious, energetic, often exciting work which reveals Shostakovich's individuality and yet complies with the Soviet demand for conservative, optimistic, easily understood music. It has always been a success outside as well as inside Russia.

The recording we would recommend is that by American conductor Leonard Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra (Coronet.)

—Martin Long



BOOKA HYLAND

Page 12 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 9, 1960

most climates

ll in blank corners

ush foliage and bright flowers



THUNBERGIA alata aurantiaca needs upright support to eight feet and bears orange flowers with dark centres in summer months. It is frost-tender, mostly suitable for warmer districts.



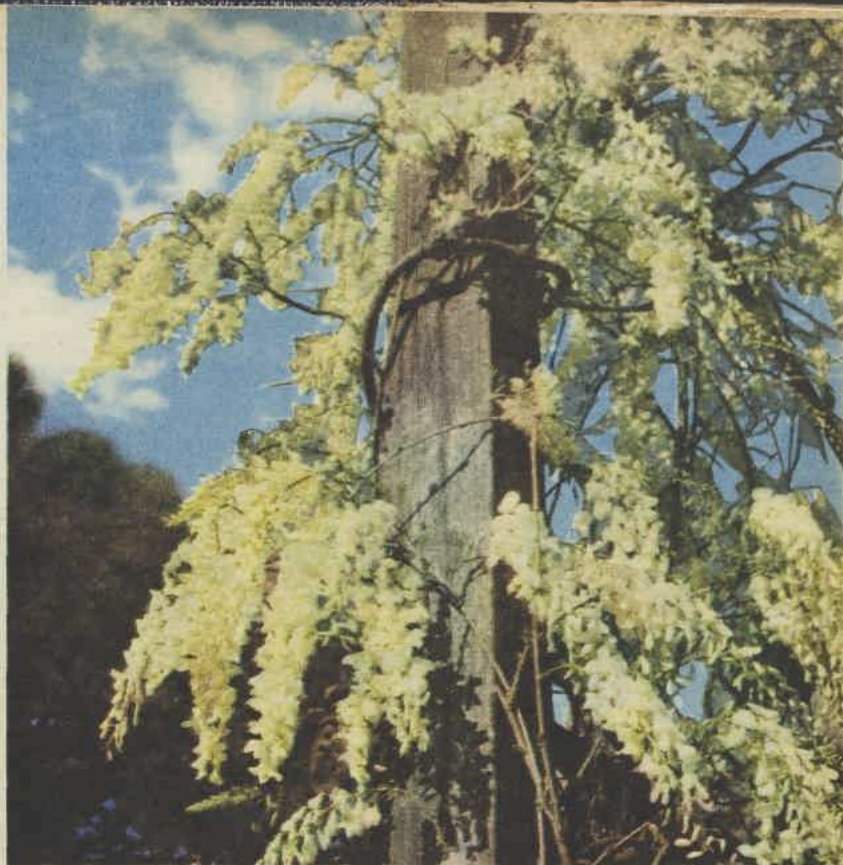
CAMPSIS RADICANS (*Bignonia grandiflora*) grows to 18 feet and flowers in spring and summer. It can be trained to a fence, pergola, or archway. Easily grown, it is suited by all but the coldest areas.



IPOMOEA LEARII (morning glory) is a strong grower in all parts of Australia. Flowers in summer and needs ample support of a strong trellis or an arch for its rampant growth.



ANTIGONON LEPTOPUS (coral vine), a strong grower, blooming in late summer and autumn, requires spacious support. Frost-tender in early stages, it is suited by warm and subtropical areas. Grows easily from seed.



WISTARIA multijuga alba, the white wistaria, reaches 100 feet. Grown on a fence or pergola, as it needs strong support, it flowers in spring and is suited by all climates except semitropics. Give it plenty of growing space.



PASSIFLORA MOLLISSIMA grows to 100 feet and flowers in summer. It needs long, wide support for its strong growing laterals. Fruits heavily and flourishes everywhere except in Tasmania and north of Rockhampton.

NOW IN AUSTRALIA - NEW FORMULA LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **LOLAN**
CLEARs DANDRUFF INSTANTLY



How new formula Loxene with "Iolan" attacks and beats dandruff three ways

1. New formula Loxene with "Iolan" clears dandruff instantly.

2. The effective, gentle antiseptic action of "Iolan" controls dandruff and helps stop it starting again.

3. The deep penetrating nourishment of "Iolan" conditions the hair and scalp and brings out a healthy, natural gloss.

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff instantly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo — the *only* preparation on the Australian market containing "Iolan." And with "Iolan" added to its own gentle deep-cleansing action, new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo gets results that dandruff sufferers would never have believed possible. It clears dandruff instantly. Used regularly, it controls it and helps to stop it breaking out again. It conditions your hair and scalp, brings out the full depth and gloss nature intended your hair to have. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective — and economical to use. You get eight generous shampoos in every 4/6 bottle. Clear dandruff now — get a bottle of new formula Loxene with "Iolan" and put it to the test. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!

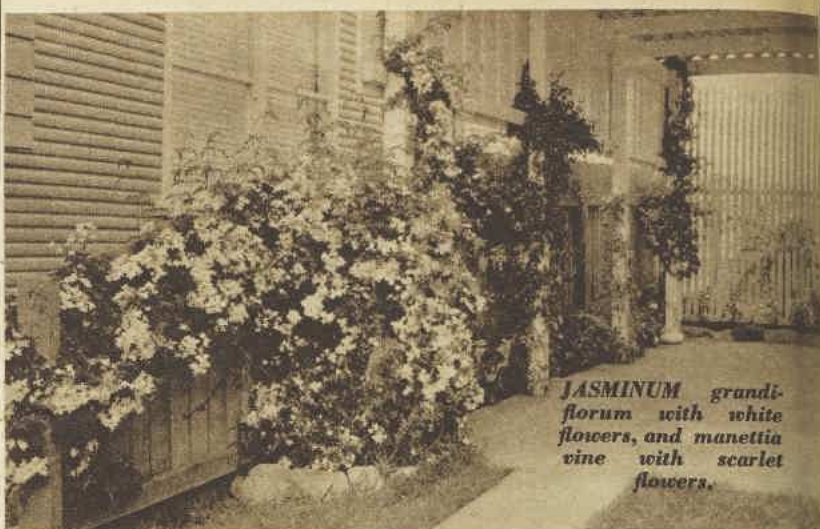
LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH

LOLAN



GARDEN CLIMBERS, continued



JASMINUM grandiflorum with white flowers, and manettia vine with scarlet flowers.

Planting and care

● Creepers, climbing or rambling plants can be planted any time during the year in most of Australia. If planted in the months of high summer—December, January, and February—they need care so that plants do not dry out.

START delicate creepers in pots during the hot months, and when they are established plant them out in the open.

A select few need a warm position in a frost-free district, such as *Bignonia venusta*, but most climbers are hardy.

Now is a good time to plant, and the creepers should soon take root and start their upward trend before the very hot weather.

For trellises, long, high fences, and unsightly outbuildings, bignonias are on their own for rapid growth. Different varieties range in color from creamy-white, to yellow, orange, pink, lilac, salmon, and deep red.

Bignonia venusta, *Tweedia*, *Cherere*, *grandiflora*, *Lindleyana* will cover a fence 50 feet or more long in a few years. Prepare the soil well, dig in ample manure and some bone dust for future nourishment.

Set the plant out and water well. In a year it should be on its way to covering a paling fence, a shed, garage, or side of a house.

The bignonias are long-lived, and flower for years. These creepers rarely need replacing, and few of them have to be pruned more than once a year if they become woody or are overgrown.

Frost-tender climbers are *Quisqualis* (Rangoon climber), *Antigonon leptopus* (coral vine), *Akebia* (Japanese bell flower), *Solandra nitida* (golden chalice vine), and a few others. Plant them in frost-free places on the coast, in a warm, well-protected spot.

Other vines needing well-protected positions include *Bauhinia scandens*, *Bougain-*

villeas, *Gelsemium* (yellow jasmine), *Mandevilla*, *Manettia*, *Phaseolus* (snail creeper), *Solanum wendlandii*, *Thunbergia*, and *Wistaria*.

All of these will provide great splashes of color and take complete possession of a pergola, trellis, or an archway in a year or two after planting.

A word of warning about *Wistaria* for the inexperienced gardener. It soon grows to tree-like proportions. It should be planted only where its habit of starving everything else within yards does not matter.

Quick growers

Other good climbers which grow quickly and soon provide privacy and color include honeysuckles, *Cobaea scandens*, *Clematis*, *Carolina jasmine*, *Hardenbergia* (a native plant with purple flowers), *Hoya carnosa*, *Mikania* (a very vigorous ivy-like plant), *Passiflora racemosa*, *Rhynchospermum jasminoides*, *Solanum wendlandii*, *Sollya* (a native vine with blue flowers), and *Thunbergia Gibsonii*. Few of these require much pruning.

Vines that do well in shady corners in the garden include all the *Hedera*s (ivies), *Hoya*

carnosa (needs protection from frost as well), *Medeola asparagoides*, and *Ampelopsis lowii*, a small-growing type also suitable for hanging baskets.

These vines, with the exception of the *Hoya* vine, have suckers and tendrils so that they are self-clinging.

Less hardy vines are *Lapageria rosea* and *alba*, with big waxy bells; *Stephanotis floribunda*. A vine rarely seen today is *Stigmaphyllon ciliatum*, a very beautiful and unusual climber which bears hairy yellow blooms.

Tacsonia mollissima is the colorful banana passion vine. Three varieties available are *manicata* (scarlet flowers), *mollissima* (pink flowers), and *Mortii* (red flowers).

Other self-clinging wall climbers include *Ampelopsis Henryana* (silvery veinings in good green leaves); *Veitchii*, the popular virginia creeper (which colors well in autumn), and *Lowii* (small-leaved type suitable for low brick walls).

The delicate clematises do best in colder districts. They need support and are very slow to start, but once established their beautiful flowers make a fine display for many months of the year.



POLYANTHUM, of the *Jasmine* family, which has large panicles of pure white, sweetly scented flowers, pink in the bud.

HOOVER — MOST FAMOUS NAME IN HOME APPLIANCES ANNOUNCES —



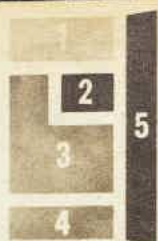
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THE NEW HOOVER TRADE MARK 5-ZONE REFRIGERATORS

give you five separate zones of cold
—from Arctic-freeze to Dairy-cool

Open the door of the new 5-ZONE Hoover Refrigerator and you'll find not one or two, but *five* separate zones of cold—each one designed to do a special food storage job. These special zones save you time and money because food tastes better, looks better and keeps fresh longer when it is stored at its correct cold level. Hoover 5-ZONE Refrigerators bring you an entirely new concept of home refrigerator service that benefits every member of the family.

AND HERE'S HOW HOOVER 5-ZONE REFRIGERATION WORKS!

- 1 Freezer Zone:** Time stands still in the solid Arctic cold of the big freezer. It keeps food fresh as long as you wish, and Quick-freezes too. Holds a huge hamper-full of food.
- 2 Meat Zone:** Special deep-chill drawer keeps all the flavour and goodness in meat *and* it's ready to cook without thawing. Direct cold-flow from Freezer maintains exact degree of cold.
- 3 Shelf Zone:** Over half the total storage area of 17 sq. ft. is open shelf space! A clean tide of cool air keeps all foods tasting and looking their best. Ideal cold level for all cooked foods, pastry, cakes, cold meats, etc.
- 4 Crisper Zone:** Dewy-cold and garden fresh. Special moisture-trap, cover maintains exact balance of cold and moisture. Salads, vegetables and fruit won't wither. Nothing spoiled, nothing wasted.
- 5 Door Zone:** Deep door is Dairy-cool from top to bottom! Butter and cheese have their own shuttered Dairy Bar at eye-level . . . Eggs are easy to handle . . . snack-rack for jams, preserves, honey . . . and milk and other beverages stay at their refreshing best.

Now every kind of food keeps fresher, longer—tastes better too!



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HOOVER 5-ZONE REFRIGERATOR, AUTOMATIC DEFROST DE LUXE 12.2 CU. FT.

5 LEVELS OF COLD BRING NEW CONTROL TO EVERY INCH OF STORAGE SPACE



1 Freezer Zone — Plenty of room for 40 lbs. of frozen foods... and you can do your own quick freezing.

2 Meat Zone — Meat keeps fresh and ready for cooking. Holds 14 lbs.

3 Shelf Zone — Over half total storage area of 17 sq. ft. is perfectly planned open shelf space.

4 Crisper Zone — Full-width, deep drawer, carries a generous load of vegetables and fruit without crushing.

5 Door Zone — Five deep-rack storage areas. Hoover's big door is a complete refrigerator in itself with shuttered Dairy Bar for butter and cheese, big egg racks, snack-rack for jams, preserves, sandwich fillings, and tall roomy bottle shelves.

Magnificent styling and all these special Hoover features in every model

Balanced cold in all conditions. Winter or Summer the easy control dial gives you the same balanced cold inside your refrigerator whatever climate you live in. There's a *Master Control Flap* as well for Heat Wave or Cold Snap weather.

Space-plan design puts every inch of storage space in easy reach. Roll-out shelves on Nylon runners, spring-loaded Freezer door, slide-out Crisper, shuttered Dairy Bar and roomy egg racks — all make your Hoover 5-ZONE Refrigerator a thing of practical beauty.

World-famous unit. The best refrigerator sealed unit in the world is the Tecumseh — that's why Hoover chose it for you and back it with a 5-year guarantee.

Hoover quality of workmanship and design is reflected in every feature of the perfect finish inside and out. Your Hoover 5-ZONE Refrigerator is built to give you years of faithful, trouble-free service at low-running cost.



Defrosts while you sleep!

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There's a Hoover 5 zone Refrigerator designed for every family and every budget



De Luxe Automatic Defrost, 12.2 c.f.



De Luxe 12.2 c.f.



De Luxe 9.5 c.f.

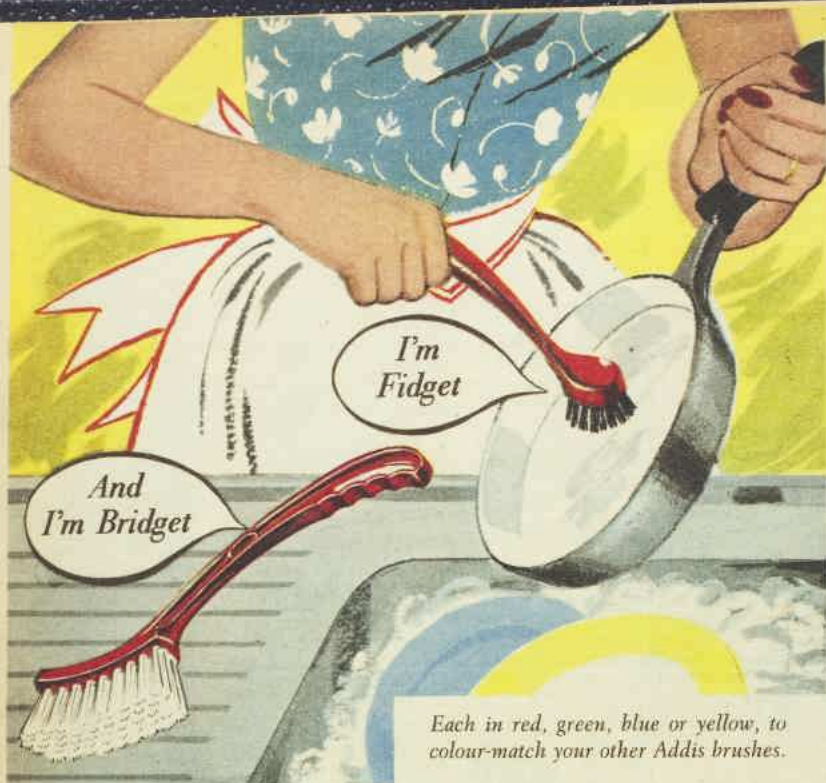


De Luxe 7.5 c.f.

Hoover 5-ZONE Refrigerators are all available with right or left-hand doors. The 7.5 c.f. De Luxe Standard is only £161, and the 9.5 c.f. model is £198.10.0. The 12.2 c.f. model is £228 (with

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Two gay, long-handled brushes wash, scrape and scour... keep hands above water. **Fidget**—its hard bristles keep stubborn pots and pans shiny new and minimise elbow grease.

Sister brush, **Bridget**, swishes clean the dirtiest dishes, cutlery, glassware. Wonderful for forks and egg whisks. Unbreakable and boilproof. Available in Red, Green, Blue or Yellow.

At right:

POLYTHENE BOWL — for fruits, desserts or mixing cakes. Won't break, boilproof. 9" and 7" sizes in Coral, Lime, Grey, Turquoise, Natural.

Below:

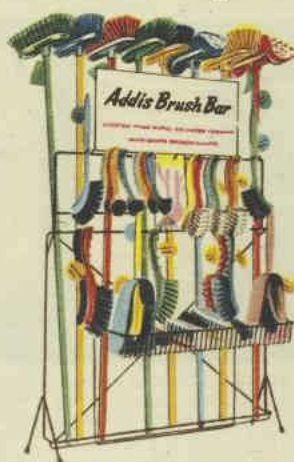
KITCHEN COLANDER — unbreakable, boilable. Designed for fast straining. Will take large quantities of boiling vegetables and foodstuffs. Large handles make for safe handling. Red, Yellow, Green, Natural.



COLOUR-MATCHED
BY

Addis

Look for these products on Addis Brush Bars in leading stores.



Retailers note: Stands are available with special parcel orders direct from Addis, or through your Addis representative.

Collectors' Corner

SILVER PLATING

● Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, expert on antiques, answers readers' questions about silver-plating.



SILVER-PLATED plaque belonging to Mr. E. Woolfe, of Mosman, N.S.W.

Question: I would appreciate your remarks on this copper plate. The larger figures on the outer rim and smaller inner circles bear a title such as "Arithmetic," "Literature," "Geometry," and the centre one is entitled "Temper." —Ellis Woolfe, Mosman, N.S.W.

Answer: It is a 19th-century silver-plated plaque, probably made about 1860-1870. It has a hard metal base which has been plated over. These types of plaques were usually made to fit into a plush frame.

Question: This is a photograph (right) of a silver jewel-case I own, and I would appreciate any information about it. Using a magnifying-glass, the following is all we can see on the bottom of the piece: "Mfd. (& plated) by Reed and Barton 320 Pat. Mar 323 E 1800." —Mrs. A. Walker, Railton, Tas.

Answer: I think this was originally a butter-dish and is a good example of pieces made between 1870 and 1885. It is electro-plating on Britannia metal. The "1800" is the registration number and not the date. The lower section was used to hold ice.

Old Sheffield plating was the forebear of electro-plating. A method to coat copper with silver by fusion was discovered by Thomas Boulsover, of Sheffield, in 1743. This craft lasted about 100 years until the discovery of electro-plating, which not only lowered the cost of articles but speeded up production, and the Sheffield plate makers found competition too steep.

If you have a piece of electro-plated nickel silver (the initials E.P.N.S. will be on the bottom or side of an article) you can be certain it wasn't manufactured before 1860. It would also mean that the object was made of brass and plated with silver.

The butter-dish photographed at right is an example of another method of plating, that is, electro-plating on Britannia metal.

This was first called White Metal and originated probably about 1769, but the first reference of it on the market was in 1774. Britannia metal supplied goods to the people who were unable to afford the more costly Sheffield plate.

Britannia metal is made up of tin, antimony, and copper, and its hardness depends on the proportions in which these metals are used.

Some Britannia metal was so soft that people have left a pot by the fire to warm only to see the pot melting before their eyes.

The discovery of the process of making Britannia metal was also responsible for the decline in the pewterer's craft, because even without plating it was considered a better-colored and more serviceable metal — provided the right proportions were used, of course.

For information about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, sketch of markings, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Collectors' Corner, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



BUTTER-DISH, electro-plating on Britannia metal, belonging to Mrs. A. Walker, of Railton, Tasmania.

Keeping your blinds clean



Cleaning Venetian Blinds

● Keep your venetian blinds fresh and clean by following the simple hints below.

Aluminium blinds are finished with a high gloss that does not harbor dust and are easily dusted in the course of your daily housework. If dusted frequently, they should never need any other cleaning.

However, if they do need a thorough cleaning, do not remove them. Use a soft cloth wrung out in warm soapy water. Wipe each slat with the thumb held under and the four fingers placed on top. This cleans both sides of the slat in one movement. Wooden blinds can be cleaned in the same manner.

If your blinds have plastic tapes, draw the cloth from the centre outwards, but if the tapes are fabric, clean away from the tapes to save them from becoming marked.

Do not use detergent or abrasives, which dull the finish of the slats.

AT HOME *with*

Margaret Sydney

● "Margaret Sydney" is a typical Sydney wife who lives in a pleasant suburb, copes with a home, and bears with the foibles, joys, and miseries of her growing children. (Husband, too.) She will write each week for readers about the ups and downs of the ever-changing scene within the family circle.

A DIET of exams for breakfast, dinner, and tea has made us realise this week that the end of the year is rushing upon us already.

Poor Katherine is preparing for the Leaving, a wonderful and traditional excuse for unmade beds, unpressed uniforms, unanswered letters, forgotten messages, and a complete inability to help with the washing-up.

Katherine managed a fair-average pass in the trial, but for all that she's suffering severe last-minute fever.

I can't get away from exams even on my tennis afternoon. Five of my fellow players are also Leaving sufferers, and there is lots of hot debate about the proper working hours for candidates. Some mothers hover, sympathetically, brewing black coffee to help their sons and daughters through the hours of night study; others pin their faith on the idea that the fresh candidate is the successful candidate, and make themselves unpopular by nagging about fresh air, exercise, and sleep.

I belong to the second class. "How do you expect me to do any good at all?" Katherine wails. "Everyone else is working until two o'clock in the morning."

"I don't believe it," I say heartlessly. "And, anyway, you're not going to do it."

These arguments always take place in the early part of the evening. By ten o'clock Katherine is staring at a book in that dreamy, goggle-eyed way that means her thoughts are elsewhere, and when I suggest that she's not doing much good, and might as well be in bed getting some sleep, she's quite willing to go, just so long as it's clearly understood that it will be entirely my fault if she fails.

Brains of the family

MIKE is tired of having to help with the washing-up every night instead of every other night, while Katherine is working.

"What a mad fuss Kat makes!" he says, slamming half-dried plates into the cupboard with a shattering bang. "I've got exams on Monday, too, but you don't hear me boo-hooing about it."

Sometimes I think Mike is the brains of the family, though it's never going to show in his school reports. The first we hear about these exams is on Sunday night, approximately fourteen hours before they begin—much too late for anyone to interfere with his freedom by suggesting that he should do a little revision.

Swotting, along with church-going, bathing, hair-brushing, good manners, and an interest in the arts, is "wet" according to Mike, and not to be considered.

Will he develop a conscience by the time he has to sit for the Leaving in 1966? It doesn't seem very likely.

Diana in love

ALL this examination fervor, or lack of it, passes Diana by completely. It shouldn't, of course, because the Intermediate looms ahead of her at the end of next year, but she has suddenly discovered herself as the only topic of interest.

She is in love—not with any of the scrubby fourteen and fifteen-year-old boys

who frequent her dancing class, but with Marlon Brando and some character with a most unlikely accent who comperes a radio show. Smiling pictures of each of them leer at me from above the clutter on her bedside table.

How lovely to be young enough to be in love, and not to mind in the least that the objects of your choice are also doted on by thousands of others!

Last Wednesday, having reluctantly said that she might go with four friends from school to a teenage radio session where her local idol was appearing, I was beginning to jitter because she was so late home when she floated in on a pink cloud of ecstasy.

"He spoke to me," she said. "He asked my name, and when I told him he said, 'Hi Di! Consider yourself a friend of mine.'"

I thought her father was extremely mean to ask her whether the idol hadn't said that to anyone else as well, but Hugh has some idea that what Diana needs is what he calls "cutting down to size."

Good luck to him. There's no harm in trying, I suppose.

Tuesday was a day of mourning for me—my treasured 14ft. Geraldton Wax is dying.

Visit from sister

MY sister Alison called in while I was feeling the Geraldton Wax's pulse, and she was markedly unsympathetic. Alison is addicted to indoor plants which riot about her living-room in great festoons among the piles of papers and the unemptied ash-trays.

She's one of the world's best cooks, and undoubtedly one of the world's worst housekeepers.

All the same, I wish I could cook the way she does. She's always giving me recipes—dishes that take about four hours to prepare and begin "Take two pounds of king prawns, four dozen oysters, and a quart of thick cream . . ." Alison believes that the only good cooking is French cooking, so I was delighted this day to have a recipe for her.

"I bet it's one I know," she said.

"I bet it's not," I said, and went to fetch French novelist Colette's enchanting "The Other One," which has just been issued in English.

"You have to have the background for this recipe," I told Alison.

Colette's heroine, Fanny Farou, suspects that her playwright husband is in love with his secretary. She is much too French and much too wise to admit her suspicions openly, but she stages a fainting-fit, and then retires to bed, tenderly coddled by both the husband and the secretary, and strengthens herself with a dish of stewed apples, well soaked with red gravy from the joint.

"How revolting," Alison said, but I could see that she was thinking.

Three months from now I know my sister will offer me a superb new French recipe—take a pound of stewed apples, a cup of red dish gravy, two pints of yoghurt, half a pound of shelled, chopped walnuts . . .

All the same, I can't see why Colette's recipe shouldn't be a tasty one. If I can ever save enough of that dish gravy from my hungry family I'll try it for a nice solitary midweek lunch, accompanied by coffee and a book.

BE
THE GIRL
WITH
POISE



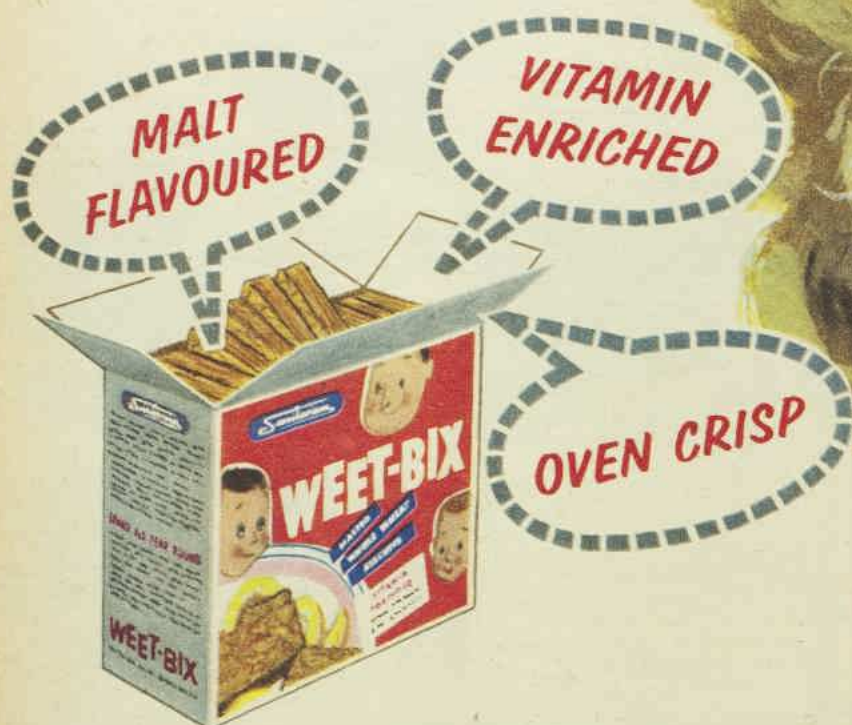
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In a feather-light bottle with modern roll-on action, price 13/6

keep fresh all day . . . be the girl with

POISE BY YARDLEY

Happy idea for better family breakfasts



Give them full-bodied nutrition, lasting energy the **THREE WEET-BIX BREAKFAST WAY!** Topped with fresh or stewed fruit, sugar and milk, WEET-BIX is the munchiest, crunchiest, most downright delicious breakfast you've ever tasted. Health-giving too, because every Weet-Bix biscuit is 100% whole wheat, *including the precious wheat heart*, enriched with malt and additional Vitamin B₁. Everyone needs WEET-BIX . . . everyone *loves* WEET-BIX! Why not try this best of breakfasts — *tomorrow!*

'CAVALCADE OF CARS' PICTURE PLATES FREE

Boys and girls — watch for glorious colour picture plates of today's most popular cars in every packet of Weet-Bix and other Sanitarium cereals. Collect them all, and mount them in the great new "Cavalcade of Cars" album — only 6d. at all grocers.

WEET-BIX

are wonderful

Debbie makes

ORIENTAL FAVORITES

● This week Debbie, our teenage chef, cooks oriental dishes — fried seafoods and a sweet and sour sauce.

DEBBIE'S method of coating and cooking the seafoods ensures a tasty crust which remains crisp even when reheating is necessary.

Her basic sweet and sour sauce is one which is equally good with fish, poultry, or pork, and can be used as an accompanying sauce for many fried dishes.

To make a complete dish, add 2 cups shredded or diced cooked chicken, pork, or prawns to the sauce and cook only enough to heat the meat. Serve on a bed of hot fluffy rice or crisp fried noodles.

The ingredients required for both dishes are—

Fried Seafoods: One pound shelled large prawns, fish pieces or lobster slices, 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cornflour, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, oil for frying.

Sweet and Sour Sauce: Two dessertspoons cornflour, 2 cups chicken, fish, or meat stock, 2 teaspoons tomato paste, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple syrup, 2 tablespoons vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed Chinese pickles (or mixture of gherkin, cucumber, ginger, and red pepper strips), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple pieces.

Spoon measurements are level.

The methods of making the two dishes are illustrated below.



CRISP FRIED SEAFOODS:

Sprinkle prawns or fish pieces with lemon juice, toss in mixture of flour and cornflour (left) which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Dip in beaten egg, then again in cornflour (repeat again if a thick coating is desired). Fry in a large quantity of vegetable oil (right) until golden brown. Lift out, drain on absorbent paper, and sprinkle lightly with salt just before serving.



SWEET AND SOUR SAUCE: Chop various pickled vegetables into thin strips (left). Blend cornflour with stock, place in saucepan with tomato paste, soy sauce, pineapple syrup, and vinegar. Heat, stirring constantly, until thickened, add mixed pickled vegetables, pineapple pieces, salt and pepper to taste (right); simmer for 3 to 5 minutes.





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moment
of luxury



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Satisfying . . . refreshing . . . Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate

makes a perfect summer beverage that's as good

for you as it's good to drink.

Cadbury's Drinking Chocolate

THE DELICIOUS MILK CHOCOLATE DRINK.



ANY FRUIT in season could be used instead of the strawberries to fill these delicious crisp puffs. See prizewinning recipe below.

Cream puffs win £5 main prize

● This week the £5 prize is won by a recipe for crisp choux puffs filled with whipped cream or ice-cream and sliced strawberries.

THESE crisp, delicious puffs would be a colourful addition to your next afternoon-tea or dinner party.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for a fruity health loaf recipe.

All spoon measurements are level.

STRAWBERRY CREAM PUFFS

Half cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipped sweetened cream or 1 tray or packet of vanilla ice-cream, sliced strawberries.

Place water and butter or substitute in saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling point. Add sifted flour and salt, stir quickly until dough becomes smooth and forms one lump. Remove from heat, beat in well-beaten eggs gradually until mixture becomes smooth. Place spoonful of mixture into greased patty-tins, bake in a hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate and bake further 20 minutes or until puffs are completely dried out. To serve: cut a piece from top of each puff, fill cavity with cream or

ice-cream, top with strawberries.

First Prize of £5 to Miss G. Hunt, 9 Wardell Rd., Petersham, N.S.W.

FRUITY HEALTH LOAF

Two and a half cups whole-wheat plain flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 3 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup wheat germ, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups brown sugar (firmly packed), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dried apricots, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dates, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 2 tablespoons salad oil.

Sift flour, measure, then sift again with salt, soda, and baking powder into bowl. Stir in wheat germ and brown sugar. Cut apricots and dates into small pieces; add to flour mixture with the raisins and chopped walnuts. Beat egg lightly, combine with milk and salad oil. Pour into dry ingredients and stir until well blended. Turn into large greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Cool in tin. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Black, 24 Leo Street, Waihi Beach, Bay of Plenty, N.Z.

NEXT WEEK'S COOKERY FEATURE:
Three pages of children's party recipes.

FAMILY DISH

CURRIED sausages, served with rice, make an appetising dish to vary the dinner menu. The recipe serves 4 or 5 and costs approximately 6/- to prepare.

CURRIED SAUSAGES

One and a half pounds sausages, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 large onion, 1 large green apple, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 or 2 dessertspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 pint water.

Prick sausages with fork, cover with cold water, bring to the boil. Drain and cool, carefully remove skins. Brown chopped onion lightly in the hot fat, add chopped peeled apple, flour, curry powder, sugar, and salt. Mix well. Stir in vinegar mixed with water, continue stirring until gravy boils and thickens. Add sausages, left whole or cut into 3 or 4 pieces. Place lid on saucepan, simmer gently 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with plain boiled rice.

Set for Christmas

● Pretty angels appliqued on to a runner, which is laid across a plain white cloth, set a festive mood for the family dinner table or a buffet party at Christmas.

THE appliqued angels can be worked by hand or on a machine. If you use a machine and can set it for a narrow satin-stitch this will ensure a really good result.

There are a variety of color schemes that could be used. If you have odd pieces of left-over material you could incorporate these.

A silvery-grey cloth, bottle-green runner trimmed with white bias binding, white for angels' wings and coral for their bodies would make an attractive combination.

Another scheme which would look charming for a Christmas table is a white cloth, royal-blue runner trimmed with red, angels' wings in golden-yellow and their bodies pale violet.

Materials: To make a tablecloth 44in. wide and 70in. long you will need 2yds. 54in. white material. For a 12in.-wide and 70in.-long runner you will need 2-3rd yd. 54in. dark material bias binding in a light color; 1yd. 54in. colored material for 11 angels' bodies; 1yd. 36in.

colored material for wings and faces; 22 star-shaped sequins for eyes; 11 round red sequins for mouths; narrow black rick-rack braid for hair; gold rick-rack for trimming angels' dresses and making their haloes; small amount white rick-rack for collars; narrow white rick-rack for dress trimming.

Make the tablecloth by cutting the 2yds. 54in. material so it measures 45in. wide by 71in. long. Turn up a 1in. hem all round.

Easily made

To make the runner, cut a piece of material 12in. wide and 70in. long. Bias-tape all edges on the runner.

Using thick brown paper, cut out pattern pieces for the angels as follows:

For the body, a triangle measuring 6in. across bottom and 8 1/2in. up both sides. (To make this, draw a line 6in. long. At right-angles to and in centre of this, draw a line 8in. long. Join points to make triangle. Slightly curve bottom line.)

For the wings, a triangle measuring 5 1/2in. across one side and 3 1/2in. on other two sides. (To make this, draw a line 5 1/2in. long. At right-angles to and in centre of this, draw a line 2in. long. Join points to make triangle.)

For the head, a circle 2in. in diameter. (A small coffee cup would be suitable to draw round for this.)

When cutting out pieces (i.e., 11 bodies, 11 heads, 22 wings) allow an extra 1/4in. all round. Mark lines with light pencil where stitching is to go.

When all pieces have been cut out, sew wings on to bodies. Place the pieces in position, pinning firmly and turning under 1/4in. hems. Stitch down body and wings, and lastly head.

Trim bodies with 1 row of gold braid (see picture, right) and then two rows of the narrow braid.

Sew on small amount white braid for collars, narrow black braid for hair, and small piece gold braid for haloes. Stitch on sequins for eyes and mouths.

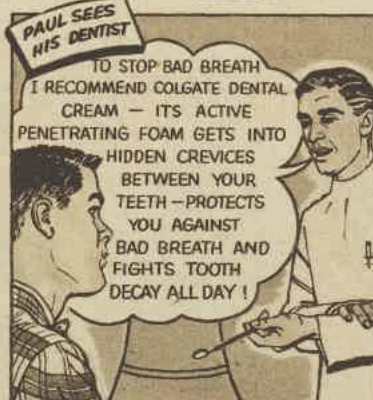
This table setting can be adapted for many different occasions. Select a color for your basic tablecloth that will combine with several different color schemes.

For example, with a basic cloth of silvery grey or white you could ring the changes and have a New Year's runner in turquoise and deep rose, or a Valentine's Day runner with white or silvery-grey hearts and flowers on a red ground.



ROW OF ANGELS on a runner sets the right mood for a Christmas table. A touch of sparkle is added with gold rick-rack braid which has been used to trim the angels' dresses and make their haloes.

Guess I Won't Need TWO Straws Now!



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

WHILE YOU

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect your

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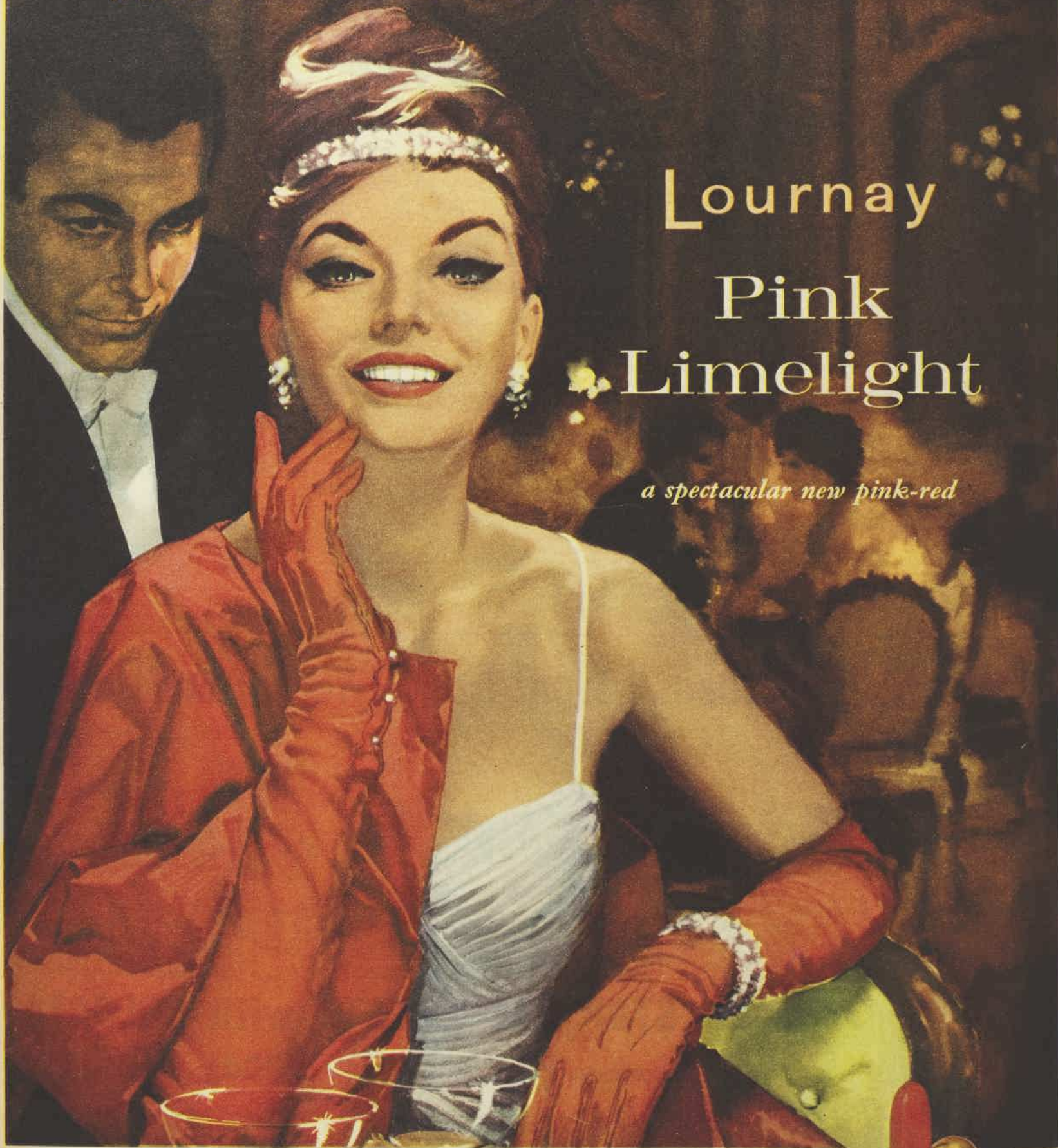
- ✓ STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY
- ✓ FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
- ✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2

HEADLINE NEWS WHEREVER YOU GO!

Lournay Pink Limelight

a spectacular new pink-red



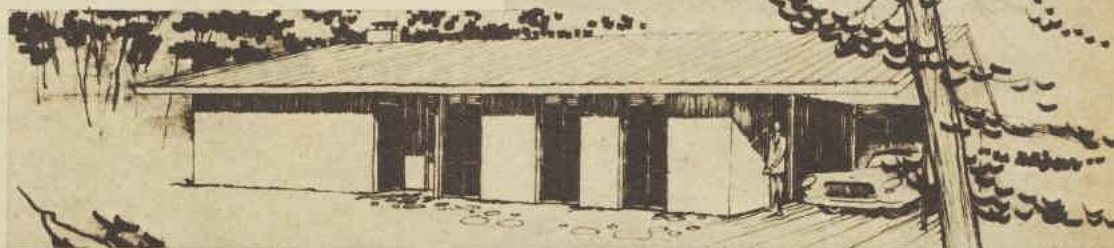
Pink Limelight... a warm dash of colour to glow and gloss your lips night and day. Stunning with black, dazzling with pastels, outstanding with everything everywhere. Pink Limelight... fashion's newsiest colour



LIPSTICK
10'6
SWITCH-STICK
REFILL
7'6

A ranch-style house with room to expand

● This attractive ranch design, Plan No. 861 in our Home Plan Series, has at present three spacious bedrooms, but another could easily be added.



THE extra room could be taken in from the store area at the rear of the carport.

The present three spacious bedrooms with built-in cupboards have easy access to a conveniently placed bathroom.

The toilet has separate access through the laundry, and the spacious kitchen opens into a dining nook. Glass doors open from here on to a paved terrace, which has a built-in barbecue.

Open fireplace

There is a large entrance hall with a built-in cloak cupboard, and this opens into a spacious living-room (16ft. 4in. by 12ft.), which has an open fireplace.

A carport at one end of the house has ample space for a storeroom. This could be used as a rumpus room for children, or as the fourth bedroom.

Plan No. 861 would cost £4000-£4600 if built in timber, and would cover an area of 12.7 squares. If built in brick, it would be 13.0 squares and cost £4300-£4900.

These prices are approximate only and do not include the price of the land. For accurate costs on your own land, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

The Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Service is under the direction of experienced architects, and the Centres are also supervised by qualified personnel, who

will advise you on your building problems.

Color consultants, interior decorators, skilled lighting experts, and other specialists on the staff of the store in which the Centres are located, will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any trouble with finance, tenders, or your local council, return your plans or specifications to the Centres and they will deal with your problem and return your plans promptly.

Other services

This advisory service is free, but if you require any modification to your plan which requires drafting or printing an extra charge is made.

Our plans are available in mirror-reverse position, and they can be placed at any angle on your site. They can be built on stilts on a difficult site. Windows, window positions, and areas can be altered to suit individual requirements.

Often a kitchen is shown opening directly on to the living-room, but it can be walled off if required. Open fireplaces can be substituted by oil, electric, or gas heating. Cooling systems can also be incorporated.

Sometimes garages or carports are indicated on the plan. If not, they can be included in the design.

Approximate costs are £175-£250 for a carport, and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

PERSPECTIVE sketch of Plan No. 861 shows the long, simple lines of the design, and the carport included under the roof of the home.

For a small fee, the Centres will arrange for an expert to inspect the proposed site, and advise you on the house most suited to your land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

When ordering your plans by mail, please state number, whether the house is to be constructed in brick or timber, roofing material required, whether or not the site is sewered, whether plan is required as drawn, or in mirror-reverse position. Please also enclose cheque, postal notes, or money order for the fee of £10/10/- for the plan.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Em-

porium, Malop Street. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this centre.)

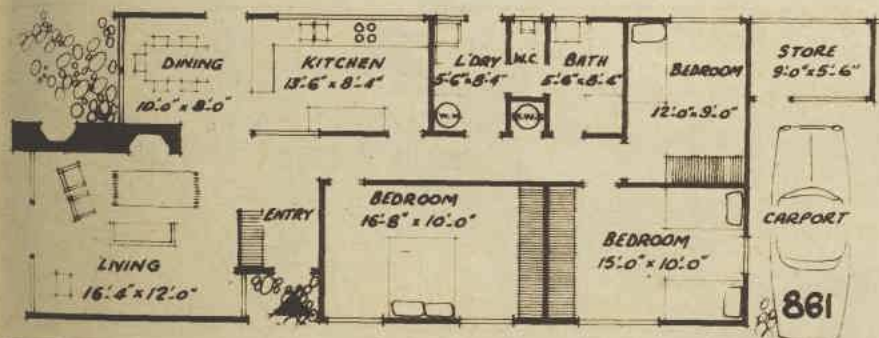
ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd., Rundle Street. (Telephone W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. (Telephone B0951, X220.)

NEXT WEEK'S HOME PLAN WILL BE IN COLOR. IT IS A SPECIALLY DESIGNED TWO-STORY HOME, PLANNED FOR THE SMALL SITE.



FLOOR PLAN of Plan No. 861 shows the three spacious bedrooms and how another bedroom could be added from store area.

Beautiful
"Diane"

... a new Grosvenor Plate design

This beautiful new silverware pattern by Mytton's is a quiet and graceful design that blends with any setting. Finest A1 quality.

LOVELY ... LUSTROUS ... LASTING

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in presentation boxes.
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Doubly smooth...the filter tip plus the extra length



ROTHMANS KING SIZE REALLY SATISFIES



Compare the length

Any King Size is a better smoke than any short cigarette because the extra length travels the smoke further, makes it cooler, smoother, gives extra flavour and satisfaction.



Compare the tobacco

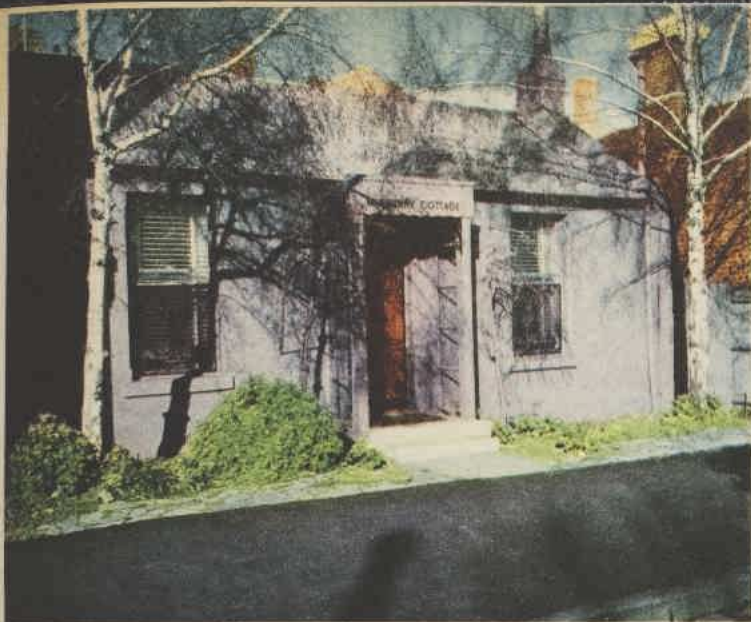
The best tobaccos give you the best smoke, and Rothmans is famous for paying top prices, year after year, at tobacco auctions where the world's best leaf is offered for sale.



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5,000 inches of pure cellulose fibre strands are used in every cigarette to give perfect filtration and to enhance the fine smooth flavour of the world's best tobaccos.

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"MULBERRY COTTAGE," *South Yarra, is larger inside than it looks. It is shaded by silver birches and crab apple trees.*

TWO charming redecorated old homes, one in Melbourne and the other in Adelaide, are pictured here.

Century-old "Mulberry Cottage," in Domain Street, South Yarra, Melbourne, is a district landmark.

Now the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Ross, the cottage is owned by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Parrington, of Mt. Eliza. It has belonged to the Parrington family since 1908.

The other house, a trim, two-storeyed one with a Continental air, is in Brougham Place, North Adelaide, and belongs to Mrs. Sidney Ayers.

Its pale pink walls are set off by white woodwork. White iron garden furniture decorates the small, paved terrace.



COURTYARD behind "Mulberry Cottage" is paved round the tree which gives the cottage its name. The glass-walled living-room looks on to this courtyard.

AUSTRALIAN

HOMES



PALE PINK two-storeyed house in Brougham Place, Adelaide, owned by Mrs. Sidney Ayers, is shown at right. The tapestry bell-pull on the wall is a feature of the attractive entrance hall, above. It was made by Mrs. Ayers' mother, Lady Kidman.



Home Dressmaking

By **PATRICIA SCOTT**

● A good trick for the home dressmaker to know is how to make a skirt waistband that will not stretch.

SKIRT waistbands that stretch after a few wears are a proper nuisance, and must either have a belt added and pulled tight (the lazy remedy, and not neat) or be unpicked and altered.

But there'll be no stretching if the waistband is made properly from the beginning.

The waistband should be made and fitted separately from the skirt, which is then eased to fit the band.

Any excess of waistband can be cut off after fitting.

This is what to do:

Cut the waistband 4in. longer than waist measurement. If material allows, use selvedge for one edge to give a smoother finish and help retain firm shape.

Interfacing

Interfacing is important. It prevents stretching, and prevents the waistband from curling over.

Cut interfacing strip one-half as wide as waistband and the same length.

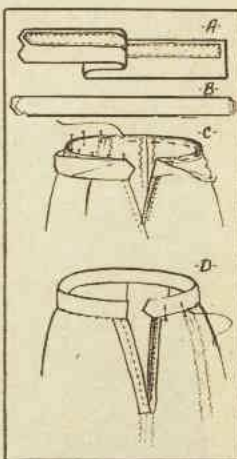
Baste interfacing to wrong side of one-half of waistband as shown in diagram A.

If skirt is to be laundered, stitch interfacing to band along the four sides. If it is to be dry-cleaned, catch-stitch in place.

Fitting

Fit the waistband to the waist, marking the fitting at each end.

Fold band in half length-



● Diagrams A, B, C, D illustrate how to make a firm waistband.

wise and stitch across ends, leaving 1½in. excess to allow for overlapping.

The inside end of the band is straight, but the overlapping end may be straight or pointed (as in diagram B).

Trim seams. Clip corners. Turn right side out and press.

Pin and baste band to right side of skirt, easing skirt to fit band. (See diagram C.)

Try skirt on to test fit of

band, and make any necessary adjustment.

Stitch belt to skirt, taking full seam allowance of both.

Trim seam, cutting skirt edge narrower than band edge.

Finishing

Press waistline edge up and inside the band.

Turn under the free edge of the band, and pin in place over the seam edges. Whip or hand hem the edge into place (diagram D.)

If you wish, top stitch the edge of the band, both top and bottom.

Close zipper of placket. Overlap the ends of the waistband, and mark the position of hooks and eyes.

Sew them on in line with the zipper.

Circular hems

TURNING up the hem of a circular skirt creates problems—the hem edge is always wider than the part of the skirt to which it is hemmed.

The things to be avoided are bulk-making little pleats along the hem edge, and "dipping" or "drooping" of the hemline after the garment has been completed.

To avoid "dipping," hang the skirt for at least 48 hours before attempting to put up the hem.

Mark the hem-line with chalk or tacking.

The most usual practical way of marking a hemline (before turning up the hem) is to get a friend to help, by measuring the distance from the floor and marking with pins, chalk, or thread. Mechanical measuring aids can also be bought.

But be careful to check the marking, by getting a good view in a mirror of front, back, and both sides.

Then spread skirt on table. Turn hem to wrong side on marked line and pin about ½in. from folded edge. First time round, basting is also recommended. (Figure 1.)

Same depth

Measure hem at its narrowest part and trim rest of hem so depth is the same all the way round.

To solve the problem of extra fullness at hem edge, ease in by machine stitching with long stitch along edge (or a gathering thread).

Pin hem in place, making sure to match seam lines. (Figure 2.)

To adjust fullness evenly, pull thread of stitching gently, fitting hem to skirt.

Steam stitched edge lightly to remove as much excess fullness as possible.

Finish raw edge by either turning under ½in., creasing, and edge-stitching (Figure 3), or stitch ribbon seam binding ½in. from edge, then hem.



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Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 23

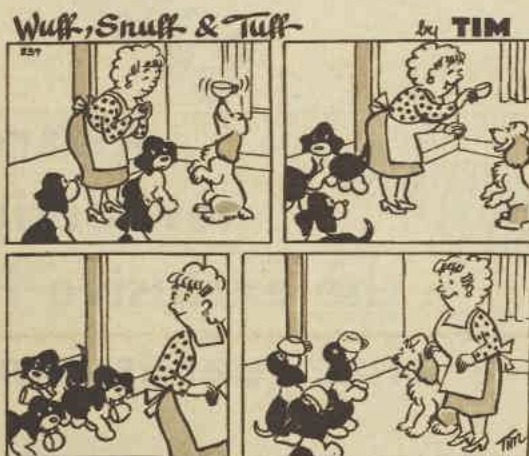
my life," said Louisa formally. "I'm very glad you persuaded me to come, and thank you for asking me."

"And when you've nothing to do in town," said Freddy, "you might read a bit of Roman history."

The Monday was extremely hot. Bournemouth had already lived up to, and even beyond, its brochures; to the slight constraint that attends all interruptions was now added a heat positively oppressive. Freddy was crosser. Mrs. Anstruther wan, and Louisa so restive she early declared her intention of catching the 8.20 next morning.

"No one need get up,"

FOR THE CHILDREN



added Louisa. "I'll have breakfast on the train."

"I shall get up, of course," said Freddy irritably, "but it's an ungodly hour."

"Louisa wants to avoid the heat," said Mrs. Anstruther. "Then she'd much better let me send her by car."

Both Louisa and Mrs. Anstruther ignored this.

"And of course I'll be down, too!" promised Enid kindly.

This was about ten: there were still twelve or so hours to be got through, and their usual programme had mistakingly been abandoned — because it was Louisa's last day.

"I'm going for a swim," said Louisa, "if it kills me."

"I'll come with you," said Freddy. "It'll probably give me rheumatism."

After some discussion, it was agreed that they should all drive to the beach together, where Freddy and Mrs. Anstruther would watch Louisa from the shore. Even this mild scheme, however, failed; Louisa had scarcely entered the water before Freddy was calling from the edge of the surf.

"What's up now?" called back Louisa.

"Too hot," called Freddy. "Enid's got a headache."

"Give her an aspirin!" called Louisa.

"She's had one. She wants to go home."

"All right, take her!" called Louisa. "I'll walk."

He mouthed something more, but Louisa swam farther out. Actually it was all she could do to stay in until the car moved off again; the sea was colder than it looked. Louisa emerged goose-pimpled and blue, with no other consolation than that she'd killed the morning.

Luncheon equally lacked liveliness. Mrs. Anstruther, determined to make amends — for she really wouldn't be a wet blanket, on Louisa's last day! — chatted with resolute vivacity; but the effort it cost her was obvious, and their whole conversation as a consequence highly artificial.

"I believe they use 'em for smoke-signals," offered Freddy.

"Use what?" asked Louisa glumly.

"Wet blankets. Red Indians. Dip 'em and down over a fire . . ."

"What a boy he is still!" cried Mrs. Anstruther.

The siesta killed the afternoon. Tacitly, they all agreed not to omit the siesta. Karen, sensitive to the prevailing atmosphere, brought up cups of tea all round, as in a hospital or nursing-home; even this attention was distressing to Louisa.

Freddy, too, was watching Enid solicitously. As they at last rose —

"Enid, my dear," said Freddy, "go straight to bed."

She looked at him uncertainly.

"I feel so dreadful about Louisa!"

"Louisa will understand."

"Of course I do!" cried Louisa, with genuine compassion.

Mrs. Anstruther still looked towards Freddy, but the quality of her gaze changed. It was now a wifely look — frank in submission to a husband's better judgment.

"If you really think so—" she began — and only then turned to Louisa. "Freddy always knows what's best for me!" confessed Mrs. Anstruther. "Wise old Freddy, and lucky me! You can still give him," she permitted, "a last game of chess . . ."

So after dinner Freddy and Louisa adjourned to the chess-board in the drawing-room. The heat had scarcely abated, but like two old campaigners they made themselves comfortable; by leaving open all windows, and the door to the hall, achieved a good through draught, and saw there was plenty of ice. Freddy removed his dinner-jacket; Louisa kicked off her shoes. Without Enid there, the atmosphere wasn't exactly public-bar, but it was definitely smoking-room.

"Give you queen and move," said Freddy.

"Too much," objected Louisa.

"It's your last night."

"Okay," said Louisa.

They played two games, and Louisa won both. She didn't suspect Freddy of deliberately letting her, but he wasn't concentrating. Louisa found it fairly hard to concentrate herself — there is a melancholy about anything final, even a final game of chess; she nonetheless won.

"What about another?" suggested Louisa. "As it's my last night?"

"Too hot," said Freddy restlessly.

He pushed aside the board and got up. He was restless. Though the tray of drinks stood convenient to his elbow, he got up and walked about the room a bit before refilling their glasses. (They were drinking brandy-on-the-rocks.)

"Steady on," said Louisa. "Remember I've a train at eight-twenty."

"I'll get you there. You're quite sure you won't stay a bit longer?" asked Freddy abruptly.

"Of course I'd love to," said Louisa, "but I've put off a kennel of dachshunds already." (She wasn't going to be led into the Capua-Capri argument again.) "Otherwise I honestly couldn't be enjoying myself more. I don't know where you get your brandy—"

"I'll give you a couple of bottles to take back with you."

"Thank you very much," said Louisa warmly. "And if I'm too busy to come to the wedding, I'll drink your healths in it."

There was a brief pause. Freddy walked once or twice again about the room before coming back to his seat. The chessboard, between them, recording the last moves of an end-game . . .

"It's not actually settled, y'know."

"The date? I don't suppose it is," said Louisa. "But as Enid won't have to collect a trousseau—"

"I mean the whole thing," said Freddy. "I haven't actually . . . popped, yet."

"It's taken for granted," said Louisa.

To page 59



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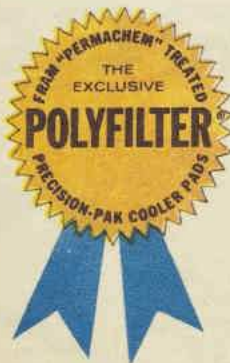
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"I don't even know Enid'll have me."

"You can take that for granted, too," said Louisa encouragingly. "My dear Freddy," she added (it really seemed time to say something of the sort), "I hope you'll be very, very happy!"

"So do I," said Freddy. Louisa looked at him. There was a note in his voice she could only define as—unsuitable: not exactly a note of doubt but rather of resignation. The expression on F. Pennon's face was also unsuitable; not exactly sulky, but certainly not as joyous as one would expect, on the face of a man at last about to wed the woman he'd worshipped for twenty years.

"We're going to miss you," stated Freddy.

"Nonsense," said Louisa. "I know I am. At meals," said Freddy. "It's been a real pleasure, Louisa, to see you eat."

"That's because I've no chat," said Louisa. "Give me a dinner-table and you'd hear nothing but munching." "We could always bring books," suggested Freddy. "I know chaps say it's an insult to decent food and wine, but we needn't bring anything heavy. With a couple of detective stories—"

He broke off, as well he might. The picture he had been painting was in the circumstances uncommonly odd. Where, for example, was Mrs. Anstruther in it? Evidently he realised this himself; though too old to blush, he looked uncommonly embarrassed.

He looked also, the moment after, suddenly relieved—as might a steeplechaser who finds himself over a first formidable fence before he has had time to think about it.

"It's happened before," said F. Pennon hardily.

"What has?" asked Louisa. "A chap due to marry one woman, and then finding, well, another who suits him better."

There was no mistaking his meaning. He was now regarding her with a fixed, urgent appeal. He might be embarrassed, but he was determined—to give himself a chance. He was ready to undergo any amount of awkwardness, face any number of painful scenes, if only Louisa, not Mrs. Anstruther, would marry him.

As once before in Gladstone Mansions, Louisa sat perfectly still, taking it in.

There was so much to take. Literally, so much! House and income (let alone a settlement), car and chauffeur, three square meals a day—so much, all at once, that though it was no more than she'd deliberately set out to bag, from the first moment of reading F. Pennon's letter, now that it was actually within her grasp Louisa needed a moment to draw breath.

As once before in Gladstone Mansions—

"Don't we get on uncommonly well?" suggested Freddy.

There was that, too: she liked him. She didn't love him, as probably he didn't love her; but they liked each other, they got on, as he said, uncommonly well. Even their slight bickering adumbrated a free-and-easy, friendly companionship. To become genuinely fond of F. Pennon as a husband would be the easiest thing in the world.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper. Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; short stories from 1100 to 1500; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection. Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 488W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 57

"A week ago, I'd have been a straight gold-digger," thought Louisa, "but not now. Now, I'd almost marry him just for the company . . ."

He hadn't taken his eyes from her face. He put out his hand on the chessboard and let it lie there, palm up—spilling bounty. It wasn't a young man's hand, but it was hard and scrubbed, perfectly acceptable.

"What about it?" asked Freddy urgently.

He was too much absorbed to hear the very slight sound from the hall, but Louisa heard. She glanced across at the open door, and beyond perceived not Mrs. Anstruther but Mrs. Anstruther's reflection. Enid Anstruther believed herself hidden, standing so close behind the jam; only a big mirror opposite betrayed her.

Louisa could see her quite plainly; and quite plainly she had been eavesdropping. Now she stood with her handkerchief pressed to her mouth, and above it her eyes fixed in an expression of such helpless dismay, she looked like a frightened child. Not like a bird, or a moth, or a butterfly; like a frightened child.

It took perhaps an instant, no more, for Louisa to fix the image in every detail; her eye photographed even the lace on the handkerchief, a wisp of hair fallen across one cheek, before she looked swiftly away from the tragic sight.

For it was tragic. Only pitifully, not tragic in the grand manner, but nonetheless authentically so. The triviality was of detail only. (The lace on a handkerchief, the ribbon roses on—for heaven's sake!—a boudoir-cap.) Enid Anstruther's face, ravaged by incredulous dismay, was authentically tragic.

"And why not?" thought Louisa.

For what on earth would become of her without Freddy? A woman so completely unfitted to face the day and age without a husband? A woman with neither a penny to her name, nor the least idea how to set about earning one? Nubile and nothing more was Enid Anstruther, even with her profile . . .

"She can't look after herself, and I can," thought Louisa. "Even if I don't pick up a settlement, I can look after myself . . ."

ODDLY enough in one so fond of men she considered F. Pennon scarcely at all. He could look after himself, too. He'd always have Gladstone Mansions as a blow-hole . . . The point lay, as Louisa saw it, between herself and Mrs. Anstruther; and to scoop up old Freddy away from Enid would be too much like robbing a blind man . . .

Regretfully she shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Freddy, dear . . ."

"If you're thinking of all the fuss and commotion—"

"I'm not. I can take any amount of either," said Louisa. What she was thinking of now was Mrs. Anstruther's resolute vivacity, while her head split, at a dinner-table. "I'm just sorry," said Louisa.

Again there was a silence. It was a regret again to Louisa that she couldn't see the effects of her heroism, but she didn't dare look back. She just took as long as possible, rattling the chessmen into their box, to give Mrs. Anstruther time to get upstairs.

As once before in Gladstone Mansions—

"Louisa!" implored F. Pennon desperately.

"I'm sorry," repeated Louisa. "You'll just have to

be brave." And whether she addressed herself or F. Pennon, she really didn't know.

The farewells, next morning, in fact, called for a good deal of courage all round. The situation was complex: Mrs. Anstruther knew of Freddy's treachery—or rather of the treachery he'd aimed at; Freddy didn't know she knew, as neither was Mrs. Anstruther aware that Louisa knew she knew. Each one of them had thus to play a part—Freddy in the suit of unsmutched loyalty, Enid sugared with confident proprietorship, and Louisa disguised as a gay career-woman. They all pulled it off.



"Goodbye, Louisa," said F. Pennon—a trifle huskily, no more.

"Dear Louisa, goodbye!" breathed Mrs. Anstruther affectionately. "You will, won't you, let us hear from you soon?"

She slipped one little hand through Freddy's arm, and held out the other to her chum, Louisa, accepting it, couldn't forbear looking into Mrs. Anstruther's face. Would there be any sign there of gratitude? It wouldn't have been, all things considered, misplaced!

But for once the soft grey glance wasn't vague at all, and Louisa had no difficulty in reading it: Mrs. Anstruther thought her a damned fool.

"Have a nice time?" asked the milkman.

"No," said Louisa.

"You still look better for it," said the milkman.

"The food was all right," admitted Louisa.

"Summer schools must've changed since my auntie's day," observed the milkman. "According to her, they fed mostly on prunes. According to my auntie—"

"Look," said Louisa, "I've got a busy day. I'm due at a kennels in Surrey."

"I can take a hint," said the milkman.

He glanced at his nest of cream jars, then back, speculatively, at Louisa; but something in her face told him this was no morning for cream.

At the same time, it was a piece of luck, and Louisa thoroughly felt it so, that she had been able to retrieve the dachshund job for the very morrow of her return. She not only needed the fee, and to have her mind occupied; she was also thankful to remove, however briefly, from her usual haunts.

Only to Hugo and Mr. Ross had she actually spoken of her approaching marriage, but

each, she was well aware, would have hastened to spread the glad news: Louisa was perhaps supersensitive in feeling that she couldn't cross a street without meeting either a Pammy (and being congratulated) or one of the boys (and being advised as to settlements); but so she uncontrollably did feel, and even one day's grace was welcome to her.

There was no doubt about it, Louisa had returned from Bournemouth considerably changed. Her reactions were far nearer what Enid's would have been to a broken engagement than to what her own would have been even a week before. With a hand on the receiver to telephone Hugo, why did Louisa refrain? Because she didn't want to have to tell . . . and only as she dropped the receiver back remembered that she was in any case giving him the go-by.

Upon this point her resolve was stiffened. No more sympathy did Louisa intend to waste upon the off-beat, bronchial, and indigent. Henceforward, following Mrs. Anstruther's advice, she intended to reserve it strictly for men at the top. She hoped she'd meet one soon; though probably it wouldn't be at Kersey-mere Kennels.

Indeed, the bus proposed in Mrs. Meare's letter of instructions bore Louisa some five miles from Dorking station to an establishment very unlike either Gladstone Mansions or the villa at Bournemouth.

Fifty years earlier, when it was built, Kersey Cottage might have been trim; fifty years hence might tumble down to picturesque; in the meantime it was simply dilapidated. From the palings by the gate to the curlicues under the eaves every inch of woodwork needed repainting; the brickwork needed repointing, and several tiles had dropped off from the roof over the porch. A sizeable garden exhibited the same characteristics; in the house-agent's term mature, it was also unkempt without being overgrown. (No head-high arbor of Gloire de Dijon roses, no mysterious gloom of ancient trees; the flower-beds just needed weeding, an elm lopping.)

Wherever the eye rested, in fact, the need for a bit of money spent was so obvious, what on earth induced the Meares to buy a couple of plaster dwarves Louisa couldn't for the life of her imagine.

But there the dwarves were, one on each side of the gate, and there the Meares were, too. On the head of each dwarf was a scarlet cap; the Meares wore panama hats—Mrs. Meare's with a Liberty scarf round it, her husband's with a plain black band; both equally recognisable, from the tint of the yellowed straw, as hats not bought but inherited. They looked about the same age as the Meares' cottage. So did Mr. and Mrs. Meare themselves, though they'd worn better, achieving between youth and decrepitude (unlike their hats and their house) a comfortable middle-age.

"Miss Datchett? We've the chaps all ready for you," said Mr. Meare. "Or would you like to see—"

"The kennels first?" said Mrs. Meare.

Looking straight over their heads, for she was a good deal taller than either, Louisa perceived a dachshund-shaped weather-vane (probably stuck, since in the light westerly breeze it pointed due north) attached to some sort of out-building. It didn't exactly beckon, but the Meares so obviously wished to show her



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To page 67



LEEUVENHOEK and the "Little Animals"—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

In his spare time, Antony van Leeuwenhoek laboriously ground tiny lenses and mounted them to make crude microscopes. Squinting through these lenses, this seventeenth-century draper of Delft, Holland, became the first man to observe and report upon the activities of "animalcules"—the protozoa and bacteria of the microscopic world. He also confirmed by direct observation the circulation of the blood. His reports to London's Royal Society represent a milestone in scientific advancement.

Through microscopes many times more powerful than Leeuwenhoek's lenses, research scientists have learned much about these ultra-tiny living organisms—

bacteria, viruses, protozoa—some of which attack humans, some of which serve us well. There is, however, much more to be learned. Medical researchers are continually seeking to learn more about these minute bits of life, so that physicians may be better armed to fight disease.

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Bob and Dolly met at Sydney's Tivoli Theatre. She was Dolly Mack, a member of the ballet; he was an American import with a hillbilly variety act. Nine days after they met, they announced their engagement. Nine days after that, on September 5, 1940, they married at St. John's Church, Darlinghurst. Their wedding picture, at left, is one of their most treasured possessions. The picture above was taken at their home on their

twentieth wedding anniversary, their China wedding.

They celebrated with a holiday in Hawaii. Bob gave Dolly a diamond and platinum dress-and-eternity ring. (It is really an engagement ring, but Dolly won't part with the original ring that back in 1940 Bob borrowed two weeks' salary to buy.) Dolly gave Bob two custom-built fishing rods and reels and a special tripod for his camera.

Dolly says, "Work and play together" describes their 20-year marriage and is her formula for marriage success. Both say they look forward, with zest, to their next 20 years together.

—Nan Musgrove



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New private eye on Sunset Strip

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The inhabitants of one of Hollywood's most famous addresses — 77 Sunset Strip — have a problem. They want more space and are trying to figure out how to add another office in the attic portion of the address.

THE reason is that the old firm of Bailey & Spencer have taken in another partner for this season's coming series — none other than Richard Long, back from the Deep South and Bourbon Street Beat.

This makes three official private eyes at 77, but unofficially there are another three—Suzanne, the telephone girl-secretary, Roscoe, the horse tout, and Kookie, the parking-attendant from the next-door restaurant, Dino's.

This crop of fascinating personalities has made 77 Sunset Strip one of the most famous and sought after addresses for tourists in Hollywood.

The terrible thing about this is that there's no such address. There's no such street as Sunset Strip in Hollywood; it is officially described only as a "commonly accepted region" which doesn't help the tourist with a road map.

Sunset Strip is really only a nickname for part of Sunset Boulevard. It begins with famous Schwab's Drugstore, and ends at the beginning of Beverly Hills, taking in what few good nightspots there are in Hollywood.

Heartbreaking

But, just to confuse the issue even further, 77 Sunset Strip is real, except that its address is 8532 Sunset Boulevard, and it is the home of the Mary Webb Davis model agency, Hollywood's biggest and best agency.

"We get an average of half a dozen out-of-town tourists a day at our office," Miss Davis says.

"They all want to know when we moved in and Bailey and Spencer moved out.

"Sometimes it breaks my heart, especially with the youngsters, to explain that there has never been such a firm here. My agency has been here for almost a decade. Before that there was a photographic agency here."

Warner Bros. producer Howie Horwitz explained the situation.

"When we first got the idea for the TV series," he said, "and picked Dino's restaurant as a landmark, we discovered the awning for the model agency next to it.

"It looked like the perfect Hollywood office building for our men-about-town detectives, and we got the real-estate firm that owns the property to give us permission to shoot there."

Everyone connected with the show, and the world at large, seems to be more than happy with Warner Bros.' choice, everyone except Mary Davis, who sometimes finds it



The "crew" of 77 Sunset Strip. Left to right: Spencer, Roscoe, Suzanne, Bailey, Kookie, Randolph.

difficult to keep her mind on her work, with the stream of tourists who come in and out.

Businessmen say the selection of the address has made the strip more famous and much more wealthy.

Dino's restaurant next door, owned by star Dean Martin and Maury Samuels, plays an integral part in almost every episode in the series. First of all Dean Martin was to

play himself in the series, but his movie contract forbade him such "guest shots."

"Despite this, Dino has coined more money from the tourist trade than he has made from his many TV appearances," his partner, Mr. Samuels, says.

Philip Carter, of the Sunset Strip Businessmen's Association, says practically every shop, store, restaurant, and

service station on the Strip has benefited directly from the series.

"The sightseers come to see the Bailey - Spencer headquarters, and remain to take in everything along the Strip," he says.

It's a real lived-happily-ever-after story, and it's no wonder that 77 Sunset Strip has a very high rating in its home city.

TELEVISION PARADE

Sunday prize-packet

● TV is more exciting than most entertainment because you never know when it will be Christmas.

A RECENT Sunday night's programmes did not sound extra special, but they yielded an unexpectedly good pile of viewing presents.

It all started with "Time To Remember." It was 1929, and Sir Michael Redgrave, one of the best of the narrators, did his usual entertaining job.

It was a dreary time, with King George V sick, and the Wall Street crash, but it brightened up with the coming of talkies and our Mr. Cyril Ritchard in a musical comedy, leaping from sofa to sofa, very arch and gay.

If you enjoy the nostalgia of "Time To Remember," you'll be glad to hear that it goes on year by year until 1945, another 16 episodes.

The Robert Herridge Theatre is a Sunday night

show that no one should miss. This Sunday night it was Edgar Allen Poe's classic story "The Tell-Tale Heart," the story of a man obsessed by a murder he has committed.

Herridge's production with its one-man cast was a classic, too.

On top of this there was an interview with the very youthful-looking chairman of the Sydney Stock Exchange, Mr. Urquhart, who made me so interested in what the small investor could make that I had dreams of avarice over the left-out-of-house-keeping money; the end of a full-length film, "Johnny Belinda"; a joust with Archbishop Gough about the state of teenage morals, which I left hurriedly to watch "Out Of This World."

Everything telecast previously was so good that I

was furious to find I'd missed the first 10 minutes of this telecast, one of the most fascinating I've ever seen.

"Out Of This World" is an aptly named programme about the Carmelite nuns, televised from within a Carmelite convent in Cardiff, Wales, by special permission of the Pope.

I cannot imagine a more difficult task for the interviewer and commentator, Hywel Davies, nor can I imagine anyone who could have done the interview better.

I came back from "Out Of This World" rather reluctantly and switched over to see the end of "Wisdom," this time featuring American poet Robert Frost.

Like all these programmes it was excellent, but by this time I'd had too much Christmas. The thing is, though, that these days on TV practically every Sunday night is the same. The programmes just get better and better.

"Doctor In Love"

SHOW BUSINESS

● Following their three previous smash-hit "Doctor" films, producer Betty Box and director Ralph Thomas have come up with another dose of their popular entertainment tonic.

BASED on Richard Gordon's novel, "Doctor In Love" spotlights the gay, carefree lives and loves of young Doctor Richard Hare (Michael Craig) and brash Doctor Tony Burke (Leslie Phillips) behind St. Swithin's sombre facade and in a prosperous country practice. A crazy couple of medicos, the pair become involved — professionally and privately — with the beautiful but serious Nikki (Virginia Maskell) and the fluffy "Kitten" Strudwick (Carole Lesley).



WITNESSED by Dr. Leslie Phillips (left, top), Dr. Michael Craig's love life takes a serious turn when he is reunited with Dr. Virginia Maskell—an enchanting locum from London — at Sir Lancelot Spratt's (James Robertson Justice) appendix bedside.



WORKING in private practice is a novel experience for Dr. Michael Craig (left). He is jettisoned into the everyday lives of such people as the agitated Jimps, whose little Jimmy—for reasons of his own — seems to have his head permanently jammed in a saucepan.

THE DON JUAN of St. Swithin's (Dr. Leslie Phillips) finds it impossible to concentrate on an injection—even into the arm of his formidable, bellowing boss, the great Sir Lancelot Spratt—if his nurse is a pretty one.



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his arms around her. "Darling, I don't want to fight with you."

"Henry, when you're away from me—?"

"When I'm away from you I think of you and wish I was with you!"

"Don't yell! I'm going inside!"

"Abbe!"

The door slammed.

"Abbe! . . . Abbe! . . . Abbe!"

"May I speak to Abbe, Carmen?" Henry asked into the phone. Al listened from across the room where he was reading the Saturday morning football forecasts.

"She's not here, Henry." Carmen's voice was as warm as the sound of ice cubes in a shaker.

"Is she mad at me, Carmen?"

"I really wouldn't know."

"Well, I'm coming around to wait for her. May I?"

"Surely. But bring your own magazines. She may be some time. She's gone home."

"Home?"

"To Little Hill."

"Little Hill!"

"She packed early this morning and took the nine-thirty express."

"Thanks, Carmen." He put down the phone.

Al grinned to himself and flipped a page of his newspaper.

"I fancy the Bulls to beat the Saints this afternoon. Going to take in the game?"

"No."

"I think I might."

"No, you won't!"

"What do you mean, no, I won't. And what are you looking for in all those drawers?"

"The road map."

Al put down his paper and stood up.

"Now look, Henry, this has gone too far. You get yourself into a jam, I get you out of it, and as soon as you're out of it all you want to do is get back into it."

"I'm in love."

"In love! Are you going back to your childhood?"

"Here's the road map."

Henry poked Al in the chest.

Continuing . . .

THE RELUCTANT BRIDEGROOM

from page 24

"You and me, pal, are going to Little Hill."

"What?"

"We're going to see Abbe. And I'm going to explain the whole thing. And you're going to back me up!"

"I'm going to the football."

"Get the car out."

"How far is it?"

"Al, don't you see, I love this girl. I didn't sleep last night. I need her, I—!"

"How far is it?"

"Two hundred and ten miles."

"Henry, in five years we have been close to one another! But

● To take refuge from life is to refuse it. Life generally offers due scope for the leading instinct in a man or a woman; and sometimes it offers the scope at a very low price, at no price at all.
Arnold Bennett.

you cannot stretch our friendship two hundred and—"

"You're wasting time!"

In the rich dairying district to the west the grass is lush, the stock are fat, the people are happy. Life is made up of the simple, basic things; things like milking cows, growing feed, banking the monthly cream cheque, and taking delivery of this year's special de luxe Roadmonster. It was in the small town of Little Hill, thirty miles off the main highway, by a blue stream in a green valley, that Abbe had grown up. In the summer people came and photographed the scenery for their Christmas calendars. In winter

It was four a.m. on Sunday morning. The car lay by the side of the road with yet one hub cap just visible above the thick brown mud. It was still raining.

"What are you thinking?"

Henry asked.

"I was just adding up," Al said, "the expenses with which I am going to charge you when, if ever, we get out of this hell."

"We were just unlucky, that's all. I'll bet they don't have rain like this again for five years."

"First there is my suit, which cost forty pounds and which is damaged by mud beyond all—"

"As soon as it's light I'll find someone who can pull us out with a tractor. Everyone around here has a tractor."

"Then there are my shoes, which cost—"

"Some day, Al, we're going to laugh about all this."

"I think," Al said, "I have forgotten how."

"Good morning. Is this where Abbe Derwent lives?"

The huge red-faced man with fists like milk pails grinned.

"Sure. Come in. What's happened to you? Stuck in the mud?"

"Yes, we were bogged. One of your neighbors pulled us out about half an hour ago."

"Hey, Mum!" the farmer called. "Some friends of Abbe's!" He led them into a big kitchen. "Sit around the fire and warm yourselves up. Mum'll make some tea. What're your names? I'm Bill Derwent."

"Henry Basset, Al Somers."

"Nice lot of rain," Al said, shaking hands.

Mrs. Derwent, a small, round woman, came in and was introduced.

"Henry Basset! Oh, Bill," she exclaimed. "This is Abbe's Henry! The young man she's been writing about!"

"Well, why didn't you say, Henry? Me future son-in-law! Stone the crows!"

"We came up to—"

"We were wondering what

you were like, weren't we, Mum?" he said. "I said to Mum often, I said, 'Mum, I don't like Abbe being down there alone among all those city jokers. Some of those city jokers will take advantage of a country girl who doesn't know much about city jokers.' But Mum always says to me, 'Abbe's head is on right and she can pick a good man from a bad one.' Now I've met you, Henry, well, I guess she can."

"Where is she?" Henry asked.

"Who?"

"Abbe?"

"Why, she's down in the city, of course."

Henry looked at Al. Al looked up from where he was picking mud from his shirt front.

"One day," he said, "we're going to laugh about all this."

"Come in, boys," Carmen said.

"This is Al, Carmen," Henry said.

"I've heard about you," She smiled. "Where have you both been. You look worn out. I hope you've wiped your feet."

"We've been out in the country," Al said. "We're both devils for the outdoors."

"Where's Abbe?" Henry asked. "I'm going to explain and Al is going to explain and, well, if she won't listen we're going to make her listen!"

"Sit down and relax. She's here. And I think she'll listen."

Ten minutes later Carmen and Al found themselves out in the kitchen together.

"... and so," Al was saying, "the bold prince won the hand of the fair princess and they both lived happily ever after."

"And what happened to the wicked stepfather?"

"He took the fairy god-mother out to dinner."

"Stay here while I get my broomstick."

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KK396

New "Bounty" film a gamble

● M.G.M., the studio that gambled its existence on the remake of "Ben-Hur" and won, is currently in the midst of another project it hopes will prove that lightning can strike twice.

BACK in 1935 filmgoers flocked to see what has become one of the great classics of the screen, "Mutiny on the Bounty."

The film was not only one of the biggest moneymakers of that decade but it cemented the film careers of its two male stars.

Clark Gable's career was all but foundering after his unexpected success a year before in "It Happened One Night." But, as the tormented Fletcher Christian, he gave a memorable performance and opened an entirely new career for himself.

And who can forget the brilliant performance Charles Laughton gave as the tyrannical Captain Bligh? Until then, Laughton was just another English actor, little known outside the British Isles. In a matter of months Captain (Laughton) Bligh became the yardstick by which all future movie villains were judged.

Now, after two years of painstaking preparation,

M.G.M. is sailing the "Bounty" once more in a film which could end up costing eight million dollars (about £A4 million) before its new Fletcher Christian, Marlon Brando, is satisfied.

The new film is a sequel to the original, not a remake. The original film dealt mainly with the mutiny on the Bounty, while the new film deals with Fletcher Christian and his mates after the mutiny was accomplished—the story of what happened to them and their descendants after they settled on Pitcairn Island.

As far as the studio is concerned, Marlon Brando is the only actor on the screen today who could play Christian, but their task of finding another Bligh proved difficult.

Charles Laughton turned down their offer of a repeat performance because he's so associated with the part in the first film that the public wouldn't take him seriously again.

Alec Guinness thought the role was too close to the

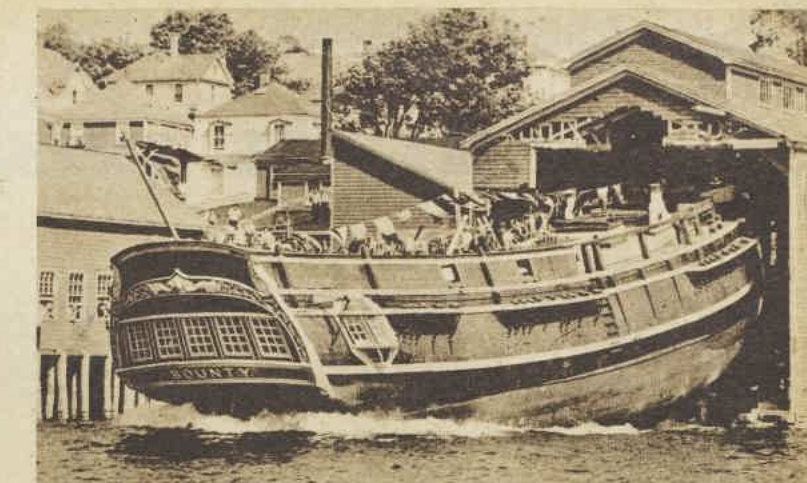
character he played in "Bridge on the River Kwai."

For a while M.G.M. toyed with the idea of having sophisticated Noel Coward in the part. It was one of those casting ideas that would be considered sheer genius if it turned out well and insane if it didn't.

Finally it was decided to offer the role to Trevor Howard, who accepted it quickly because of the challenge. "I'm not sure I'm the right type," Howard said. "I find the whole idea intriguing."

DIANA DORS will be Jerry Lewis' leading lady in "Ladies' Man," a comedy written by the star about a shy chap who has fantasies about women swooning at his feet. Diana, believe it or not, winds up trapping Jerry.

THE most embarrassed girl in Hollywood these days is Debbie Reynolds, who was asked to leave the gambling casino at The Sands Hotel in Las Vegas for making a nuisance



AT A COST of 600,000 dollars, this completely new "Bounty" was built in the shipyards at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, for M.G.M.'s sequel to the famed 1935 film "Mutiny on the Bounty."

sance of herself. The cause of the trouble was Debbie's enthusiastic selling of tickets for a charity ball in Hollywood in the hotel's gambling spa. The owners of The Sands thought she was annoying their customers.

MEXICAN star Katy Jurado gets an important role in Vittorio De Sica's epic about Napoleon. She plays a Corsican friend of the Emperor—a role Anna Magnani turned down because it wasn't big enough for her. Rossano Brazzi plays Napoleon and Danielle Darrieux will be his Josephine. Work on this film, one of the costliest in Italian movie history, will begin shortly, with location shooting to take place in Naples and Spain.

New Film

★★ TWO WAY STRETCH

A mixture of satire, slapstick, and goonery, this Peter Sellers howler hits at prison

reform and the Army. There's plenty of action and plenty of laughs, but there's no "I'm All - Right - Jack" script. Stretching a good theme too far, the film runs out of humor too soon.

ALIDA VALLI is the latest to join the star-studded cast of Federico Fellini's latest film—about Europe's deposed royalty. Although the as yet untitled script is still far from completed, Fellini is assembling his cast months in advance to prevent a repetition of the casting headaches he experienced with "La Dolce Vita."

Lazing in cosy confinement, "Dodger" Sellers and his two cell-mates find conditions so comfortable "inside" that only the bait of a £1,000,000 "job"—laid by bogus cleric Wilfred Hyde White—can induce them to "leave." — Lyceum, Sydney.

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Pressure★Pak BASK. Push the button and spray on a delightful film of skin treatment that has no equal under the sun. Bask is the "cool" new, easy-to-apply spray that gives prompt relief from the pain of sunburn . . . prevents windburn and insect bites, too. 12/6.



*The famous brand name Pressure★Pak is the property of the Pressure★Pak Company, a division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.

round she gave the polite answer.

"We thought you might!" said Mrs. Meare. "Be a little careful of the whitewash, will you? Ted only finished it this morning."

As Louisa by now anticipated, it wasn't much of a kennel. Compared with the splendid York establishment started by My Lucky, My Winsome, and now My Handsome, Kerseymere was practically amateur. (So was Mr. Meare's whitewashing amateur; streaky above, coagulated below.) The lying-in room had obviously been a toolshed, the puppy run adjoined a cabbage-patch; Mrs. Meare frankly did kennel-maid herself. ("It's so nice that we can manage everything between us," she observed happily. "Teddy's a vet, you know. Of course, I have to let the garden go a little!")

But the dachshunds themselves were all right, clean-bred and sturdy, classically colored, alert and gay; and before Sebastian the Third of Kerseymere Louisa at last unslung her camera with genuine relief. She had by this time a feeling that her fee had been saved up in a piggy-bank.

"If we can only get him into 'Country Month!'" sighed Mrs. Meare. "I don't mean in an advertisement — though we have advertised, once — I mean among the proper photographers!"

"Don't worry," said Louisa absently. "He's about the best dachs I've seen yet. Anyway, I know the editor . . ."

For the next hour she was completely absorbed, as upon the rough grass obediently paraded Sebastian, Viola, and Orsino of Kerseymere. The Meares' handling of them was impeccable; indeed, only a minimum was required. (The poodles at Cannes had been more of hams, but strictly on their own temperamental terms.)

A L I characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 59

"These must be a gift to show," said Louisa appreciatively. "Who shows them?" "Molly does," said Mr. Meare. "A woman catches the judge's eye," he added seriously.

Louisa glanced at Mrs. Meare's weather-beaten cheek under the panama hat, and continued photographing Sebastian the Third. As though reading her thoughts, he glanced severely back at her; Louisa got a rather good shot. Her last, a trickier one, was of a tumble of Viola's offspring; then she packed up, but only because she'd run out of film.

"What trouble you've taken!" exclaimed Mrs. Meare gratefully. "Now you must have tea and a nice sit-down!"

At least Louisa at this period was getting a good many free meals. Calibrating a cup of char with Rossy as one extreme and tea at Gladstone Mansions as the other, tea with the Meares, which they took out of doors, came about halfway. There was no solid silver, but there were clean plates, and the milk wasn't poured from the bottle but from a jug with a Devonshire motto on it. (Referring actually to cream: "O Devonshire cream, like Devonshire lasses, for richness and beauty the world surpasses": a souvenir of the Meares' honeymoon.) There were no scones, but there was brown bread and butter, and if no plum-cake, rock cakes, home-made.

"Molly makes 'em," munched Teddy Meare.

"I'm afraid these got a little burnt," apologised his wife.

"Personally, I like 'em a bit burnt," said Teddy.

"So do I," said Louisa sincerely.

Between them they cleared the plate; when only one rock cake was left and Louisa couldn't be persuaded to take it, the Meares wordlessly divided it between them . . .

As she sat back replete, her mind no longer on her job, Louisa considered the Meares with more attention.

Her first, hasty impression had been simply that they were rather like a couple of dachshunds themselves. It has often been remarked that any long-married pair tend to resemble one another, as do also dog-owner and dog; in the case of the Meares, both factors seemed to have worked in conjunction. Plump, sleek Mrs. Meare was



but nearer chestnut, her husband nearer tan. As they jumped up into their basket-chairs for tea—or, rather, as they sat down; it was the two canine patriarchs of the establishment who jumped up beside them — Louisa could have offered each a lump of sugar. Now she began to see the flippancy misplaced.

There was a peaceableness about them. What peace and content, indeed, lay over the whole shabby house, the whole shabby garden! And what did it spring from, if not from the relation between the Meares themselves? Another thought struck Louisa; that in Teddy

Meare, for almost the first time in her life, she'd met a man who made no demands on her sympathy.

If Teddy Meare wanted sympathy he'd get it from his wife; and wasn't that a very right and proper thing?

Unconsciously, Louisa sighed.

"You're tired," said Mrs. Meare kindly. "Why not stay a little? There's another train at six, and if you'll wait till Ted's watered the cabbages—"

"I'll run you to the station," said Mr. Meare.

Louisa hesitated. She wanted to stay, but she didn't know whether they wanted her.

"Won't it be a nuisance?" she began uncertainly.

"Not a bit!" cried both the Meares together.

Off stumbled Teddy to uncoil the hose. Mrs. Meare went indoors and fetched her knitting. One of the dachshunds packed itself comfortably behind Louisa's ankles. She began to feel like a neighbor who had dropped in for a quiet, customary chat. But such evidently wasn't the view taken by her hostess.

"Ted's going to enjoy driving you to the station," confided Mrs. Meare. "You look so London-y! I expect half the village, tomorrow, will be asking who you are!"

Obviously one of Louisa's newly acquired notions needed adjusting. A man's car being so much a man's appanage, shouldn't a wife, even more than a prospective wife, be naturally jealous of it? Mrs. Meare didn't sound jealous in the least: she sounded gleeful.

"It does him so much good," she explained, "to cut a little dash now and again! (Just give Sebastian a push, if he's annoying you.) We live," added Mrs. Meare unnecessarily, "such a very quiet life."

Louisa felt she could hardly imagine a quieter, if driving herself to the station constituted cutting a dash. Yet it evidently suited Mrs. Meare. Louisa had never seen a woman more content . . .

Had she married the life, wondered Louisa suddenly, or the man? It seemed important to find out.

"Did you always," asked Louisa — going a bit roundabout — "mean to breed dachshunds?"

"Some sort of dog," agreed Mrs. Meare innocently. "We settled on dachs because they're so easy. Even when we show, I just rub them over in the car with a loofah glove . . ."

For a moment Louisa was tempted to visualise the Meares at Cruft's: they probably looked as though they'd been rubbed over with a loofah, too. But she was becoming more and more in earnest.

"Well, did you always mean to live in the country?"

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Meare, more vaguely. "Not that dachs take up much room. But of course Teddy being a vet —"

("Ah!" thought Louisa — feeling her hand on a clue. The life, not the man: if you want to breed dogs, marry a vet.)

—the country seemed obvious. Of course, I didn't know he was a vet," added Mrs. Meare. "When we met, in the war, he was heavily disguised as a gunner! Actually we bought the cottage out of his gratuity . . ."

She looked affectionately over her shoulder towards the peeling paint, the unpointed

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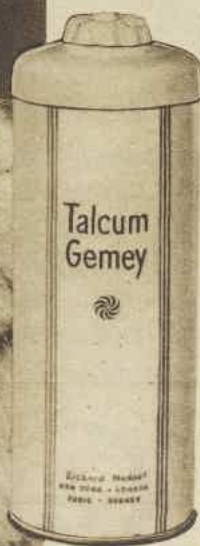
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Page 67

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Carnation One Whip Ice Cream

You can afford to serve triple scoops of ice cream like this often, when you make it with wonderful, double-rich CARNATION MILK. One can of CARNATION makes two big freezer trays of the creamiest, richest, smoothest ice cream you've ever tasted. Less than half the price of bought ice cream, and it's so quick and easy to make. CARNATION needs only one whip to make this delicious ice cream. Ice cream you'll be proud to serve — ice cream the family will love. Make some soon!

RECIPE FOR VANILLA ONE WHIP ICE CREAM.

- 1 large (14½ ozs.) can Carnation Milk — chilled.
- 3 rounded tablespoons castor sugar.
- 1 level teaspoon gelatine.
- 2 tablespoons water.
- 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Method: Set refrigerator at coldest point. Combine sugar, gelatine and water in a saucepan and stir over a low heat until dissolved. Remove from heat. Whip Carnation Milk in a chilled bowl until thick. Gradually beat in the syrup. Flavour with vanilla. Pour into trays and freeze. Makes 2 trays.

Alternative methods eliminating gelatine:

1. After whipping Carnation, add one well beaten egg and leave out gelatine and water, or
2. Make enough for one meal only, leaving out gelatine and water. Keep refrigerator at coldest point until you serve.

Carnation Milk

from contented cows.



Continuing . . .
SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 67

brick; glanced fondly at the plaster dwarves. Louisa found a compliment surprisingly easy to produce.

"It's so peaceful," said Louisa. "It's quite marvellous . . . Would you mind going back a bit? How did you know — or didn't you know? — it would work out so well?"

"I saw Ted was steady," said Mrs. Meare simply. "That's all a woman wants, don't you think? I mean, surely it's the basis? We'll never be rich, but Ted has a wonderfully steady little practice; and if he wasn't a vet he'd be something else steady! Now I've just talked about myself," said Mrs. Meare remorsefully, "and there he is with the car!"

Mr. Meare was a bit damp about the trousers, but he'd changed his jacket; in place of leather-patched tweed he now sported, Louisa was touched to see, an ancient Gunner blazer. He meant to cut a dash indeed, he meant to drive her to the station in style! With what looked like an old pyjama-leg he carefully dusted the car seats; turfed out a bundle of old newspapers and a dog-odorous blanket. He even gave a swift polish to the door-handles and head-lamps, before inviting Louisa to enter.

Louisa entered looking as London-y as she could. Casting her mind back to Cannes, she even tried to look cosmopolitan. (Or like a model; Louisa was so long-limbed, she practically achieved it — the elegant stretch of leg, the final loose-jointed subsidence.)

A glance in the driving-mirror confirmed her hat at a suitably cosmopolitan angle, and powder and lipstick both sufficient. As a final gesture of goodwill she impulsively got out her eyebrow pencil and drew a slight bistred streak up from the corner of each eye.

"I say!" exclaimed Mr. Meare, in candid admiration. "I feel I'm driving a film-star! D'you mind if we slow down through the village?" "Not a bit," quoted Louisa, "so long as I catch my train." "There's plenty of time, I've allowed for it," said Mr. Meare. "May as well give the natives a treat! Sure you're quite comfortable?"

"Perfectly," said Louisa. "Then I'll just get Molly," said Mr. Meare.

Louisa heard him calling all up the garden. From the house, she heard his wife call some protesting reply. But whatever argument took place within, in a matter of moments Molly joined them. Not in the least like a model looked Mrs. Meare, in her panama hat, a woolly cardigan thrown hastily about her shoulders; but her beaming smile made her a very agreeable sight.

"This is all wrong!" she complained happily. "How will anyone take Teddy for a wolf, with me in the back seat?"

"You do our neighbors an injustice," said Mr. Meare complacently. "They'll think you have to keep an eye on me. We'll stop at the local on our way back," he explained to Louisa. "It's not often I get Molly out on the spree!"

The parting at the station was genuinely affectionate all round. The Meares waited to see Louisa's train draw in, and then draw out. Her last glimpse of them was as they stood waving vigorously—Mr. Meare to the left, his wife to the right; it had to be thus, because they were also hand-in-hand.

The train drew out. Louisa, alone in her compartment, sat reflective and—envious.

She hadn't envied, or not much, Mrs. Anstruther and F. Pennon. Louisa might have envied all the good grub going, but she didn't envy the (prospective) Pennons in their personal relation. They'd probably do well enough—he acquiring a profile and an accomplished hostess, she a gilt-edged meal-ticket; no doubt some slight festooning of sentiment, under Enid's expert hands, would soften the transaction to acceptability.

The Meares were something else. In the Meares, Louisa saw something she envied not with her appetite but with her heart.

They were just so damned fond of each other, Molly Meare didn't even see how the paint was peeling. Ted Meare was so fond of his Molly, driving a London-y glamor-girl to the station became an innocent domestic joke. ("Which is going to last them for years," thought Louisa perceptively. For years Molly Meare would remind her husband of that wild excursion!) On a railway platform they stood as unself-consciously hand-in-hand as a couple of teenagers—more so; with the Meares it was evidently a matter of habit. Louisa pictured them hand-in-hand still, at the local; sitting close together on a hard bench, having a devil of a spree over small sherries.

"I've been on the wrong tack," thought Louisa. "I don't need a rich husband, I need a husband like Teddy Meare . . ."

ON either side of the line, now, small back gardens ran up to small houses. In more than one, a man was digging, or mowing the lawn; in more than one, a woman had come out to bear him company. Louisa fancied a breath of contentment rising up from them, as the scent of limes might have risen, the train running between an avenue of lime trees.

"What do I want with a lot of money?" thought Louisa. "I can't want it badly; if I did, I'd have collared old Freddy. It was my subconscious working right as usual," thought Louisa. "I don't want someone rich, I want someone steady . . ."

"Who do I know who's steady?" thought Louisa.

She had to think a long way back, all the way to Broydon, to the days when she'd sky-larked about the evening roads with boys on bicycles. But it wasn't one of these Louisa at last recalled; against the more sober background of the Free Library — sniffing again the mingled odors of dust, book-bindings, and her own Phul-Nana perfume — she saw the figure of Jimmy Brown edge shyly round from Ceramics to Biography, as she, from Biography, edged round to Ceramics.

Louisa was the only girl who paid much attention to him. She was already so fond of men, Jimmy's gangling figure and pebble-lenses didn't put her off, they rather roused her sympathy; she quite often kept a date with him at the Library even if it wasn't raining. Her reward was an earnest, awkward devotion, which if Louisa didn't particularly value she allowed no one else to make game of.

Contemplating it, and Jimmy, now, she was more appreciative. He mightn't have been much to look at, but he was steady as a rock.

He had even, or very nearly

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 9, 1960

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 myself a
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(in Mrs. Anstruther's phrase), people. His father was an optician, and on the Borough Council. His mother had been a schoolteacher. From the rare occasions when she visited them Louisa recalled an upright piano and bound volumes of the "National Geographic Magazine." She recalled also their quiet pride in the fact that Jimmy was taking a full-time course at the London Polytechnic.

"He'll be better qualified than his father," said Mr. Brown, "when the time comes to take over!"

"Louisa ought to go to the Poly, too," said Jimmy earnestly. "She's got a very good brain, Dad; she has really."

But both elders looked at Louisa's fiery hair and long legs.

"Louisa's found her career already," said Mrs. Brown kindly. "How are you liking it, dear, with Mr. Hughes?"

Mr. Hughes was the local photographer. Louisa, a sulky if not idle apprentice, said he was all right.

"In my opinion, it's still a waste," stated Jimmy.

"In my opinion," said Mr. Brown heartily, "Louisa'll find herself married to one of her many admirers before she can turn round!"

Well, he'd been wrong. It wasn't marriage that took Louisa away from Broydon, it was her own initiative. And after an interval of ten years, if Jimmy hadn't married in the meantime, that same initiative was going to take her back.

The conclusion was as swift as when she decided to marry F. Pennon; but it will be seen that Louisa, from that same disappointing episode, had learnt a modicum of prudence. Jimmy Brown was in fact still a bachelor; but she made sure of it in advance.

"Is that the optician's?" asked Louisa, over the telephone.

She'd already checked in the directory that it was listed under James, not Henry, Brown; fortunately Jimmy hadn't been named for his father. (Was his father dead, or merely retired? In any case the circumstance was propitious.) Propitious, too, was the answering voice—not Jimmy's, but evidently that of a female assistant.

"Actually it's Mrs. Brown I want to speak to," said Louisa cunningly. "Mrs. James Brown. Could you possibly put me through to her?"

"I'm afraid there's some

mistake," said the assistant. "There is no Mrs. Brown."

Louisa thought rapidly. She had learnt all she needed, but didn't wish the conversation officially reported . . .

The voice sounded conscientious—and prim.

"I suppose you wouldn't be interested yourself, in a new type of foundation-garment?"

"Certainly not!" snapped the assistant; and rang off with her lips effectually sealed.

Newly prudent, newly cautious Louisa! (Che va piano va sicuro; also softly-softly catchee monkey.) A night's reflection had convinced her that this time she should not only look before she leapt but should also so to speak establish some solid basis for unhurried operating.

Steadiness has its limitations; however glad to see her, if she simply blew into the shop Jimmy was quite capable of letting her blow out again before he realised, too late, all of gladness the future might hold in store . . . Only a semi-permanent relation (say a week) would give him time to get his hocks under him; and a week Louisa was fully prepared to devote.

F

ORTUNATELY she had an extremely accurate memory for dogs. (This not in the circumstances an irrelevance; far from it.) After leafing through only two back numbers of "Country Month" Louisa picked out Ivor and Ivan Cracarovitch, owner Mrs. Arthur Brent, of Broydon Court. The aristocratic address was misleading; even in Louisa's day Broydon Court had declined to a residential hotel; Mrs. Brent was the proprietress.

She lifted the receiver again. "Mrs. Brent? This is Miss Datchett speaking," said Louisa, "Datchett, Photographer of Dogs. May I tell you I think your borzois are quite magnificent?"

A flattered, unsuspecting babble answered her.

"It's just a shame," continued Louisa, "that they've been photographed so badly. I've Ivan in front of me now; one doesn't get the least idea of his quality."

"Oh, don't you think so?" cried Mrs. Brent, distressed. "What's wrong with him?"

"He looks like a camel-colt."

"I'm sure he doesn't!" protested Ivan's owner. But she sounded shaken nonetheless.

"Ivor," continued Louisa remorselessly, "isn't even standing properly. He's carrying his tail too high. Really, one could weep."

"I didn't think so very much of Ivor myself," confessed Mrs. Brent. "But then of course I'm not an expert. I'm not breeding them, you know; I just want to sell them."

"That makes it worse," said Louisa. "Have you had any inquiries?"

"Well, no," admitted Mrs. Brent. "I can't say I have. All the same—" a slight suspicion had evidently infiltrated at last—"I'm afraid I can't afford to have them taken again . . ."

This was no blow to Louisa. What she was working on was the presumption that Broydon Court, as so often in the past, lacked its full quota of residents.

"Look," said Louisa, "I'm so impressed I'm not even asking a fee. What I would like is time. I'm prepared to spend if necessary a week—getting to know them, letting them get to know me, waiting to catch exactly the right moment. Then we'd have something really worthwhile. And as it happens I've just got a week free; if you can put me up."

Mrs. Brent fell for it.

A certain caution informed all Louisa's actions, that morning. She hadn't seen the milkman; she'd been in the bath. She didn't see Mr. Ross either; though she spent a couple of hours in his Soho hang-out, she was there by ten and gone before he put in an appearance. Not conscientiousness alone sent her there, she was sincerely grateful to Mrs. Meare for putting her on the right track, and wanted to have done an extra good job for Kerseymere Kennels; almost every negative promising success, she streaked back to Paddington with an easy mind.

The only other thing that held her up was an unfortunate encounter with Number Ten.

Louisa did her best to avoid it; perceiving his door half-open, she approached her own almost furtively. But he was evidently on the watch, and even as she slipped her key into the lock emerged.

"Miss Datchett!"

"Hi," said Louisa, "I'm in a blazing hurry."

"Only to say, Miss Datchett—"

"Not now, d'you mind?" snapped Louisa—remembering amongst other things that Number Ten was due for the brush-off.

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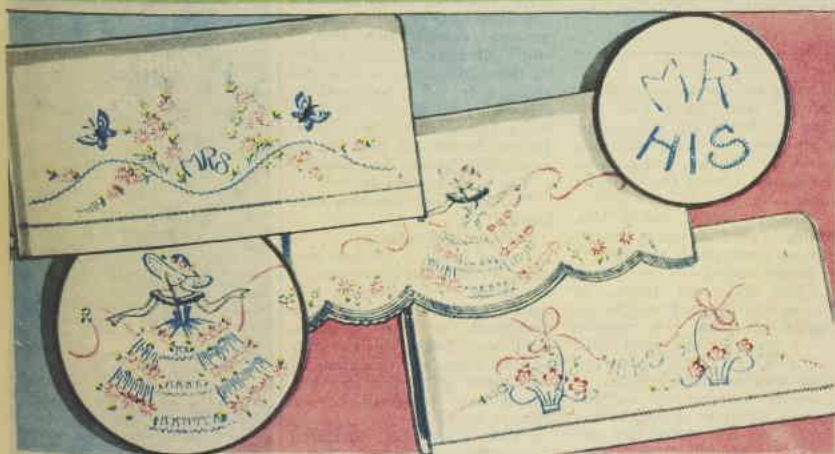


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FORD'S PILLS

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

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He brushed off very easily. He didn't argue. He didn't say anything at all. He just stood there, dumb and humble — with the box of beechnut-jewellery in his hand.

All arranged neatly on fresh cotton-wool; six boutonnieres, six brooches, and what looked like, however improbably, a sort of tiara or carcanet. Attached to each was a very small price-tag, meticulously (and humbly) figured in green ink.

The edges of the box itself had been lovingly bound with green passe-partout. The only thing lacking, thought Louisa bitterly, was the one label more: "All My Own Work."

Number Ten moistened his lips.

"It looks nice, Miss Datchett?"

Louisa swallowed a curse and lied.

"I thought you might like to see," explained Number Ten. "Not to bother you!" he added carefully. "There is no hurry!"

It had been Louisa's intention to reach Broydon Court by lunchtime and get in a first-free meal; but she'd probably be late as it was . . .

He made a little joke. "I do not suppose them waiting for these, at the shops!"

Louisa spent half the afternoon peddling beechnuts. Fortunately she had no doubt where to offer them — only in the most home-spun, the most art-and-crafty of boutiques would they be so much as looked at. Louisa took a bus to Chelsea.

Fortunately again, in each of the establishments she had her eye on, she found a man in charge; Louisa with true nobility let it be assumed that her horrible wares were of her own fabrication. (Actually, against a swatch of tweed or hand-woven linen the boutonnieres didn't look so bad; the potential tiara or carcanet Louisa wisely wrote off altogether.) She returned with the box half-emptied and twenty-one shillings in cash; banged on Number Ten's door, thrust remainders and takings into his hands, refused to be played to on the flute, and at last got down to filling, once again, her airline give-away bags.

Thus she didn't get any lunch at all; and didn't reach Broydon until nearly five.

It was a queer sensation, to Louisa, to be staying at Broydon Court.

In her youth, the Court had been an ultimate symbol of luxury. Once a fine seigniorial mansion, and still removed by the breadth of the Common from Broydon's more commercial paths, the Court was widely believed to accept no inmate under the rank of retired Colonel. (A genuine retired Admiral set the tone.) To book a table for dinner there the local aspirant required certain influence.

Naturally neither Louisa nor anyone she knew had ever set foot inside the place; its glories were bruited among the commonalty by such other infragig characters as chamber-maids or tradesmen, from whom a fascinated public learned that each bedroom had its solid mahogany suite, that the kitchen used a pint of cream a day, and that the cellars were kept full of champagne.

A gardener with a boy under him, too grand in the ordinary way for gossip, mentioned to his friend the chemist not only vineries but pineries; and though this might be a hark-back to the past, the exotic odor of pineapple undoubtedly persisted, haloing Broydon Court with a quite uncommon aura.

Thus to find the whole establishment slightly tarted was to Louisa at once a relief and a disappointment.

"Miss Datchett? How prompt you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Brent.

"I'm fitting you in," explained Louisa.

They passed through the lounge. It was so large, and so gloomy, it reminded Louisa of Gladstone Mansions. But there are shades of gloom — the chiaroscuro of a Rembrandt, the murk of a bad family portrait; the gloom of the Broydon Court Lounge definitely reflected the latter.

There was mahogany in the bedroom all right. There was so much mahogany, indeed, Louisa had hardly room to turn round. But she recognised her slightly ambiguous status, and after all could have been put a floor higher. She was only on the third.

"And as soon as you come down," promised Mrs. Brent, "I'll have Ivor and Ivan ready to meet you. You'll find their kennel at the back —"

"Spendid," said Louisa.

Mrs. Brent paused. Between the moment of Louisa's tele-

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Only one resident was visible, and she — an ancient dame playing patience at a balding card table.

"Haven't you still got the Admiral?" asked Louisa impulsively.

Mrs. Brent looked surprised. "Admiral Colley? Do you know him?"

"Not well," admitted Louisa. "I'd still like to see him again."

"So you will," said Mrs. Brent, regarding her with new respect. (Perhaps things hadn't entirely changed at Broydon Court.) "Though I'm afraid you'll find him," she added, "rather inclined to say things he doesn't mean. Rather silly things, you know, about the food . . ."

Evidently the grub had gone off, too, thought Louisa regretfully, it would still be free.

phoning and the moment of her arrival, Mrs. Brent had had time to think; and like many other people who had anything to do with Louisa, had perhaps discovered a need for — fuller explanations.

"Do you really," asked Mrs. Brent, "need a whole week? Just to photograph two dogs?"

Louisa smiled.

"Just to snap them, of course not. What I'm after — besides of course the straights — is probably the most difficult shot on earth. If I can get your dogs in action together — romping together — we can have a full-page spread in any paper you like. I'm not sure 'Country Month's' even good enough —"

"I only thought of getting them in at all," said Mrs. Brent, quite astonished.

"I'm not sure they couldn't

be syndicated," mused Louisa.

"Syndicated?"

"Which would do me a lot of good, too," said Louisa frankly. "And that's why I'm prepared to give a week."

She pulled it off all right. Whether or not perfectly convinced, Mrs. Brent was at least silenced; Louisa had successfully established her base.

The next step was obviously to reconnoitre. It must be said at once that Louisa had no intention of wasting the next precious hour on Ivor and Ivan. What she intended was to catch Jimmy Brown just before he shut up shop — say at ten to six; it was now nearly half-past five, and she reckoned on a twenty minutes' walk to the High Street. The situation presented certain difficulties, however; though she could probably avoid the kennels (at the back), what further fuller explanations would be needed of her truancy!

Yet she couldn't endure to wait. She had only a week — and was besides naturally anxious to see what Jimmy looked like.

After a little thought, Louisa hit on a bright idea. It involved her slipping away at once, without even renewing her make-up; it involved her re-encountering a long-lost love while carrying a parcel of liver; but strategically speaking, it was pretty bright.

From an island in the middle of the High Street, parcel of liver in hand, prudent Louisa first took a good look at the shop.

There could be no doubt of its prosperity. Fresh green paint framed the large window, and on the fascia threw into bold relief the name of James Brown painted in white. Behind immaculate glass (the range of spectacle frames, limited in Louisa's day to gold, silver, and tortoiseshell — or hadn't even steel its humble place? — now displayed the laminated in every color, the diamante and even the bamboo. The sign that jutted from above was still the traditional pair of spectacles; but here, too, what advance! The lenses weren't merely, in broad daylight, illuminated; the light went on and off . . .

Two customers came out while Louisa watched.

She waited, however, a moment longer. It was almost six, a head-scarved, plumpish figure — "Honestly, she could do with a foundation-garment!" thought Louisa — emerged and made off towards a bus-stop. Behind the glass door a taller, masculine silhouette reached up to pull the blind.

Louisa's hands felt slightly damp — but it might have been the liver. She completed the crossing at a run, and found the door — could it be symbolically? — still unlocked.

The years had improved him. He still wore glasses, but no longer so pebble-lensed, and framed with appropriate dignity. His long, gangling figure had filled out, giving his height importance. ("Taller than I am!" thought Louisa gladly; she wouldn't have to wear flat heels.) In sober but well-cut suit — shirt fresh and tie positively fashionable — there stood Jimmy Brown, all, and far far more than Louisa had hoped.

The blind rattled up.

"Louisa! For heaven's sake, Louisa!"

"Hi," said Louisa.

It had been an anxious moment for her; but there was no mistaking his pleasure. It equalled, it overtopped his astonishment, as he stood beaming down. Louisa was so rarely beamed down on, this alone, if he'd been a perfect stranger, would have attracted her to him at once.

"This is amazing," declared Jimmy Brown earnestly. "I was thinking of you only this lunchtime, passing the library. And now, dammit, it's Thursday!"

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Continuing ... SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 72

Louisa thought fast. Actually for the past twenty-four hours she'd been so living in the past, she picked up both reference and implication almost instantaneously.

"Isen night?"
"What a memory you've got!" exclaimed Jimmy admiringly. "Actually we're reading 'Pygmalion'; I'm Higgins. But never mind that now! What are you doing here, Louisa?"

Even before she answered—and never was answerer—her thoughts had raced again. Reading circles, naturally, go round in circles: ten years earlier Jimmy'd been no more than a Covent Garden porter. Now he was Professor Higgins! Yet with this increased stature went no diminution of steadiness; steadily he'd stuck to the circle, steadily now, in the midst of whatever emotional excitement, he recalled the evening's commitment.

"It's a job," explained Louisa (how truthfully!). "I'm photographing Mrs. Brent's borzois. She's putting me up at the Court."

"I say!" marvelled Jimmy. "I always knew you'd do well, Louisa, but I'd no idea you were such a swell as all that! How long for?"

"Perhaps a week . . ."
"Then that's all right, I shan't have to chuck Higgins. Can you give me tomorrow night instead?"

"I'd love to," said Louisa.
"Then we can talk. Now, I'll just have a look at you!" said Jimmy Brown.

Feeling positively nervous, Louisa advanced into the shop and turned to face him. It was so lined with mirrors, his little shop, from every angle a Louisa was reflected back; as were also a couple of gleaming counters (on one of which she hastily deposited the packet of liver), and three or four smart little chairs with yellow seats and chromium legs. The days of H. Brown's fumed oak and steel rims seemed dead indeed.

Which reminded her—Louisa had been if anything rather fond of old Mr. Brown, but how infinitely preferable that Jimmy should be his own master!

"Your father—?" she suggested delicately.

"Passed on. Both," said Jimmy. His tone was exactly right; he sounded sad, but not heart-broken. His eyes were still on her fiery head. "And your own people here, Louisa?"

"Passed on, too."
His glance dropped to her bare, ungloved left hand.

"No, I'm not married yet!" smiled Louisa.

"That's rum," said Jimmy seriously. "I've always thought of you as married. In fact, I shouldn't have been surprised if you'd been married two or three times."

Louisa felt a momentary dismay.

"Do I look as dashing as all that?"

"To be frank, yes," said Jimmy. "As you always did, Louisa! I suppose you just haven't been able to make up your mind."

Well, there were advantages in looking dashing after all, thought Louisa. (She'd have liked to point this out to Mrs. Anstruther. Or did Jimmy count as a man at the top? In Broydon, probably yes; a circumstance to please her, too.)

But there was now a question she urgently needed to put herself; though she knew Jimmy wasn't married either, it suddenly struck her, considering his altogether improved appearance and personality, that he might well be engaged. Even after a week's tuition from Enid, Louisa had still a few scruples; she couldn't see herself cutting out some dewy-eyed fiancée . . .

LOUISA chose her words with care; not to betray what information she already possessed.

"If it comes to that, what about you?"

He paused so long before replying she had time to envisage the dewy-eyed in detail—petite, brunette, with slightly prominent front-teeth; probably taped (being both ladylike and a bit silly) to read Miss Eynsford Hill to his Professor Higgins. But how groundless her fears! He was actually fabricating a witty compliment.

"I've been waiting for a girl with red hair and long legs," said Jimmy. "They don't seem to grow here any more. Will you call for me again tomorrow, Louisa?"

"You bet," breathed Louisa.

He hesitated.
"If I don't walk back with you now, it's because I do rather want to run through my part," said steady Jimmy Brown.

In the drive of Broydon Court, as Louisa had half-anticipated, stood Mrs. Brent flanked by Ivor and Ivan Cracorovitch. At this, her first view of the latter, Louisa was

immediately and favorably struck by a resemblance: not between dogs and owner (Mrs. Brent, unlike Mrs. Meare, was obviously in the wrong class), but between Ivor and Ivan and Kurt and Rene at Cannes. The soft cravats of hair about their throats, their long, elegantly loose trousers, recalled so distinctly the appearance of Rene and Kurt under wraps after bathing, Louisa felt on terms with them at once.

"My dear Miss Datchett—" began Mrs. Brent ominously.

"Liver!" said Louisa.

Was it Rene she addressed, or Kurt? Louisa couldn't at this point distinguish. In any case, both nosed appreciatively at her hand.

"Say you want it!" instructed Louisa.

Two plummy tails quivered avidly.

"Then you shall have it!" said Louisa. "My dear Mrs. Brent," she added smoothly, "never be introduced to a strange dog empty-handed! I've been all the way to the High Street, I've been to two shops, but I'm sure you'll agree that it was time well spent!"

She pulled it off again.
Louisa was, in fact, to get on very well with Ivor and Ivan Cracorovitch: even though she never bought them any more liver.

There was still half an hour to go before whatever semblance of dinner Broydon Court still offered. (Louisa had been warned, however incautiously, by Mrs. Brent herself; Admiral Colley made silly remarks about the food.) To fill the interval Louisa nosed about her room; idly pulled open the drawer of a mahogany bureau, and within discovered, like a relic of better days, a few sheets of engraved note-paper, a few envelopes to match . . .

They were of such good quality it seemed a pity not to write to someone. Louisa recalled a neglected duty: she'd never sent a bread-and-butter letter to F. Pennon. Impulsively she sat down and filled a sheet with her big untidy scrawl.

"Dear Freddy," (wrote Louisa).

"Thank you for having me. I must have put on about three pounds. And thank you for being so sweet, that last evening. But I feel you'll be even happier, at any rate I hope you will, and if my very best wishes can help, they're all yours."

"Affectionately,
"Louisa."

To page 75

EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE



Superfluous hair can be so offensive—unglamorous, too. But don't remove it the harsh way. Avoid razor rash and scratchy stubble—use new formula VEET instead. New VEET is whiter, daintier than ever—faster, too! It's the modern cosmetic cream which stops quick regrowth by dissolving hair below skin level. Apply VEET, leave, then simply wash the hair away. Feel how soft, how smooth your skin becomes! Don't be without this special beauty cream. It's safe for facial hair, too.
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YOUR BOOKSHELF With Joyce Halstead

TWO books about musical families are reviewed this week.

"The Trapp Family on Wheels"

Maria Augusta Trapp with Ruth Murdoch (Bles).

Many will remember the quaint Austrian singing family who did a concert tour of Australia in 1955 and took "Waltzing Matilda" into their permanent repertoire. The book, written with gaiety and humor, describes their singing life from when they first arrived in America as political refugees before World War II.

They landed penniless in the United States, but were soon on the road in their bus, "rolling" all over the country giving concerts. They took their hobbies with them—paints, leather-work, and a nature collection for the youngest, Johannes, who also had his school lessons on wheels. Tours abroad took them to South America, Hawaii, New Zealand, Australia, with a trip to New Guinea, where some of the

family later returned for missionary work. Devoutly religious, the family seems to radiate contentment. As a singing group they have now disbanded.

"Remembered on Waking"

Helen Bainton (Currawong).

This is a record of the musical life of the late Dr. Edgar Bainton by his daughter, and a tribute to his work as Director of the Sydney Conservatorium. The first half of the book describes his work in England as one of the leading music personalities in Newcastle-on-Tyne. He married one of his students, and Mrs. Bainton taught and played piano until the end of her life. The author is also a pianist. Energetic and dedicated, Dr. Bainton travelled extensively as an examiner, and when he came to Sydney in 1934 brought his long experience and talent to his new post.

This is a quiet book, understated and somewhat flat in tone, but recalls many important musical milestones.



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Continuing . . .
SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 74

Both these episodes, however — her encounter with the dogs, her writing to old Freddy — were but parenthetical; to be mentioned simply because they occurred.

Louisa's mind was made up. She had been prudent, she had been thorough, she hadn't rushed things; she was in possession of every relevant fact — nothing left to fancy or in memory's rosy shade. Enid Anstruther would have been proud of her. And the upshot was that she'd found in Jimmy Brown not only the precise husband she sought, but one practically in the bag already. After those fifteen minutes between five to six and ten past, Louisa naturally felt all time lost, merely a parenthesis, until she sighted the quarry again.

Once more, she cast an affectionate thought towards Colonel Hamlyn trailing his wildebeeste, towards C. P. Coe on the track of his moose . . .

Given Louisa's basic disposition it was nonetheless impossible that she should hold entirely aloof from her fellow-residents at Broydon Court. Or from four of them; the great majority were away all day — how had the standards of the Court declined! — at business; only four of the old guard remained, to keep Louisa company between the hours of nine and six, but three were men. Besides Miss Wilbraham (the patience-player), there were Admiral Colley, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Wray; all in leaf so sere as to be scarcely yellow, but rather dun.

THE Admiral was by far the liveliest. Evidently alerted by Mrs. Brent, he cocked upon Louisa, that first night after dinner a definitely lively old eye. It reminded her a little of F. Pen-non's.

"I don't remember ye," stated Admiral Colley. "That means I've never seen ye. A head of hair like that, let alone those legs, I'd remember distinctly. What the deuce did the woman mean?"

"It was my fault," apologised Louisa. "I told her I remembered you."

"Ye did? And how?" demanded the Admiral. "When to the best of my recollection — and my memory's pretty keen — I've never seen those ankles before?"

"I lived in Broydon when I was a little girl," explained Louisa. "You don't realise what a famous character you are."

"In Broydon," grunted the Admiral. "Dear heaven, in Broydon! But it'll be a pleasure to have ye about, just for the sake of those remarkable ankles."

By contrast, the reactions of the other three, to Louisa's presence were rather reserved. Mr. Wray, retired from managing a bank, and Mr. Wright, retired from an insurance company, each seemed to regard her with faint alarm. Miss Wilbraham offered but a few nervous politenesses. ("How nice," began Miss Wilbraham, "to have another lady here! Good Mrs. Brent being hardly —" There she broke off, evidently perceiving that Louisa was hardly, too.)

Yet upon one point all four equally stretched out a hand: it being a well-known fact that all elderly persons, resident in private hotels, cherish certain personal possessions, or treasure, upon which from time to time they need the reassurance of an outside opinion.

Before lunch next day Louisa had seen them all.

Admiral Colley's was a lacquer pagoda, about five feet high, scarlet picked out with gold, the very thing to terminate a vista in some stately country house. Even in a fairly spacious drawing-room it wouldn't have been out of place; in the lobby of a super-cinema could have competed successfully with the decorations. The Admiral had to keep it jammed between his bed and his wardrobe.

"Picked it up in Shanghai," explained the Admiral. "Got it home, believe it or not, in a destroyer. 'Dare say today it's worth thousands. What d'you think?'"

"Honestly, I can't tell lacquer from nail-varnish," confessed Louisa. (But she had a pretty good idea of what the pagoda would fetch in the Portobello Road; say four-pound-ten.) "Anyway, I'm sure it's rare," said Louisa politely.

"And I mean to hold on to it," said the Admiral. "It's my sheet-anchor, d'you see. At a pinch I can always send it to Sotheby's — but till then I'm holding on to it."

Miss Wilbraham had silhouettes.

She had a whole gallery of them — single profiles, full-length figures, an ambitious family-group showing ladies in crinolines and little girls in pantalettes. Dotted about her bedroom walls they produced a curiously nursery-effect; objects too long in a family to be thrown away but not wanted any more downstairs . . .

"Done in India," explained Miss Wilbraham, "by such a clever young man! Actually I believe he came out to Railways — but what a talent! I suppose you've never seen any at Sotheby's?"

Louisa said she hadn't.

"I always watch 'The Times,'" explained Miss Wilbraham, "to see if any other silhouettes ever come up there; but I might have missed the right day. These, if I ever send them, I dare say will cause quite a stir!"

It was quite a relief to Louisa that Mr. Wray treasured no more than a poster advertising bullfights. Actually it made a much better effect, pinned over the inevitable mahogany bureau, than either the Admiral's pagoda or Miss Wilbraham's silhouettes, and at least he had no illusions as to its worth. Mr. Wray's illusion was that he had personally fought bulls.

To Louisa this seemed extremely improbable, since his single visit to Spain was admittedly by way of a Cook's tour; it was so long ago she thought his memory must have betrayed him. But she spent quite a cheerful half-hour while he demonstrated veronicas with a counterpane, before proceeding to Mr. Wright's collection of shrapnel.

Modestly, Mr. Wright admitted to having had unusual opportunities: he had been an Air Raid Warden in 1940. No fewer than two hundred and sixty specimens, nesting on cotton-wool, filled his top bureau-drawer, each with date, and, if room, place, neatly inscribed in white paint. ("Downing Street, 14. x. '40"; "St. Paul's, 29. xii. '40".)

"I think it's the most wonderful hobby I ever heard of," said Louisa warmly; and tried to cheer herself up by reflecting that at least he didn't imagine he was insuring against penury. It wasn't cash Mr. Wright was after, but glory.

"I intend to leave 'em to the War Museum," he confided.

To page 77

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The first hint of Gigi is all lightness, freshness — Paris in Springtime.

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In the next breath Gigi whispers of daring sophistication — and romance is in the air.

Gigi awaits you in handbag-size perfume — just 6/6; silky-soft talcum powder — 5/11; delightful skin perfume — large bottle 9/11, small bottle 6/6.

Just arrived! See the Paris-styled Gigi gift sets at your favourite perfumery counter.

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BLUSH PINK. Beautiful impression for pink complexions in mauve ensembles. Work of art with white, banana, sage green.



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New! PICARDY PEACH. Shimmering sheen for fair ladies wearing the new banana hue. Colourful accent with ice blue, oatmeal, white.



COMPLEXION ALABASTER

New! HONEYSUCKLE PINK. Lovely discovery for alabaster beauties in moss green. Positively luscious with banana, navy, and earth red ensembles.



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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning November 7



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
Gambling colors, navy-blue, red.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.
Luck in your judgment.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 2.
Lucky color for love, white.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.
Luck through the opposite sex.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Luck in health.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in a competition.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, blue.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck close at hand.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday.
Luck in a communication.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
Luck in good management.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, gold.
Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
Luck in love.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, mauve, rose.
Gambling colors, mauve, rose.
Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
Luck in the end of a chapter.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, gold.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in a chance encounter.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, grey.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in the daytime.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
Luck in know-how.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 9, 1960

Continuing . . . SOMETHING LIGHT

from page 75

"To be kept together as the Arthur Wright Collection. I wrote a letter to the curator there only the other day; and I must say I got a very nice reply."

It will be obvious that the morning had been wet. (Among the many contrasts between Louisa's week in Broydon and her week at Bournemouth—the most marked being in the quality of the food—was to be this, that whereas the weather at Bournemouth was consistently and remarkably fine, at Broydon it was consistently and remarkably bad.)

The afternoon, however, cleared sufficiently for Louisa to exercise Ivor and Ivan on the Common. ("Are you taking your camera?" suggested Mrs. Brent hopefully. "Not in this light," said Louisa. She wasn't by any means reluctant to start photographing, but to shoot away for a whole week would be damnably expensive in film. It wasn't till later that she hit on the idea of employing, under Mrs. Brent's eye, a camera without any film in it.) Once fairly on grass, Louisa let the dogs off their leads and sent them to race in freedom; they bowled over an infant with a hoop, Louisa was rebuked by a keeper, but otherwise the walk passed without incident.

So the parentheses wore away, until at five o'clock she began to get ready, and at six had her sights once more on Jimmy Brown.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Louisa.

"Not," said Jimmy, "to the Bon-Bon."

How it all came back! The Bon-Bon, in their salad days, had filled a place somewhere between a sandwich-counter and an espresso-bar: innocently muffled with sugar-plum cottages and gnomes in chef's hats, strictly dry, but nonetheless, in Broydon, possessing a certain aura of dash.

"Do you mean to say the Bon-Bon's still going?" cried Louisa nostalgically.

"Yes, but I'm not going to take you there," repeated Jimmy. "I'm going to take you for a cocktail first, and then dinner at the Theatre Club."

He couldn't quite keep the pride out of his voice; Louisa

looked suitably impressed. Indeed, she was impressed; there'd been no Theatre Club in the old days; there hadn't even been a theatre.

"Broydon Rep," explained Jimmy casually. "It's in the Old Assembly Rooms. I believe there's a rather interesting piece on. If you like, we might go tomorrow."

Nothing could be more welcome to Louisa than to have a second date already in view; it made her able to relax. She had warned herself most carefully against rushing him—against ducking him, so to speak, too impetuously (so that he came up gasping), into

FROM THE BIBLE

• "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

— Isaiah 40:29.

God has been speaking words of comfort for Isaiah to repeat to the people of Israel. He assures them that God is never weary, but that He gives strength and power to those who, failing in earthly strength, come to him for help.

the deeper waters of the sentimental past; now restraint would be almost easy. Che va piano va sicuro! As they walked past the Free Library, Louisa merely inquired how he'd got on with Higgins.

"The Ibsens seemed to like it," said Jimmy carelessly. "I only wish you'd been there, Louisa, to give an honest opinion. I can't think now why I didn't ask you—though of course you'd have found us a terribly amateur bunch."

"Who read Miss Eynsford Hill?"

"Oh, one of the girls. We don't only read Shaw, either, you know," added Jimmy. "Last week we read Dylan

Thomas. 'Under Milk Wood.' It was a struggle, but I made 'em."

"Did they enjoy it?" asked Louisa interestedly.

"Not particularly. But someone's got to take the lead . . ."

With this same new assurance he propelled her before him into the Theatre Club cocktail-bar and ordered a couple of dry martinis. Once again, as outside the Free Library, Louisa could have given sentiment rein: the bar was at one end of the old supper-room; in Louisa's youth devoted to charity-bazaars, of which her Aunt May had been a great supporter; Louisa never got further than washing up teacups—was never given licence to rove with lavender-bags or buttonhole-carnations—but did Jimmy, too, remember, she wondered, the time she dropped a whole crashing trayful just as the Mayoress began to speak? Single-handed he'd helped her clear the mess—being indeed the only one of her swains steady enough to be present . . . "I come here quite a lot," observed Jimmy (though obviously in a different context). "It's about the most civilised place in Broydon."

Louisa had noticed that as the bar began to fill several people recognised him. They also took a good look at herself. She was wearing a rather striking black sheath, bought secondhand, via "The Times" personal column, from Model Disposing Of Wardrobe, and her flaming hair fell naturally into the fashionable chrysanthemum mop. For a moment she felt uneasy, also glad she hadn't her treader pants on; more than once had an escort complained of being made to look conspicuous. But Jimmy's aplomb was unshaken. It even verged on the complacent.

Louisa quoted Mrs. Meare.

"I dare say tomorrow everyone will be asking who I am!"

"Oh, I don't think I'm all as important as that," said Jimmy seriously. "Though I must say," he added, "you make me feel as if I were."

He paused. "As you always did, Louisa! Remember?"

He'd taken the header of his own accord.

To be continued

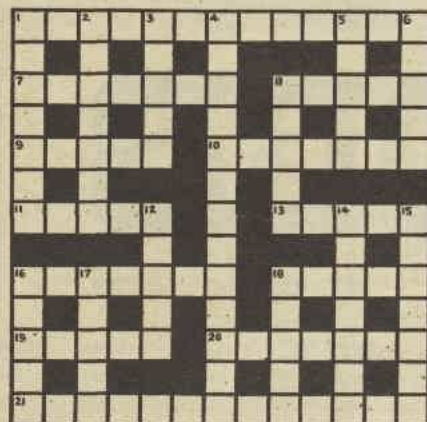
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- This expedient is not permitted in a court of justice (5, 3, 5).
- Could happen to a clock or to you (3, 4).
- Sweetened drink with hot water and odd inside (5).
- Irritate by mixing no and nay (5).
- Small "o" from Athens (7).
- So is a fertile spot in a desert (5).
- Mar the middle but make it well groomed (5).
- Oxford don of "kinquering congs" fame (7).
- Holy melody of each set of steps (5).
- Governs with resin (5).
- Situated towards the centre of a ship (7).
- Best in prayers (Anagr., 13).

SPRING BALANCE
UPPER HOUSE MEANS
FISHES IN POND
FUDGE ELEVATE
E T U A
MOSAIC ASSENT
A N E P
REDAGERS EXACT
ARE TAU
BLOWN ANGULAR
O S T L E E
UNPRECEDENTED

Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Don't, or a violent storm will follow (7).
- Part of a game starting from a pub (7).
- Such bin has nothing to do with wine (5).
- Dissenter (13).
- It is added to a verdict on horseback (5).
- Light on artificial silk (5).
- Examines by experiment while I rest (5).
- Gin is shaken in a steamer and produces vocal melody (5).
- The Cotton State (7).
- Sad rites performed in long declamations (7).
- Long narrow piece of leather, if turns only some of it remains (5).
- Oil-yielding evergreen tree (5).
- Popularly qualifies a judge (5).

NEW for Baby Care Johnson's COTTON BUDS



For Baby's Delicate Cleansing needs

New . . . hygienic ready-to-use Johnson's Cotton Buds are made specially for baby's safety . . . and your convenience—Can't slip, twist or come off.

- Baby Soft! Made of purest cotton, tight spun to stay firm.
- Baby Size! Just right for Baby's special needs.
- Baby Safe! The Johnson & Johnson name is your guarantee!



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Johnson & Johnson



DIRECT FROM PARIS
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EYELASH CREME
makes your eyelashes grow long and beautiful in 2 weeks.
Small Jar 14/11, Large Jar 24/6.
From Better Cosmetic Counters.

SOMETHING **NEW** HAS HAPPENED TO REFRIGERATORS!



MALLEYS

8 AND 10 CUBIC FOOT REFRIGERATORS

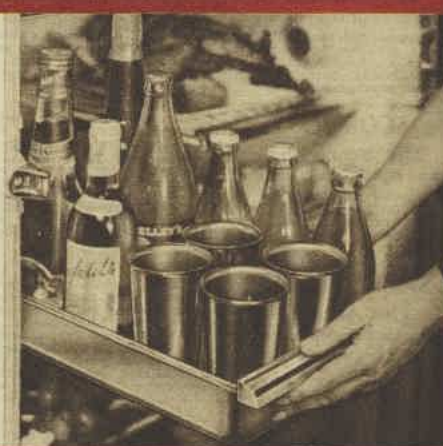
NEW exclusive cabinet styling — **NEW** exclusive interior features — **NEW** exclusive door handle and trim — Malley's **NEW** Model Refrigerators are truly glamorous with more storage space and the ultimate in user convenience. The completely re-styled Malley's range of refrigerators features cabinet styling that combines simplicity and grace to add glamour to any kitchen decor, no matter how old, how new. **INSIDE** — completely new feature — a gold-dusted hostess tray that lifts out and serves, so smart, so convenient for entertaining or for day-to-day use. **OUTSIDE** — more glamour, plus a new type door handle — so streamlined yet so simple and really functional, with a built-in scratch panel that completely protects the immaculate finish of the baked enamel door. Colours to suit any plan — Arctic White, Ivory Cream, Blue Mist or Miami Pink. Left or right-hand opening doors available.

YOU MUST SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO MALLEYS REFRIGERATORS THIS SEASON

Models available from 122 gns.



With the
**GOLD
DUSTED
HOSTESS
TRAY** that
lifts out
and serves!



Sealed Unit—Malley's 10 cu. ft. model fitted with 1/4 h.p. and 8 cu. ft. model fitted with 1/2 h.p. world-famous "Tecumseh" sealed units. Guaranteed 5 years. **Sealed Unit Protection**—Automatic re-set, thermal and electrical overload device built in to protect the sealed unit from voltage fluctuations. **Insulation**—Cabinet and door fully insulated with "Fibretek" rockwool insulation. **Cabinet**—All steel welded construction fully bonderised for rust-proof protection and finished in baked enamel for appearance and durability. **Food Liner**—Food storage compartment, all steel welded construction, finished in titanium based vitreous porcelain enamel, acid and alkali-proof, scratch and chip resistant. **Plastic Fittings**—All plastic fittings are made from high-impact Polystyrene. **Guarantee**—Guaranteed by Malley's and backed by over 75 years' experience in the manufacture of home appliances. **Service**—Service by Malley's Ltd. trained technicians or authorised service agents throughout Australia.

MALLEYS

BUILT BETTER TO SERVE YOU BEST

• Fashion Frocks and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 64-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN

F4611.—Doll's bridal set. Size is for 19in. doll. Frock requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. material; slip and pantees, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yds. lace edging. Price 2/6.

F5861

F5861.—Little girl's frock has wide collar, full skirt, and bow trim. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires $\frac{2}{3}$ to 3yds. 36in. material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yds. lace edging. Price 3/6.

F5924.—Shorts and cute top for summer are the perfect outfit for a little girl. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F4611

F5924

F5925

F5925.—Simply tailored shorts and blouse for 4 to 12-year-olds. Shorts require $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material; blouse takes 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5872

F5872.—Frock-coat for the 2 to 6-year-old has contrast collar and sleeve trim and bow-tie at neck. Requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2yds. 36in. material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

F5871

F5871.—Dainty frock has puffed sleeves, full skirt, lace trim. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 36in. material, $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. 36in. contrast, and 2yds. lace edging. Price 3/6.

F5863.—Pretty frock has lace trim round skirt, neck, yoke, and sleeves. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 3yds. 36in. material and 4yds. lace edging. Price 3/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 363.—DOLL'S NIGHTGOWN AND DRESSING-GOWN.

Pretty bedtime outfit for a 10in. doll is available cut out ready to sew in piece. Colors are pink, blue, and white. Price is 5/6 a set. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 364.—DOLL'S OVERBLOUSE AND SKIRT

Easy-to-follow making instructions are given with this cut-out ready-to-make doll's skirt and overblouse outfit. Material is spotted cambric, in turquoise, pink, and royal-blue, with white spot. Doll is 10in. tall. Price is 5/6 a set. Postage 1/6 extra.

No. 365.—DOLL'S FROCK, HALF-SLIP, PANTIES

Pretty three-piece outfit for a 10in. doll, available cut out ready to sew in cambric. Colors are pink, red, turquoise, and green, all with a white stripe. Price is 5/6 a set. Postage 1/6 extra.

363

364

365

Always look for the name

MORLEY



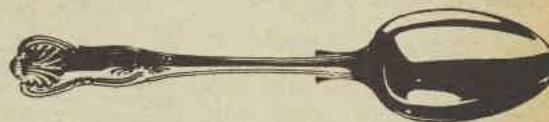
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Takes only seconds to banish stubborn stains and tarnish even from between fork prongs and filigree. No rubbing. Silver Dip's instant cleaning action is not abrasive... can't harm your silver. Only 7/9.

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S259



FOR LOVELIER HAIRSETS
Concentrated Curlypet gives you 15 fragrant hairsets for 4/10
So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

Mothercraft Leaflet

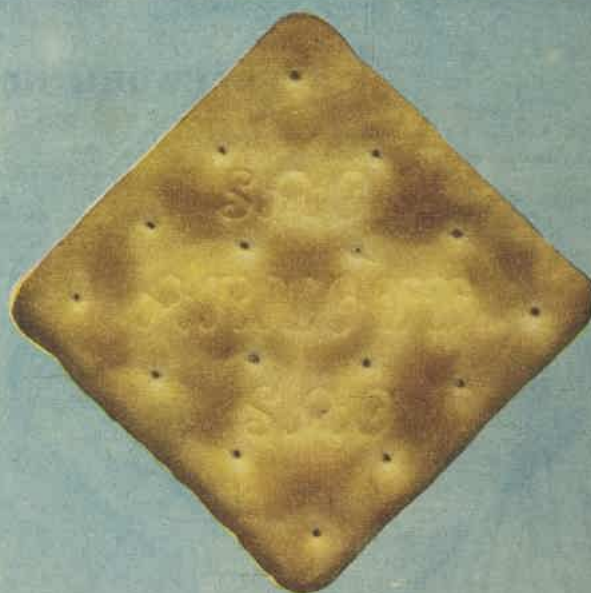
• A free leaflet giving guidance on how to deal with a "difficult" child is available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOTE: A stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet must be enclosed.

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